THE QUINTESSENCE OF English POETRY:

Or, a COLLECTION of all the BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES IN OUR

POEMS and PLAYS:

From the Celebrated SPENCER.

The WHOLE Instructive, Moral, and Humourous; and adapted to all Degrees of Mankind: Alphabetically digested under proper Heads, in Chronological Order of Time.

Collected from many hundred Volumes, by Several EMINENT HANDS.

To which is prefix'd,

An Alphabetical Catalogue of AUTHORS, POEMS, and PLAYS quoted in the Collection. Also an Historical [illegible]tical Review of all the ESSAYS of this Kind [illegible] published.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for O. PAYNE at *Horace's-Head* in *Pater's-Head-Alley*, opposite the *Royal-Exchange*.

MDCCXL.

PREFACE,

Containing an Hiſtorical *and* Critical Review *of all the Collections of this Kind that were ever publiſhed.*

THE ſuppoſed eaſe of digeſting the fine thoughts of our poets under their proper heads, has, no doubt, given birth to the ſeveral undertakings of this kind that have appeared in publick; and, probably, to many others of the ſame nature, which ſtill ſleep, or have expired in manuſcript. The advantage alſo ariſing from ſuch collections, may have had no ſmall ſhare in inducing ſeveral to make them publick: For with what ſucceſs may not an author flatter himſelf, who ſupplies his reader with the fruits of a long application, at the expence of little time and pains; eſpecially when thoſe immortal fruits carry with them the neceſſity of charming, inſpiring, forming all hearts, and, like ſcattered rays collected in one

point, cooperate with irresistible en
to so desirable effects?

But whatever ease or hopes (excep
gain) those who have hitherto publi
Collections of this kind may have
ceived, their execution of them seems
the author of this work, as well as to
writer of this preface, the clearest den
stration of their having greatly dece
themselves in their estimates. The mo
of some have been too narrow to be
any real or extensive use. Others have n
half their work consist of detached
thets, fustian phrases, and dictionarie
rhyme. Some again, in their choice
thoughts, have given us abundance of a
with very little ore; and, to swell t
volumes, have stuffed them with us
matter, long translations, and paraphr
of well-known originals. Some have
fined their collections solely to the sta
and others entirely excluded whatev
could supply. Some have cited their
thors so blindly, that no recourse can
had to their works; and others have
quoted them at all. Some, either thro
ignorance, or want of care, ascribe to
author the passages of another; and oth
officiously turning authors themselves,
tinually sophisticate what they transfer
and give us their own interpolation
blen

ıded with their authors ſenſe, that what
/ cite in ſuch a manner, cannot be ad-
ged either to the one or the other. Some
diciouſly extract the worſt parts of their
ıor, and even inſert thoſe under im-
per topicks; and others quote authors
/ never looked into, but take upon
t wherever they find them. Some have
ı ſo careleſs as to borrow paſſages from
e who ſtole them: And all, eſpecially
late compilers, have neglected even to
: into the many excellent ancient poets,
n whom the following ſheets are taken,
ſe thoughts might often have claimed
eference, or, at leaſt, an equality with
e they have inſerted in their collec-
s, the dreſs of words only excepted. I
ld not derogate in the leaſt from the
ſe of the more modern or cotempo-
poets, to whom the higheſt regard
veneration is moſt juſtly due; but to
ude the merits of the dead, whom
nſelves have always admired, is ſo far
ı being a compliment to them, that it
t be an unpardonable partiality in their
:; eſpecially whilſt they know, that the
vices and follies of mankind are per-
ıally reviving, and that the preſerva-
of as much of the *knowledge of things*
oſſible, is ſo neceſſary to correct the ig-
nce and follies, and improve the know-

ledge and manners, of mankind; the great ends of all useful learning, and especially that diviner species of it, poetry.

But to come more particularly to the proof of the defects we have ascribed to the poetical *Commonplace Books* hitherto published, we proceed to a brief review of all that have come to our knowledge, from the first appearance of such collections in print.

It is observed, even in the middle of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign, that books of poetry, and works of a poetical nature, were more * numerous than any other kind of writings in our language. Accordingly, in the latter end of it, they were thought to abound with such elegancies, that no less than two collections, principally from the poets of her time, were published in one year. One of these is called BELVEDERE, or, *The Garden of the Muses* †. The author's name was *John Bodenham*, a gentleman undoubtedly ambitious of distinguishing himself by the *Lacónick* singularity of his performance. Hence, we suppose it was, that he made it his inviolable rule to admit no quotation of more than one line, or a couplet of ten syllables. This

* *Webbe's Discourse of* English Poetry, 4to. 1586. *Pref.*

† *Printed at* London *for* Hugh Astley, 8vo. 1600.

This makes him so sparing of his sense, and gives him so dogmatical an air, that his reader is rather offended, than satisfied with his entertainment. The length or brevity of a passage is, indeed, no reason for either admitting or rejecting it; its value being to be rated not by its size, but sense; but where the former is so penurious, the latter ought to make amends either in beauty or instruction. This, his friend the publisher seems to have understood; for he tells us, his author would not be persuaded to enlarge his method, and promises ample additions in the second impression. So affected a piece did not escape censure. It was exposed in a dramatick * performance at *Cambridge* a few years after, in which the poet compares this mutilating compiler *to a poor beggar gleaning of ears after harvest:* (he might have said *single grains* from those ears.) There is, indeed, so abrupt and sudden a hurry from one idea to another in every chapter of his book, that the sentences slip through the reader's apprehension as quicksilver through the fingers; he scarce perceives them before they are gone. The author had not only a friend to distribute these minute particles for him under proper

* *Return from Parnassus*, &c. publickly acted by the *Students of St.* John's College, Cambridge, 4to, 1606.

heads, and to subjoin a section of similes, and another of examples, to each of them; but a printer so observant of an odd method and uniformity, undoubtedly prescribed him, that there has scarce been a book printed since with a formality so remarkably insignificant. But there is another singularity of a more serious nature in this performance, which is, the collector's having omitted to annex the poets names to his citations; which leaves room to suspect, that he was afraid of being detected of having mangled his originals egregiously in his barbarous manner of curtailing them.

The other collection, published the same year in a larger volume, is called ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS; or, *The choicest Flowers of our modern Poets*, &c. It is dedicated to Sir *Thomas Monson* by the author, who, in most of the copies, writes himself *R. A.* but in one or two I have met with, there is *R. Allot*, of which name I find a bookseller at that time, but know not whether he was the collector. He has, indeed, been more liberal in his entertainment, for the generality, than the former; for he does not mince his quotations, and is not so shy of his authors; but his performance is evidently defective in several other respects. He cites no more

more than the names of his authors to their verſes, who are moſt of them now ſo obſolete, that not knowing what they wrote, we can have no recourſe to their works, if ſtill extant. And, perhaps, this might be done deſignedly, to prevent ſome, tho' not all, readers from diſcovering his indiſcretion in maiming ſome thoughts, his preſumption in altering others, and his error in aſcribing to one poet what had been wrote by another. This artifice, if real, does not prevent us from obſerving his ill judgment in the choice of his authors; and in his extracts from them, his negligence in repeating the ſame paſſages in different places, and particularly his unpardonable haſte and irregularity, in throwing almoſt the laſt half of his book out of its alphabetical order, into a confuſed jumble of topicks without order or method. This book, bad as it is, ſuggeſts one good obſervation however upon the uſe and advantage of ſuch collections, which is, that they may prove more ſucceſsful in preſerving the beſt parts of ſome authors, than their works themſelves.

But what renders both theſe collections very defective, and prevents them from affording the redundant light, of which they were capable, is the little merit of the obſolete poets, from which they are

in a great measure extracted; which *wan of merit*, as * Sir *Philip Sidney* justly observes, *is the cause of their wanting esteem.* They wanted, besides the additional supplies dramatick poetry has since contributed; which performances appeared so contemptible at that time, except a few pieces of *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Daniel*, *Chapman*, and one or two more, that † Sir *Tho. Bodley* was unwilling to admit plays, as then generally composed, into his new-founded library at *Oxford*; because, in his opinion, scarce one in forty was worth preserving. And indeed, the fate of the plays of those times has been proportioned to their merits; for hardly one of that number has come down to us. But those who have been conversant with the dramatick poems our stage has since produced, and observed what lively portraits they are of the genius and humours of our people, the manners and fashions of the times, the delicacy of our wit, and the energy of our language; our natural knowledge in the passions of men, and our moral and political knowledge in their sentiments and plots; I say, whoever have observed these characteristicks of our plays, would not fear the censure of Sir *Thomas*, or the most rigid

* Defence of Poesie.

† Reliquiæ Bodleianæ, 8vo, 1703.

rigid critick alive, for admitting them into the beſt choſen library. The teſtimony of many very judicious perſons juſtify this opinion; amongſt whom I ſhall only obſerve, that * *Rapin*, the critick, allows our genius for *tragedy* ſuperior to that of all other nations. † Sir *William Temple* ſays of our *comick* wit, *That there is no vein of that ſort, either ancient or modern, which excels the humour of our plays.* And Mr. (*) *Rymer* aſſerts of both kinds, *That for the drama, the world has nothing to be compared with us.*

The next publication of this kind, as it did not labour under a ſcarcity of good dramatick poems, and confined itſelf to extracts from plays, might have been expected to have been free from this laſt defect, and to have abounded with the fine thoughts that enrich ſuch collections. It is called, (†) THE ENGLISH TREASURY OF WIT AND LANGUAGE, *collected out of all the moſt and beſt Dramatick Poets, methodically digeſted into Common-Places for general Uſe.* But this is a more injudicious performance even than the laſt. In the firſt place, the author has annexed not one

* Reflex. ſur la Poetique.

† Eſſay of Poetry.

(*) *Preface to his Tranſlat. of* Rapin *on* Ariſtotle's Poeticks.

(†) *By* John Cotgrave, *Gent.* 8*vo*, 1655.

poet's name to his extracts throughout his book, nor even given a list of his authors in the front of it, by way of amends for omitting them: And in the next, as he has made some use, such as it is, of many noted dramatick poets, from the beginning of King *James*'s reign to his own time, he has evidently allowed himself too little room for the number of plays he undertakes to extract; in consequence of which, he has not only given us a very superficial taste of them, but has omitted many better thoughts than he has used. He seems apprehensive of this objection himself; for he says in his preface, '*That in so small a* '*compass we are not to expect the abstracted* '*quintescence of such a number; however, if* '*the world smiles so upon his essay, as to* '*make his able and ingenious friend, the* '*stationer, a gainer by it, he may be encou-* '*raged to enlarge his pains.*' But as no such enlargement did ever appear, we may conclude, *the world did not smile upon his essay.* And, indeed, that is no wonder, as it is easy to discover, notwithstanding his cunning in concealing his authors, that he has quoted them very imperfectly and by halves in some places, officiously corrupted them in others, and frequently misplaced them under heads foreign to their subjects, out of a lazinesS, which, he confesses, induced

duced him to content himself with a first copy. So that his method of transplanting, instead of preserving, has abridged his *flowers* of their native beauty and fragrance, which, like those in the *Garden of the Muses* mentioned above, seem to have withered assoon as he gathered them.

The next Collection of this kind, is * THE ENGLISH PARNASSUS, or, *An Help to English Poesy*, by *Joshua Poole*, of *Clare Hall* in *Cambridge*, and sometimes master of a private school at *Hadley*. It consists of three parts. The first is an alphabet of monosyllabical rhymes; the second, an assemblage of epithets; and the third, an heap of phrases and ends of verse, extracted from translations, as well as originals, and prose, as well as poetical, writers. He ascribes few of these quotations to their authors, and concludes his work with some general modes or formalities of expression upon several trite topicks, much in the manner of *The Academy of Compliments*. This elaborate piece of poetical patchwork was calculated for the youth of his school, but is, indeed, fit only to teach them the pompous insignificance and empty swell of pedantry and bombast. His scholars might learn from it, when they took a nest, to call the birds, *The summer's waits*; *the air's feathered*

* London, 8vo, 1657, 1677.

feathered parishioners; the woods wild burgesses; the living ships with feathered sails; the winged travellers of the sky, that in their leafy cages do musick with their horny hautboys make. Fine language to improve the style of youth; or rather, to make them as great coxcombs in speech, as affectation or fashion ever made in dress!

This error of the last author was avoided by the next compiler, Mr. *Bysshe*, who, however, pursues the general design of the former's *Parnassus*, and therefore calls his work, * THE ART OF ENGLISH POETRY. This is also divided into three parts, of which two are *Rules for making verses*, and a *dictionary of rhymes*, which he terms, *The mechanick tools of a poet.* His having furnished so many weak heads with those *tools*, has certainly given more '*temptations of* '*versifying to such, as, in spite of nature,* '*have mistaken their fondness to rhyme, or* '*necessity of writing, for a true genius of* '*poetry, and lawful call of* Apollo, than, 'he tells us, *he should be willing to have* '*laid to his charge.*' I shall not object to some mistakes he has made concerning the composition, or, as he calls it, the cadence of our verse; nor to others, concerning the antiquity of some kinds of it, because they have been observed already. But it may

* London, 8vo, 1703. *and 2 vol.* 12mo.

may be ſaid of the third, and much greater part of this work, which, he calls, *A Collection of the moſt natural and ſublime Thoughts in the beſt* Engliſh *Poets*, that, though it is in general a better collection than had appeared before, a great part of it does not conſiſt of the thoughts of *Engliſh*, but of the *Greek* and *Roman* poets tranſlations in every body's hands. Beſides which, whole topicks contain only trite fabulous deſcriptions, extracted from the mythology of the ancients, which are ſtill more abundant in the larger * collections he afterwards publiſhed of the ſame kind. Things of that nature may be proper to teach youth what is called learning at ſchool; but the maxims, ſentiments, and reflections beſt adapted to form the manners, direct the conduct, and enlarge the minds of men, though they could not entirely eſcape our author's plan, are far from being the principal objects of it. And, indeed, the manners and ſentiments of his readers are not properly the objects of his reſearch, but their improvement in *the art* he pretends to teach; which makes him ſolely intent on flights of imagination, flowing numbers, eaſy diction, and happineſs of colouring. Hence, when he ſays our beſt *Engliſh* poets, he means only the *modern*; for, ſays he, 'Though

* The Britiſh Parnaſſus, 4 *vol.* 12*mo.*

'*Though* Spenser, *and some other of the an-*
'*cients, have not been excelled, nor, perhaps,*
'*equalled by their successors, in justness of de-*
'*scription, or propriety and greatness of thought;*
'*yet their language is now become so obsolete,*
'*that most readers, of our age, have no ear*
'*for them: And therefore* Shakespear *him-*
'*self is so rarely cited in this collection.*' This is but an indifferent compliment to the *readers of our age*, and seems, in making them sacrifice dignity of wit, and energy of sense to sound and colour, to be placing them upon a level with some of our modern fine ladies, who estimate their admirers by their dress and equipage, and not their merit and understanding.

Mr. *Gildon* thought his predecessor's defects sufficient reasons for attempting to give us a more exalted *taste* of our poets in a piece, which he calls, * THE COMPLEAT ART OF POETRY; and, indeed, if I may be allowed to play upon a word, it is but a *taste*, and much too small an one to answer the title he gives it. His whole work is comprized in two small volumes, of which one consists almost entirely of critical discourses on the several species of poetry, and rules for composing them. The rest is a collection of passages from poets, in which he tells us, as his ends were different

* 2 *Vol.* 12*mo*, 1718.

nt, he has purſued a different method
n the preceding author, whoſe view
only to teach the ſtructure of the ſe-
ıl kinds of verſe, and to give a cata-
ıe of rhymes, poetical figures, epithets,
ſynonymous words and phraſes. '*But
e deſign of my collection*, ſays he, *is to
ve the reader the great images that are
be found in our poets, who are truly
eat, as well as their topicks and moral re-
ctions.*' Wherefore he informs us, he
been pretty large in his citations from
ſer, whom the other has rejected; and
ıs to think that he has gone through
keſpear, that the ſame author almoſt en-
y excludes. Accordingly, at the end
ıis firſt volume, he gives us a collec-
, which he calls *Shakeſperiana*, but it
iſts of leſs than ſixty pages; though, to
: extracted only a part of the ſublime
ges and ſentiments of that divine and
ımparable poet, would have filled a
:h larger volume than one, or perhaps
ı, of Mr. *Gildon*'s. He owns, he might
: been much more extenſive; but thinks
t he has cited, ſufficiently demonſtrates
bad judgment of thoſe who reject
keſpear for his obſolete language. In
other volume, which is an alphabetical
act, *Spenſer*'s images are introduced
ı ſome extent. The reſt of it is but a
ſlight

ſlight collection, conſiſting of odd and particular topicks, often with only one or two paſſages in them, and but few of the moral reflections he promiſed. What is worſt, he often repeats *Byſſhe*'s quotations, and gives us few heads, or authors of conſequence (except the two we have mentioned) which had eſcaped that compiler. And, indeed, he was not very extenſively read in our poets, had not a ſufficient number of them ancient or modern, and was not induſtrious enough in extracting from thoſe he had; which, perhaps, might proceed in ſome meaſure from the limits preſcribed to his work. Whatever ſucceſs this book may have had we cannot ſay; but there has ſince appeared two collections of the ſame kind, which, as the compilers of them have thought fit to conceal their names, we ſhall leave to the judgment of the publick.

From this view of the authors who have collected the thoughts of our poets under heads, it evidently appears, that their works have generally been very imperfect and defective; and, at the ſame time, that a far greater number, of no leſs merit, have been wholly neglected, either through want of judgment, or deſign. Hence we have long wanted a compiler, or reader-general for mankind, to digeſt whatever was moſt exquiſite *(the flowers)* in our poets, into the moſt

moſt commodious method for uſe and application; a perſon, void of all prejudice, who would take no author's character upon truſt, but would deliberately review ſuch of our poets as had ſeemed to expire in fame, rather through length of time, and the variation of our language, than want of merit; one, who had not only intelligence to know what compoſitions of value our country had produced, but leiſure, patience and attention to go through a vaſt diverſity of reading; with judgment to diſcern peculiar beauties amidſt the obſcurity of antiquated modes of ſpeech, and the great ſuperfluity of matter that ſurrounds them, like ſtars in winter nights, with gloom and void: In fine, ſagacity to diſcover the groſs and innumerable errors of the preſs; fidelity, not to obtrude the officious alterations of an editor, under the pretence of reſtoreing the ſenſe of an author; and capacity, to diſpoſe a great variety of ſelect readings under their proper heads: All which attributes, as they rarely meet in the ſame perſon, ſeem to account for our not having had one collection of this kind of any great merit and utility.

It is, however, by the idea of theſe qualifications, the compiler of this work hath endeavoured to conduct himſelf. How well he has ſucceeded, will appear from the following

lowing ſheets. Though his perſonal capacity, and the treaſures of his own library, might have enabled him to ſurpaſs whatever has appeared of this kind before, he did not omit to uſe the aſſiſtance of his friends occaſionally. As to the choice of his ſubjects, he has not, like his predeceſſors, abandoned himſelf to fiction and fancy, but has rather preferred what concerns the improvement of real life, in the moſt conſiderable characters, deſcriptions, conditions, manners and events of it. In his choice of authors, he has not uſed the noted poets of later date, as *Milton*, *Cowley*, *Waller*, *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Lee*, *Prior*, *Congreve*, and ſuch of their ſucceſſors as adorn our own times; he has choſen rather to devote himſelf to neglected and expiring merit; conceiving it more uſeful and meritorious to revive and preſerve the excellencies, which time and oblivion were upon the point of cancelling for ever, than to repeat what others had extracted before, and incur the cenſure of borrowing their collections to impoſe upon his readers. As to his uſe therefore of authors, he has made this work a kind of ſupplement to the others of the ſame kind before extant; and has began to extract from the poets, where the generality of them began to write with any degree of perfection, as to matter, method, numbers, diction and elegance. Though

Though he had ſufficient temptation to have called in auxiliaries of a more ancient date, he was afraid to venture them in this refined æra of our language, till his readers might be prepared by the poetry of an intermediate age to reliſh the wholſome force and native beauties of older times, notwithſtanding their antiquated garb and manners. The religious heats that ſubſiſted during the reformation, were ſo averſe to the muſes, that no poetical compoſitions, of any merit, appeared till the beginning of Queen *Elizabeth*'s reign (though two or three *Holyday Writers*, as Mr. *Dryden* calls them, had given the world a few imitations from the *Italian* upon the ſubject of love.) At that time came out the fine collection, called, * *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*. This piece was done by ſeveral hands. It repreſents pathetically the falls of many great and unfortunate men of our nation, and beautifully adviſes others to avoid following their example. Beſides the particular praiſes given this work by † Sir *Philip Sidney*, and (*) Mr. *Edmund Bolton*, another judicious critick, who writes not long after him, that it received the general approbation, appears from its having been three or four times reprinted.

* London, *4to*, 1559.
† Defence of Poeſie.
(*) Hypocritica, *lately publiſhed*.

reprinted. Every impression had new additions from other eminent hands, amongst whom the Earl of *Dorset* is not the least conspicuous. Our compiler has scarce cited any poet antecedent to the authors of this collection, for the reasons we have given above; and what he has extracted from others better known, as from *Spenser*, &c. appears almost entirely new, having never been quoted in this manner, and perhaps, little observed before. He has not only endeavoured to supply the omission of the authors, from whom this collection is taken, whose works might easily have been had, as they are extant in volumes; but as there are many other ingenious dramatick poets, whose writings were never printed together in editions, and consequently were little likely to fall in the way of other compilers, our author, to make his work as complete as possible, has spared no pains in consulting as great a number as he could procure. This might not have been so easy to others; loose pamphlets being very liable to be lost, or not recovered without long search and great expence; of which one volume, containing ten of *Massinger*'s plays, is a proof, that was sold lately at an auction for between three and four pounds. But happily between his own stores, and the large supplies of whatever was scarce and valuable from

from those of his acquaintance, he has had the opportunity of using, in the present collection, between four and five hundred plays, both tragedies and comedies; for which latter species of poem, no other compiler seems to have had any relish. He has, however, admitted passages from ancient comedies; not being of their opinion, who confine instruction and poetry to verse only: And to avoid the offence that the measure of prose might give the eye in print, when mingled with verse, he has confined the prose lines to the same extent with those of the verses. He has admitted no professed translations, that this collection, according to its title, might be entirely *English*: And as to the disposition of the passages, they are more regular than in any other book of this kind; the quotations not only being placed under their proper topicks, but ranged according to the order of time, in which they were wrote, that every chapter might shew the progressive alterations and improvement of our style and language. And that the work might be the more authentick, nothing is transcribed at second hand, but all the passages are copied from the authors themselves; an advantage, as we have observed before, not in the power of every compiler. Great care has also been taken in pointing and print-

ing

ing them correctly; and [illegible]ly to assign his own thoughts to every [illegible]thor.

Having given some account of this work, it may be no unnatural transition to say something of its merits and utility. It is a kind of body instinct with soul in every part. Wherever you open it, you are in the heart of your subject: Every leaf includes many lessons, and is a system of knowledge in a few lines. It is a guide in the actions, passions, fortunes, misfortunes, and all the vicissitudes, of life. The merely speculative may here find experience; the flattered, truth; the diffident, resolution; the presumptuous, modesty; the oppressor, mercy; the proud, humility; and the powerful, justice. Youth and age may improve equally by consulting it: The one it directs, the other it admonishes: Whilst it amends the heart, it informs the head, and is, at the same time, the rule of virtue, and the standard of poetical eloquence; especially to those who can discern delicacy of wit, dignity of sentiment, and sublimity of thought, through antiquated modes of speech, and the language of an age ago.

THE

ritiſh Muſe.

G A M I N G.

USH, pretty boy, thy hopes might have been better :
'Tis loſt at dice, what ancient honour won ;
Hard, when the father plays away the ſon !

Shakeſpear's Yorkſhire Tragedy.

——— The whole day
t enough now, but the night's to play :
'hile our 'ſtates, ſtrength, body and mind we waſte ;
ake ourſelves the us'rer's at a caſt.
at no more, for age, cramps, palſies, can
ıſe the bones, we ſee doth hire a man
ce the box up for him ; and purſues
ice with glaſſen eyes, to the glad views
ıat he throws : Like letchers grown content
beholders, when their pow'rs are ſpent.

Johnſons' Underwoods.

ld not have thee ſell thy ſubſtance,
me, worth all, in thoſe damn'd ſhops of hell,

Those dicing houses; that stand never well,
But when they stand most ill: That four-squar'd sin
Has almost lodg'd us in the beggar's inn.
A sort of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve,
And fed upon thee; thy fame is speckled,
Yet it shews clear among them.

Dekker's Second Part of the Honest Whore.

If yet thou love game at so dear a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters dearly cost;
Dost lose? Rise up: Dost win? Rise in that state:
Who strive to sit out losing hands are lost.
Game is a civil gun-powder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

Herbert.

1. Hath sir *Thomas* lost five hundred pounds
Already? 2. And five hundred more he borrow'd;
The dice are notable devourers, madam;
They make no more of pieces, than pebbles,
But thrust their heaps togther to engender;
Two hundred more the caster; cries this gentleman,
I'm we'ye. I've that to nothing, sir; the caster
Again; 'tis cover'd, and the table too,
With sums that frighted me; here one sneaks out,
And with a martyr's patience, smiles upon
His money's executioner, the dice;
Commands a pipe of good tobacco, and
I'th' smoke on't vanishes; another makes
The bones vault o'er his head, swears that ill throwing
Has put his shoulder out of joint, calls for
A bone-setter that looks to th'box, to bid
His masters send him some more hundred pounds,
Which lost, he takes tobacco, and is quiet;
Here a strong arm throws in, and in; with which
He brusheth all the table, pays the rooks
That went their smelts a piece upon his hand,
Yet swears he has not drawn a stake these seven years.

Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.

This

This is the hell of all gamesters, I think;
When they are at play, the board eats up all
The money: For if there be five hundred
Pounds lost, there's never but a hundred won.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

Some play for gain; to pass time, others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say:
Nor time or coin I'll lose, or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.

Heath's Clarastella.

G E N E R A L.

Who now beholds
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night:
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty:
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
Largess universal, like the sun,
His lib'ral eye doth give to ev'ry one,
Thawing cold fear.

Shakespear's King Henry V.

That had his arms been, without my arm,
That with its motion, made the whole field move?
And this held up, we still had victory.
Then over-charg'd with numbers his few friends
Stir'd amaz'd, I set them on assur'd;
And what rude ruin seiz'd on, I confirm'd:
Then I left leading, all his army reel'd;
He fell on th'other foul: And as the *Cyclop*

That having loſt his eye, ſtruck ev'ry way,
His blows directed to no certain ſcope;
Or as the ſoul departed from the body,
The body wants coherence in his parts,
Cannot conſiſt, but ſever, and diſſolve;
So I remov'd once, all his armies ſhook,
Panted and fainted, and were ever flying;
Like wand'ring pulſes, ſpread through bodies dying.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

——————A commander muſt
Uſe pretty cheats, dark ſtratagems deviſe;
If not perfidious, they are not unjuſt:
No matter in thy enemies defeat,
If it be open force, or fine deceit.

Aleyn's Creſcey.

Courageous *Edward* ſpurs their valour on,
And chears his ſprightful ſoldiers: Where he came
His breath did kindle valour, where was none;
And where it found a ſpark, it made a flame.
Armies of fearful harts will ſcorn to yield,
If lions be their captains in the field.

Aleyn's Creſcey.

We may conſider
The *Carthaginian* gen'ral, is a man
Worn with imployment into more decay
Of ſtrength and years, than can give any hopes
Of a continuance; *Rome*'s green champion
Is full of growing ſap to make him ſpread:
Whilſt th'other, like an aged oak that long
Hath fought with tempeſts, and withſtood the rage
Of burning air, now yields to ev'ry guſt,
A bough, or arm; till one more violent
Shatters the dry'd limbs, or quite roots it up,

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

Yet did the king, almoſt forſaken quite
By all his men, maintain a noble fight;
As if aſhamed to out-live the ſad
Diſcomfiture, which his own raſhneſs made:

Nor

id his fault'ring hands e'en then forget
ay a soldier's part; appearing yet
ıy the fear of his assailing foe;
: death attended ev'ry furious blow:
ıte that prowess comes; and he in vain
rs'nal valour hopes to cure again
malady, which ill conduct begat:
ldier's valiant hand can expiate
'ral's folly; nor one private hand
:m the errors of a king's command.

May's Edward III.

GENEROSITY.

ıvets less
misery itself would give; rewards
eeds with doing them, and is content
end his time to end it.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

easy is a noble sp'rit discern'd
harsh and sulph'rous matter, that flies out
ıtumelies, makes a noise, and stinks!
we find good and great men, that know how
oop to wants, and mere necessities,
will not turn from any equal suits:
men, they do not succour more the cause
' undertake with favour and success;
ı by it their own judgments they do raise,
ning just mens needs into their praise.

Johnson's Catiline.

e breast, too narrow for her heart, was still
reason's throne, and prison to her will.

Sir *William Davenant.*

can'st not reach the light that I shall find;
n'rous soul is sun-shine to the mind.

Sir *Robert Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

, that do
& that does deserve requital;
rst themselves the stock of such content:

Nature has giv'n to ev'ry worthy mind,
If others should be bankrupt.

Sir *Robert Howard's* ***Blind Lady.***

It is unnatural a gen'rous mind
Should grieve to be from gen'rous acts confin'd:
That he in spite of him ignoble proves,
And cannot act as bravely as he loves?

Crowne's Second Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

GENTLEMAN.

He is the card, or calendar of gentry;
For you shall find in him the continent
Of what part a gentleman would see.

Shakespear's ***Hamlet.***

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones: And none of your's,
Except you make, or hold it.

Johnson's ***Every Man in his Humour.***

For your behaviour, let it be free and
Negligent; not clogg'd with ceremony
Or observance; give no man honour, but
Upon equal terms; for look how much thou
Giv'st any man above that, so much thou
Tak'st from thyself: He that will once give the
Wall, shall be quickly thrust into the kennel:
Measure not thy carriage by any man's eye;
Thy speech by no man's ear; but be resolute
And confident in doing and saying;
And this is the grace of a right gentleman.

Chapman's ***May-Day.***

He that bears himself like a gentleman; is
Worth to have been born a gentleman.

Chapman's ***May-Day.***

Gentry and baseness in all ages jarr,
And poverty and wealth are still at war.

Heywood and *Rowley's* ***Fortune by Land and Sea.***

I am a gentleman; and by my birth
Companion with a king: a king's no more.

I am

ossess'd of many fair revenues,
ent to maintain a gentleman.
ing my mind, I'm study'd in all arts;
iches of my thoughts, and of my time,
been a good proficient.

Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindness.

a noble gentleman; withal
/ in's endeavours: The gen'ral voice
; him for courtesy, behaviour, language,
v'ry fair demeanor, an example:
of honour add not to his worth;
s himself an honour to his title.

John Ford's Lady's Trial.

tleman free-born; I never wore
igs of any great man's looks; nor fed
:helr after-meals: I never crouch'd
' offal of an office-promised
d for long attendance, and then mist.
no difference between this huge,
nonstrous big word, lord, and gentleman,
han the title sounds; for aught I learn,
tter is as noble as the first;
e more ancient.

John Ford's Lady's Trial.

G I F T S.

r with gifts, if she respects not words;
jewels often in their silent kind,
han quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ever gave you aught.
' honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
ith them, words of so sweet breath compos'd,
le the things more rich: That perfume lost,
:hese again: For to the noble mind,
ifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

eat benefactors, sprinkle our society
ankfulness: For your own gifts make your

Selves prais'd : But reserve still to give, lest your
Deities be despised. Lend to each man enough,
That one need not to lend another : For
Were your godheads to borrow of men, men
Would forsake the gods.

Shakespear's Timon.

To help the need
Of any, is a great and gen'rous deed ;
Yea of th'ingrateful : And he forth must tell
Many a pound, and piece, will place one well.

Johnson's Underwoods.

They are the noblest benefits, and sink
Deepest in man ; of which when he doth think,
The memory delights him more, from whom,
Than what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stink from some,
They are so long a coming, and so hard ;
Where any deed is forc'd, the grace is marr'd.
Can I owe thanks for courtesies receiv'd
Against his will that does them ? That hath weav'd
Excuses or delays ? Or done them scant,
That they have more oppress'd me than my want ?
Or if he did it not to succour me,
But by mere chance ? For int'rest ? Or to free
Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
Of pressure ; like one taken in a straight ?
All this corrupts the thanks ; less hath he won,
That puts it in his debt-book ere't be done ;
Or that doth sound a trumpet, and doth call
His grooms to witness ; or else lets it fall
In that proud manner, as a good so gain'd,
Must make me sad, for what I have obtain'd.
No, gifts and thanks should have one chearful face ;
So each that's done, and ta'en, becomes a brace :
He neither gives, or does, that doth delay
A benefit : Or that doth throw't away,
No more than he doth thank, that will receive
Nought but in corners ; and is loath to leave,

Least

eaſt air, or print, but flies it: Such men would
un from the conſcience of it, if they could.

Johnſon, Ibid.

for in this will I imitate the world,
/hoſe greater part of men think when they give
'hey purchaſe bondmen, not make worthy friends.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Queen of Corinth.*

ı alms regard thy means, and others merit;
Think heav'n a better bargain, than to give
nly thy ſingle market-money for it;
Join hands with God to make a man to live:
ive to all ſomething; to a good poor man,
ill thou change names, and be where he began.

Herbert.

ee without art, or project; giving ſtill
'ith no more ſnare, or hope, than in his will.

Cartwright.

princely gift: But, ſir, it comes too late:
ke ſun beams on the blaſted bloſſoms, do
ur favours fall.——————

Suckling's *Brennoralt.*

ipe, to me all, when he is dead, will give;
ill part with nothing while he is alive:
hat thanks is that to gape for dead mens ſhoes?
ı give them only when you cannot chuſe?
ve now; 'tis leſt then 'gainſt your will I know:
is twice giv'n, what living we beſtow.
leaves a good name, who gives while he lives,
d only carries with him what he gives.

Heath's *Claraſtella.*

——————Free circumſtance
es oft the value of mean things advance:
ıo thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
cl ıims his bounty richer than his ſtore.

Biſhop *King.*

ere the gift is free,
ıen 'tis beſtow'd on deepeſt miſery.

Jones's *Adraſta.*

Not giving like to those, whose gifts though scant,
Pain them as if they gave with gouty hand;
Such vex themselves, and ease not others want

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Then what thou mean'st to give, still promise less;
Hold fast the pow'r, thy promise to increase.

Denham.

G L O O M.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,
With the reflection that their armour gave,
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;
Which, striving there preheminence to have,
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight;
That each confounding other, both appear,
As darkness light, and light but darkness were.

The craggy clifts, which cross them as they go,
Made, as their passage they would have deny'd.
And threaten'd them their journey to forslow,
As angry with the path that was their guide,
And sadly seem'd their discontent to shew,
To the vile hand that did them first divide:
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to say,
So ill an action could not brook the day.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

G L O R Y.

Glory, is like a circle in the water;
Which never ceaseth to inlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

Shakespear's First Part of King Henry VI.

——You thrust rather with the love
Of your own glory, than with duty lead;
You have done much: Yet all your councils prove
You ty'd still your atchievements to the head
Of your own honour; when it had been meet,
You had them laid down at your sov'reign's feet.

Daniel's Philotas.

When

n this brittle glory thus is gotten,
he keeping is as painful, more confuſe :
e lives by doing, is with reſt forgotten :
e thoſe that would injoy her doth refuſe,
'd like a *Lais*, will be, and obſerv'd ;
ill kept, ſince never well deſerv'd.

Lord *Brooke on Fame and Honour.*

——————— Never any ſtate
d riſe, or ſtand, without this thirſt of glory,
oble works, as well the mould as ſtory.
lſe what governor would ſpend his days,
envious travel for the publick good ?
would in books ſearch after dead mens ways ?
in the war, what ſoldier loſe his blood ?
not this fame in clouds, kept as a crown,
for the ſword, the ſcepter and the gown.

Lord *Brooke, Ibid.*

ies, like glow-worms, afar off ſhine bright ;
ook'd too near, have neither heat, nor light.

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

——————For all may have,
ey dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

Herbert.

——————— For this world's glory
ur'd in the moon ; they both wax dull,
ſuffer their eclipſes in their full.

Aleyn's Creſcy.

t the ſun's one moment's reſt, ſhould more
ire, than at his glorious courſe before :
y, like time, progreſſion does require ;
n it does ceaſe t'advance, it does expire.

E. of *Orrery's Tragedy of Muſtapha.*

y and pleaſure in my breaſt contend ;
ure would ſeize what glory would defend :
virtues charm my glory on their ſide ;
leaſure longs to have his pleaſure try'd ;
glory, like a bragging cow'rd, does here
in beauty's abſence domineer :

But in her ſight 'twill make a poor defence,
And never ſtand before victorious ſenſe.

Crown's Caliſta.

1. I, for my glory, ſeize on regal crowns;
To make my glory blaze, burn wealthy towns.
The gods for glory, worlds from chaos won;
The gods for glory kindled up the ſun,
And ſet that noble part of heav'n on fire;
I'm hourly urg'd by ſuch divine deſire.
2. Inglorious princes are but half alive,
And want a ſenſe worth all the other five.

Crown's Caligula.

G L U T T O N Y.

And by his ſide rode loathſome gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthy ſwine;
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatneſs ſwollen were his eyne:
And like a crane, his neck was long and fine,
With which he ſwallow'd up exceſſive feaſt;
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way, moſt like a brutiſh beaſt,
He ſpewed up his gorge, that all did him deteſt.

In green vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heat;
And on his head an ivy garland had,
From under which faſt trickled down the ſweat:
Still as he rode he ſomewhat ſtill did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing-can,
Of which he ſupt ſo oft, that on his ſeat
His drunken coarſe he ſcarce upholden can;
In ſhape and life, more like a monſter than a man.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to ſtir or go;
Not meet to be of counſel to a king,
Whoſe mind in meat and drink was drowned ſo,
That from his friend he ſeldom knew his foe:
Full of diſeaſes was his carcaſs blue,
And a dry dropſy through his fleſh did flow;

ıich by mis-diet daily greater grew :
h one was gluttony, the second of that crew.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

, eats all day, and letchers all the night,
So all his meat he tasteth over, twice :
d, striving so to double his delight,
He makes himself a thorough-fare of vice.
ıus, in his belly, can he change a sin,
ft it comes out, that gluttony went in.

Johnson's Epigrams.

: don't use to bury in our bellies,
wo hundred thousand duckets, and then boast on't :
exercise th' old *Roman* painful idleness,
th care of fetching fishes far from home ;
ıe golden-headed *Coracine* out of *Ægypt* ;
ıe *Salpa* from *Ebusus*, or the *Pelamis*,
hich some call summer-whiting from *Chalcedon* :
lmons from *Aquitain*, *Helops* from *Rhodes* ;
ckles from *Chios*, *franc'd* and salted up,
ith *Far* and *Sapa* flow'r, and coctcd wine.
e cram no birds, nor, epicurian like,
close some creeks o'th' sea, as *Sergius Crata* did ;
: that invented the first stews for oysters,
d other sea-fish ; who besides the pleasure of his
vn throat, got large revenues by the invention ;
hose fat example the nobility follow'd :
r do we imitate that arch-gormandizer,
ith twenty two courses at a dinner ;
d betwixt ev'ry course, he and his guests
ash'd, and us'd women, then set down and strengthen'd :
ft swimming in their dishes, which no sooner
as tasted, but was ready to be vented.
Most impious epicures.
We commend rather
two extremes, the parsimony of *Pertinax*,
ho had half lettices set up to serve again ;
his successor *Julian*, that would make
ıree meals of a lean hare, and after, sup

With

With a green fig, and wipe his beard, as we can.
The old bewailers of excess, in those days
Complain'd there were more coin bid for a
Cook than for a war-horse; but now cooks are
Purchas'd after the rate of triumphant, and some
Dishes after the rate of cooks; which must needs
Make some of the white house, gormandizers; especially
Your wealthy plump plebeians; like the hogs,
Which *Scaliger* cites, that could not move for fat;
So insensible either of prick or goad,
That mice made holes to nestle in their buttocks,
And they ne'er felt them. There was once a ruler,
Cyrene's governor, choak'd with his own paunch,
Which death, fat *Sanctius*, king of *Castile*, fearing
Through his infinite mass of Belly, rather chose
To be kill'd suddenly, by a pernicious herb
Taken to make him lean, which old *Cordeba*,
King of *Moroeco*, counsell'd his fear to;
Than he would hazard to be stung to death,
As that huge cormorant that was choak'd before him.
2. You that are wound up to the height of feeding,
By clime and custom are dispens'd withal;
You may eat kid, cabrito, calf, and tunny's;
Eat, and eat ev'ry day, twice if you please.
Nay, the *franc'd* hen, fatted with milk and corn,
A riot which the inhabitants of *Delos*
Were first inventors of, or the cramb'd cockle.
1. And in the large feast of our vast ambition,
We count but the white kingdom, whence you came from,
The garden for our cook, to pick his sallads:
The food's lean *France*, larded with *Germany*;
Before which comes the grave chast Signiory
Of *Venice*, serv'd in, capon-like, in white broth;
From our chief oven *Italy*, the bake-meats;
Savoy, the salt; *Geneva* the chipp'd manchet:
Below the salt, the *Netherlands* are plac'd,
A common dish at the lower end o'th' Table,
For meaner pride to fall to. For our second course

it of *Portugals* serv'd in for plovers;
ans and *Moors* for black birds: all this while
and stands ready melted to make sauce
all occasions, when the voider comes;
with such cheer our full hopes we suffice,
nd says grace, for fashion then we rise.

Middleton's Game at Chess.

thou pamper'd jade! what would'st thou have?
it, wouldst thou feed on quails? art thou not fat?
it thy neck brawn, thy leg calf, thy head beef?
yet thou wanteſt meat.

Cupid's Whirligig.

tomach's as insatiate as the grave,
trumpet's ravenous appetite.

Massinger's New Way to pay Old Debts.

ety is sought for to delight
witty and ambitious appetite;
ee elements at least dispeopled be,
atisfy judicious gluttony.

Randolph.

you still owe your virtues to your bellies?
only think then nobly, when you're full?
i fodder keep you honest? are you bad
n out of flesh? and think you't an excuse
vile and ignominious actions, that
re lean, and out of liking? for I must
k of you now as cattle, while you thus
ive your selves unto the paunch, enduring
ranny, beyond that you complain of.

Cartwright's Siege.

se life's the table and the stage,
loth not spend, but lose his age.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

us, thy palate can be pleas'd with nought,
he best cates far fetch'd, and dearest bought;
an lampreys, and the *Tuscan* boar,
i witty dainties ne'er heard of before

Vitellius.

Vitellius' age; such as *Minerva's* shield,
A dish made of scares livers, and then fill'd
With milt of sturgeon, and with brains of rails,
Pheasants and peacocks, and *Egyptian* Quails,
With tongues of nightingales; and those more rare
And seld-seen crimson birds, his usual fare:
Mullets and *Selsey* cockles, the *Severn* trout
And what more dainty novels can be bought:
Botargo, anchovies, puffins too, to taste
The *Maronæan* wines, at meals thou hast.
Thus all thy lands thou eat'st and drinkest down,
In thy fair boggards bury'd lie, thus grown
With dear bought soil so rich, to dung the small
Acre that's left unsold; and that is all.

Heath's Clarastella.

Nothing could please your palate, but
The *Muscatelli* and *Frontiniack* grape;
Your *Turin* pheasants, and your *Tuscan* veal;
With red-legg'd partridge from the *Genoa* hills:
Then the broad livers of *Venetian* geese,
Fatned by *Jews*; and carps of the *Geneva* lake.
You talk'd too of fat snails in shining shells,
Brought from the marble quarrys of *Ferrara*,
And sous'd in *Lucca* oil; then long'd for cream
Of *Switzerland*, and *Genoa* paste.
Your angelots of *Brie*.
Your *Marsolini*, *Parmazan* of *Lody*,
Your *Mala muca* melons, and *Cicilian* dates.
And then to close up your voluptuous maw,
Marmalad made by cleanly nuns of *Lisbon*.

Sir *W. Davenant's Wits*

G O D.

Of the gods we are forbid to dispute,
Because their deities come not within
The compass of our reasons.

Lilly's Endimion.

It is not so with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that square our guess by shews:

But

But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heav'n, we count the act of men.

Shakespear's All's well that ends well.

It did not please the gods, who instruct the people:
And their unquestion'd pleasures must be serv'd.
They know what's fitter for us, than our selves;
And 'twere impiety to think against them.

Johnson's Catiline.

Though all the doors are sure, and all our servants
As sure bound with their sleeps; yet there is one
That wakes above, whose eye no sleep can bind;
He sees through doors, and darkness, and our thoughts:
And therefore as we should avoid with fear,
To think amiss ourselves before his search;
So should we be as curious to shun
All cause, that others think not ill of us.

Chapman's Bussy D'ambois.

Gods nought foresee, but see: for to their eyes
Nought is to come or past: nor are you vile,
Because the gods foresee; for God, not we,
Sees as things are; things are not, as we see.

Marston's Sophonisba.

1. Can nature be so simple or malicious
To destroy the reputation of her
Proper memory? She cannot: sure there
Is some pow'r above her, that controuls her force.
2. A power above nature? doubt you that,
My lord? consider, but whence man receives
His body and his form, not from corruption,
Like some worms and flies; but only from the
Generation of a man: for nature
Never did bring forth a man without a man;
Nor could the first man being but
The passive subject, not the active mover,
Be the maker of himself; so, of necessity
There must be a superiour pow'r to nature.

Tourneur's Atheists Tragedy.

'Tis

'Tis hard to find God, but to comprehend
Him, as he is, is labour without end.

Herrick.

Then tell me first, if nature must forbear
To ask, why still she must remain in doubt?
A darkness which does much like hell appear,
Where all may enter in, but none get out.

Thus we at once are bidden, and forbid;
Charg'd to make God, the object of the mind;
Then hinder'd from it, since he is so hid,
As we but seek that, which we cannot find.

Sir. *W. Davenant.*

GOVERNMENT.

But as in calm a storm we nothing fear,
When as the seas are mild and smooth as glass:
And as in peace, no thoughts of war we bear,
Which least suppose of mischiefs come to pass:
Ev'n so my still and rightful reigning was.
The calm a tempest bodes, the shine a rain,
Long peace a war, and pleasure pinching pain.

Mirror for Magistrates.

For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like musick.
Therefore heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach
The art of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sort;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,

Which

hich pillage they with merry march bring home
the tent royal of their emperor:
no, busy'd in his majesty, surveys
e singing mason building roofs of gold;
e civil citizens kneading up the honey;
e poor mechanick porters crowding in
eir heavy burthens at his narrow gate:
e sad-ey'd justice with his surly hum,
livering o'er to executors pale
e lazy yawning drone.

Shakespear's Henry V.

h petty hand
steer a ship becalm'd; but he that will
vern, and carry her to her ends, must know
tides, his currents, how to shift his sails;
at she will bear in foul, what in fair weathers;
ere her springs are, her leaks, and how to stop them;
at strands, what shelves, what rocks do threaten her;
forces and the natures of all winds,
ts, storms, and tempests: when her keel ploughs hell,
deck knocks heaven, then to manage her,
omes the name and office of a pilot.

Johnson's Catiline.

cunning orator, reserves
fairest smiles, best adorning figures,
f matter, and most moving arguments
his conclusion; and doth then supply
ground streams laid before, glides over them,
es his full depth seen through; and so takes up
audience in applauses past the clouds:
your government, conclusive nature,
ing to end her excellence in earth,
n your foot shall be set upon the stars,
vs all her sov'reign beauties, ornaments,
ies, and raptures; overtakes her works
rmer empires, makes them but your foils;
ls to her full sea, and again doth drown
world, in admiration of your crown.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Cannot your great men suffer others to
Have part in rule, but must have all to do?
Now, good my Lord, conform you to the rest,
Let not your wings be greater that your nest.

Daniel's Philotas.

A state well rul'd, the fame of kings doth raise,
No less than foughten fields, or batter'd towns:
More hard it is, and doth deserve more praise,
To guide, than get; to keep, than conquer crowns.

E. of Sterline's Darius.

Virtue did then mens hearts so much inflame,
That no promotion could be got with gold;
For in his days he that desired fame,
Bought it of him, that it full dearly sold:
Hateful excess so much did not devour,
Law had less force, and honesty more pow'r.

Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.

He is unfit to manage publick matters,
Who knows not how to rule at home his houshold.

John Ford's Fancy's Chaste and Noble.

O madam,
Your sex is too imperious to rule!
You are too busy, and too stirring, to
Be put in action; your curiosity
Would do as much harm in a kingdom, as
A monkey in a glass shop; move, and remove,
'Till you had broken all.

Cartwright's Royal Slave.

Rule of itself's a toil, and none would bear it,
But that 'twixt pride and avarice,
And close revenge they'll share it.

Alex. Brome.

The victor's solid recompence is rest;
And 'tis unjust, that chiefs who pleasure shun,
Toiling in youth, should be in age oppreſt
With greater toils, by ruling what they won.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Could

Could every one that careless sits
On his high throne, depute his power
Where it might mingle with such innocence,
Monarchal sway would be belov'd; for 'tis
Our worst mistake, to think the arts of government
So hard; since a perfection in the skill
To rule, is less requir'd, than in a perfect will.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

G R A T I T U D E.

And you fresh bud of virtue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death's door,
What hath poor virgin for such peril past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple self, and service ever more:
And he that does high sit, and all things see
With equall eyes, their merits to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for me;
And what I cannot quite, requite with usury.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

As our joys grow,
We must remember still from whence they flow.

Middleton's Chaste Maid in Cheapside.

1. Here's a small amends.
2. 'Tis more than due, sir, yet I'll take it all;
Should kindness be despis'd, good will would fall
Unto a lower ebb, should we detest
The grateful giver's gift, *verissimum est.*

Rob. Tailor's Hog hath lost his Pearl.

Does the kind-root bleed out his livelihood
As parent distributions to his branches,
Proud that his pride is seen, when he's unseen;
And must not gratitude descend again
To comfort his old limbs in fruitless winter
Improvident?

Massinger, Middleton and *Rowley's Old Law.*

The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
With fair increase; and I still glory in it:

And

And though my fortune's poor, compar'd to his,
And *Milan* weigh'd with *France*, appear as nothing,
Are in thy fury burnt: Let it be mention'd,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemn flame at this great funeral:
And with them I will gladly waste myself,
Rather than undergo the imputation,
Of being base or unthankful.

Massinger's Duke of Milan.

I find a pious gratitude dispersé
Within my soul; and ev'ry thought of him
Ingenders a warm sigh within me, which
Like curls of holy incense, overtake
Each other in my bosom, and inlarge
With their embrace his sweet remembrance.

Shirley's Brothers.

This is not ingratitude; or if it be, it does
As thankfulness in great ones use to do,
It looks a-squint, and seems to turn to favours,
But regards new ends.

Suckling's Sad Ones.

GREATNESS.

When these sad sights were over-past and gone,
My spright was greatly moved in her rest,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest:
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved breast,
To scorn all difference of great and small,
Sith that the greatest oftnest are oppreſt,
And unawares do into danger fall:
And ye that read these ruins tragicall,
Learn by their loss to love the low degree;
And if that fortune chance you up to call
To honour's seat, forget not what ye be:
For he that of himself is most secure,
Shall find his state most fickle and unsure.

Spenser's Visions of the World's Vanity.

Examples,

Examples, have the wiſeſt warned oft,
That where the trees the ſmalleſt branches bear,
The ſtorms do blow, and have moſt rigour there.
Where is it ſtrong, but near the ground and root?
Where is it weak, but on the higheſt ſprays?
Where may a man ſo ſurely ſet his foot,
But on thoſe boughs, that groweth low always?
The little twigs are but unſtedfaſt ſtays,
If they break not, they bend with ev'ry blaſt;
Who truſts to them, ſhall never ſtand full faſt.

Churchyard in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

Greatneſs in ſway of ſtate gives wings t'aſpire;
Advancement feeds ambition with deſire.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Oh place! Oh form!
How often doeſt thou with thy caſe, thy habit,
Wrench awe from ſcols, and tye the wiſer ſouls
To thy falſe ſeeming?

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

'Tis certain, greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too; what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall: For men, like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour;
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders,
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

Greatneſs hath its cankers, worms, and moths;
Bred out of too much humour, in the things
Which after they conſume; transferring quite
The ſubſtance of their makers into themſelves.

Johnſon's Sejanus.

Fortune,

Fortune, not reason, rules the state of things;
Reward goes backward, honour on his head:
Who is not poor, is monstrous; only need
Gives form and worth to ev'ry human seed.
As cedars beaten with continual storms,
So great men flourish; and do imitate
Unskilful statuaries, who suppose
In forming a colossus, if they make him
Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
Their work is goodly: So men merely great
(In their affected gravity of voice,
Sow'rness of count'nance, manners, cruelty,
Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune)
Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before t
Yet differ not from those colossick statues,
Which with heroick forms without o'er-spread;
Within, are naught but mortar, flint, and lead.

Chapman's Bussy D'a

I have found,
Thanks to the blesser of my search, that counsels
Held to the line of justice, still produce
The surest states; and greatest being sure:
Without which fit assistance in the greatest,
As you may see a mighty promontory
More digg'd and under-eaten, than may warrant
A safe supportance to his hanging brows,
All passengers avoid him, shun all ground
That lies within his shadow, and bear still
A flying eye upon him; so great men
Corrupted in their grounds, and building out
Too swelling fronts for their foundations;
When most they should be propt, are most forsaken
And men will rather thrust into the storms
Of better grounded states, then take a shelter
Beneath their ruinous, and fearful weight:
Yet they, so overlee their faulty bases,
That they remain securer in conceit.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspir

'T

ou doſt not know what then will be thy mind,
When thou ſhalt ſee thyſelf advanc'd and ſtrong:
en thou haſt ſhak'd off that which others bind,
Thou ſoon forgetteſt what thou learned'ſt long:
n do not know what then themſelves will be,
en as more than themſelves, themſelves they ſee.

Daniel's Civil War.

w, I ſee, they but delude that praiſe us,
eatneſs is mock'd, proſperity betrays us;
l we are but ourſelves; although this cloud
Of interpoſed ſmoke make us ſeem more:
eſe ſpreading parts of pomp whereof we're proud,
Are not our parts, but parts of others ſtore.

Daniel's Cleopatra.

ough the mountains make a mighty ſhew,
They are but barren heaps borne up aloft;
ere plains are pleaſant ſtill, tho' they lie low,
And are moſt fertile too, tho' trod on oft:
eatneſs is like a cloud in th'airy bounds,
Which ſome baſe vapours have congeal'd above;
rawls with *Vulcan*, thund'ring forth huge ſounds,
t melts, and falls there, whence it firſt did move.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

in fine fields, weeds, or fat earth abounds,
Ev'n as the lab'rers ſpend, or ſpare their pain;
e greateſt ſp'rits, diſdaining vulgar bounds,
Of what they ſeek, the higheſt height muſt gain:
ey, that bright glory may be ſo enjoy'd,
As only born to be in action ſtill,
d rather be, than idle, ill imploy'd:
Great ſp'rits muſt do great good, or elſe great ill.

E. of *Sterline's Julius Cæſar.*

eatneſs muſt keep thoſe arts by which it grew;
d ever what it wills, or fears, make true.

Lord *Brooke's Muſtapha.*

——————Oh greatness scourge!
We cannot without envy, keep high name,
Nor yet disgrac'd, can have a quiet shame.

Marston's Sophonisba.

1. He's dead, you say then.
2. Certainly: And to hear
The people now dissect him, now he's gone,
Makes my ears burn that lov'd him not: Such libels,
Such elegies and epigrams they have made,
More odious than he was. Brother, great men
Had need to live by love, meting their deeds
With virtue's rule; sound, with the weight of judgment.
Their privat'st action: For though, while they live,
Their pow'r and policy mask their villanies,
Their bribes, their lust, pride and ambition;
And make a many slaves to worship them;
They are their flatt'rers, and their bawds in theft;
Those very slaves shall, when these great beasts die,
Publish their bowels to the vulgar eye.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Four Plays in O*

Since by your greatness, you
Are nearer heav'n in place; be nearer it
In goodness: Rich men should transcend the poor,
As clouds the earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

Both flow'rs and weeds, spring when the sun is warm
And great men do great good, or else great harm.

Webster's White Devil.

The great are like the base; nay, they're the same,
When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfi.

Thus he was brought to act his fatal hour
Upon a scaffold: To let greatness know
The twofold danger of too great a pow'r,
To him that hath it, and the giver too.
Let greatness hold by *Nimium*, fear her fate;
For 'tis a tenure of the shortest date.

Greatness

atneſs triumphing on the tow'ring height
f honour, if it once be turn'd at all,
ls motion in itſelf: The very weight
reat bodies have, accelerates their fall:
re is no medium in their declination,
ween the height, and the precipitation.

Alem's Hen. VII.

ey that are great, and worthy to be ſo,
e not their rays from meaneſt plants that grow.
y is the ſun ſet in a throne ſo high,
to give light to each inferior eye?
radiant beams diſtribute lively grace
all, according to their worth and place;
l from the humble ground thoſe vapours drain,
ich are ſent down in fruitful drops of rain.

Sir *John Beaumont.*

Great men, we are none.
No, but you may be, by the length of your
and ſhortneſs of your memory; for if
have but wit enough to do miſchief,
l oblivion enough to forget
d turns; you may come to great places in
ne: keep a fool of your own, and then you are made.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

ſt not a great man, moſt of them diſſemble;
e, and court-cunning have betray'd their faith
a ſecure idolatry; their ſoul
ghter than a compliment: Take heed,
ry'll flatter thy too young ambition,
l thee with names, and then like ſubtile chymiſts,
ing extracted, drawn thy ſpirit up,
gh, they have made thee miſerable.

Shirley's Grateful Servant.

——————It is the curſe of greatneſs
be its own deſtruction. So we ſee
t mountain-cedars have the leaſt defence
inſt ſtorms, when ſhrubs confront their violence.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

Greatness is but the shadow of the beams
Of prince's favours, nourish'd in extremes;
First taught to creep, and feed on hopes; to live
Upon the glance, and humbly to observe
Each under minion; till its own desire,
Work near enough to set itself on fire.

Suckling's Sad One.

Great men by small means oft are overthrown;
He's lord of thy life, who contemns his own.

Herrick.

Be in thy greatness easy, and thy brow
Still clear, and comforting as breaking light;
The great, with business troubled, weakly bow;
Pow'r should with publick burdens walk upright.

We chearfulness, as innocence commend;
The great, may with benign and chearful eyes
The people wrong, yet not the wrong'd offend;
Who feel most wrong, from those who them despise.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Our envy never would great men pursue,
If their great plagues, and passions too we knew.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

I was born with greatness;
I've honours, titles, power, here within:
All vain external greatness I contemn.
Am I the higher for supporting mountains?
The taller for a flatt'rer's humble bowing?
Have I more room for being throng'd with follow'rs?
The larger soul for having all my thoughts
Fill'd with the lumber of the state affairs?
Honours and riches are all splendid vanities;
They are of chiefest use to fools and knaves.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

G U I D E.

For double shame he doth deserve,
Who being guide, doth soonest swerve.

Brandon's Octavia.

That

——————That man
May safely venture to go on his way,
That is so guided, that he cannot stray.
Marmyon's Holland's Leaguer.

——————I stand like one
Has lost his way, and no man near him to enquire it of:
Yet there's a providence above, that knows
The roads which ill men tread, and can direct
Enquiring justice: The passengers that travel
In the wide ocean, where no paths are;
Look up, and leave their conduct to a star.
Sir *Robert Howard's Surprisal.*

HAIR.

FOR, if of all the bodies parts, the head
Be the most royal; if discourse, wit, judgment,
And all our understanding faculties
Sit there in their high court of parliament,
Enacting laws to sway this hum'rous world,
This little isle of man; needs must that crown,
Which stands upon this supreme head, be fair,
And held invaluable; and that crown's the hair:
The head that wants this honour, stands awry:
Is bare in name, and in authority.
Hair! 'tis the robe which curious nature weaves
To hang upon the head, and does adorn,
Our bodies; in the first hour we are born;
God does bestow that garment: When we die,
That, like a soft and silken canopy,
Is still spread over us: In spite of death,
Our hair grows in our grave, and that alone
Looks fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.
The excellence of hair, in this shines clear,
That the four elements take pride to wear
The fashion of it: When fire most bright does burn,
The flames to golden locks do strive to turn;

When her lascivious arms the water hurls,
About the shore's waiste, her sleek head she curls:
And rorid clouds being suck'd into the air,
When down they melt, hang like fine silver hair.
You see the earth, whose head so oft is shorn,
Frighted to feel her locks so rudly torn,
Stands with her hair an end; and, thus afraid,
Turns ev'ry hair to a green naked blade.
Besides, when struck with grief, we long to die,
We spoil that most, which most does beautify;
We rend this head-tire off. I thus conclude,
Colours set colours out; our eyes judge right,
Of vice or virtue by their opposite:
So, if fair hair to beauty add such grace;
Baldness must needs be ugly, vile, and base,

Dekker's Satiromastix.

1. The goodliest and most glorious strange-built world
Which that great architect hath made, is heav'n;
For there he keeps his court; it is his kingdom,
That's his best master-piece: Yet 'tis the roof,
And cieling of the world; that may be call'd
The head or crown of earth, and yet that's bald:
All creatures in it bald; the lovely sun
Has a face sleek as gold; the full cheek'd moon
As bright and smooth as silver; nothing there
Wears dangling locks, but some time blazing stars,
Whose flaming curls, set realms on fire with wars.
Descend more low; look through man's five-fold sense
Of all, the eye bears greatest eminence;
And yet that's bald; the hairs that like a lace
Are stitch'd unto the lids, borrow those forms,
Like pent-houses, to save the eyes from storms.
A head and face o'ergrown with shaggy dross,
O, 'tis an orient pearl hid all in moss!
But when the head's all naked and uncrown'd,
It is the world's globe, even, smooth, and round;
Baldness is nature's butt, at which our life

shoots her last arrow: what man ever led
His age out with a staff, but had a head
Bare and uncover'd? he whose years do rise
To their full height, yet not bald, is not wise.
The head is wisdom's house; hair but the thatch.
Hair! it is the basest stubble; in scorn of it,
This proverb sprung, he has more hair than wit:
Mark you not in derision how we call
A head grown thick with hair, bush-natural.
2. By your leave master poet, but that bush-natural
Is one of the trimmest, and most intangling'st
Beauties in a woman.
1. Right, but believe this, pardon me most fair,
You would have much more wit, had you less hair:
I could more weary you to tell the proofs
As they pass by, which fight on baldness side,
Than were you task'd to number on a head
The hairs: I know not how your thoughts are led;
On this strong tow'r shall my opinion rest,
Heads thick of hair are good, but bald the best.

Dekker's Satiromastix.

Yet though cold age had frosted his fair hairs,
It rather seem'd with sorrow, than with years.

Drayton's Duke of Normandy.

Her hair was rowl'd in many a curious fret,
Much like a rich and curious coronet;
Upon whose arches twenty cupids lay,
And were or ty'd, or loath to fly away.

Brown's Pastorals.

As in our heraldry, we deem
Those colours of the best esteem,
With sol and luna blazing forth
The nobler arms of higher worth:
So nature having drawn this piece,
Than which was never artifice
So neatly penn'd, and polish'd o'er
With skilful art and beauty more,

Resolv'd for its great worth and fame,
To put it in a golden frame.
If in these outward parts we find
Such worth; what bears her richer mind?

Heath's Clarastella.

HAND.

——————Her hand,
In whose comparison, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman!

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or *Æthiopian's* tooth, or the fann'd snow
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

Shakespear's Winter's Tale.

1. Give me your hand; this hand is moist, my lady.
2. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
1. This argues fruitfulness, and lib'ral heart:
Hot, hot, and moist——this hand of yours requires
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand;
A frank one.
1. You may, indeed, say so;
For 'twas that hand, that gave my heart away.
1. A lib'ral hand. The hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Shakespear's Othello.

The instrument of instruments, the hand;
Courtesy's index; chamberlain to nature;
The body's soldier; and mouth's caterer;
Psyche's great Secretary; the dumb's eloquence;
The blind man's candle, and his forehead's buckler;
The minister of wrath, and friendship's sign.

Lingua.

HAP-

HAPPINESS.

O, how bitter a thing it is to look
Into happineſs, through another man's eyes!

Shakeſpear's As you like it.

All the good we have reſts in the mind;
By whoſe proportions only, we redeem
Our thoughts from out confuſion, and do find
The meaſure of ourſelves, and of our pow'rs:
And that all happineſs remains confin'd
Within the kingdom of this breaſt of ours;
Without whoſe bounds, all that we look on lies
In others juriſdictions; others pow'rs;
Out of the circuit of our liberties.
All glory, honour, fame, applauſe, renown,
Are not belonging to our royalties,
But t'others wills; wherein they're only grown:
And that unleſs we find us all within,
We never can without us be our own.

Daniel to the Counteſs of Bedford.

What thing ſo good, which not ſome harm may bring?
Ev'n to be happy is a dang'rous thing!

E. of *Sterline's Darius*

It is the beſt felicity, to be
Not foil'd, and vanquiſh'd by felicity.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore;
He that at noon-day walks by a priſon door;
He that i'th' ſun is neither beam nor moate;
He that's not mad after a petticoat;
He for whom poor mens curſes dig no grave;
He that is neither lords nor lawyers ſlave;
He that makes this his ſea, and that his ſhore;
He that in's coffin's richer than before;
He that counts youth his ſword, and age his ſtaff;
He whoſe right-hand carves his own epitaph;
He that upon his death bed is a ſwan;
And dead, no crow; he is a happy man.

Dekker's Second Part of the honeſt Whore.

——— O happinesſ
Of thoſe that know not pride or luſt of city!
There's no man bleſs'd, but thoſe that moſt men pity.

Marſton's Sophonisba.

——— Happy are thoſe,
That knowing, in their births, they are ſubject to
Uncertain change, are ſtill prepar'd, and arm'd
For either fortune: a rare principle,
And with much labour, learn'd in wiſdom's ſchool.

Maſſinger's Bondman.

Phyſicians ſay, repletion ſprings,
More from the ſweet, than ſou'r things.

Herrick.

That happineſs does ſtill the longeſt thrive;
Where joys and grieſs have turns alternative.

Herrick.

'Tis with our ſouls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkneſs
Are dazled at th' approach of ſudden light.
When i'th' midſt of fears we are ſurpriz'd
With unexpected happineſs; the firſt
Degrees of joy, are mere aſtoniſhment.

Denham's Sophy.

Over all men hangs a doubtful fate:
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal deities have only left
A common bank of happineſs below,
Maintain'd like nature, by an ebb and flow.

Sir *Robert Howard's Indian Queen.*

Happineſs is a ſtranger to mankind,
And like to a forc'd motion, it is ever
Strongeſt at the beginning; then languiſhing
With time, grows weary of our company:
But to misfortunes we ſo ſubject are,
That like to natural motion, they prove ſtill
More vigorous in their progreſs.

Tuke's Adventures of Five Hours.

HATRED.

For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or as the heresies, that men do leave,
Are hated most, of those they did deceive;
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,
Of all be hated; but the most by me.

Shakespear's Midsummer-night's Dream.

O! there's a further cause of hate. Their breasts
Are guilty, that we know their obscure springs,
And base beginnings; thence the anger grows.

Johnson's Sejanus.

No hate more harms, than that which looks like love.

E. of *Sterline's Julius Cæsar.*

Spite! thou impostume of aspiring hearts,
Whose nature is, that if the bag remain,
The wicked humours straight will fill again;
I will lay open thee, and all thy arts.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

Thou kingdom's corr'five, home-begotten hate,
In any limits never that wast bounded;
When didst thou yet seize upon any state,
By thee that was not utterly confounded?
How many empires be there that do rue thee?
Happy the world was, till too well it knew thee.

Drayton's Pierce Gaveston.

For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame tyger,
May fawn and sport, but never leaves his nature;
The jars of brothers, two such mighty ones,
Is like a small stone thrown into a river,
The breach scarce heard; but view the beaten current,
And you shall see a thousand angry rings
Rise in his face, still swelling and still growing;
So jars cirling distrusts, distrusts breeding dangers,
And dangers death, the greatest extreme shallow;
Till nothing bound them but the shore their graves.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Bloody Brothers.*

Haply the fire of hate is quite extinct
From the dead embers; now to take them up,
Should the least spark of discontent appear,
To make the flame of hatred burn afresh,
The heat of this dissention might scorch us;
Which in his own cold ashes smother'd up,
May die in silence and revive no more.

How a Man may choose a good Wife from a bad.

It is the wit, the policy of sin,
To hate those men we have abus'd.

Sir *W. Davenant's Just Italian.*

HEARING.

Now let us hear how she the ears employs:
Their office is, the troubled air to take;
Which in their mazes forms a sound or noise,
Whereof herself doth true distinction make.

These wickets of the soul are plac'd on high,
Because all sounds do lightly move aloft;
And that they may not pierce too violently,
They are delay'd with turns and windings oft.

For should the voice directly strike the brain,
It would astonish and confuse it much;
Therefore these plaits and folds the sound restrain,
That it the organ may more gently touch.

As streams which with their winding banks do play,
Stopp'd by their creeks, run softly through the plain:
So in th' ear's labyrinth the voice doth stray,
And doth with easy motion touch the brain.

This is the slowest, yet the daintiest sense;
For ev'n the ears of such as have no skill,
Perceive a discord, and conceive offence;
And knowing not what's good, yet find the ill.

And though this sense first gentle musick sound,
Her proper object is the speech of men;
But that speech chiefly which God's heraulds sound,
When their tongues utter what his sp'rit did pen.

Our

yes are lids ' ' ftill ope we fee,
ickly to he r ev'ry tale is pmov'd :
yes ftill move, our ears unmoved be ;
at though we hear quic t, we be not quickly mov'd.

by the organs of the eye and ear,
e foul with knowledge doth herfelf endue :
fhe her prifon may with pleafure bear,
ving fome profpects, all the world to view.

conduit-pipes of knowledge feed the mind,
th' other three attend the body ftill ;
y their fervices the foul doth find,
at things are to the body good or ill.

Sir *John Davies*.

H E A V E N.

:'s a perpetual fpring, perpetual youth,
int-benumbing cold, nor fcorching heat,
e nor age have any being there:
t for fhame your *Tempe*, bury in
ion, your feign'd *Hefperian* orchards,
olden fruit kept by the watchful dragon,
h did require *Hercules* to get it,
ar'd with what grows in all plenty there
ves not to be nam'd. The pow'r I ferve
is at your happy *Arabie*, or the
n fhades ; for he hath made his bow'rs
indeed than you can fancy yours.

Maffinger and *Dekker's Virgin Martyr*.

heaven
mb with loads upon our fhoulders borne ;
nuft we tread on rofes, but on thorn.

Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.

a poor value do men fet of heav'n?
n, the perfection of all that can
d, or thought, riches, delight, or harmony,
h, beauty ; and all thefe not fubject to
vafte of time ; but in their height eternal ;
or a penfion, or poor fpot of earth,

Favour

Favour of greatness, or an hours faint pleasure!
As men, in scorn of a true flame that's near,
Should run to light their taper at a glow-worm.

Shirley's St. Patrick for Ireland.

Heav'n is a great way off, and I shall be
Ten thousand years in travel, yet 'twere happy
If I may find a lodging there at last,
Though my poor soul get thither upon crutches.

Shirley's Duke's Mistress.

This law the heav'ns inviolably keep,
Their justice well may slumber, but ne'er sleep.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

Blest heav'n, how are thy ways just like thy orbs,
Involv'd within each other? yet still we find
Thy judgments are like comets, that do blaze,
Affright, but die withal; whilst that thy mercies
Are like the stars, who oft-times are obscur'd,
But still remain the same behind the clouds.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

———There is a heaven:
This shred of life cannot be all the web
Nature hath wrought to govern divine spirits.
There is a heaven, because there's misery.
The divine power ever blest and good,
Made not the world for an ill-natur'd jest,
To sport himself in pains of those he made.

Crown's Regulus.

HEIR.

Now, grandsire; you that hold me at hard meat,
And keep me out at the dag's end, I'll fit you;
Under his lordship's leave, all must be mine,
He and his will confesses; what I take then,
Is but a borrowing of so much before hand:
I'll pay him again when he dies, in so many blacks;
I'll have the church hung round, a noble a yard;
Or requite him in scutcheons; let him trap me
In gold, and I'll wrap him in lead; *quid pro quo*: I
Must look none of his angels in the face forsooth,

Until

Until his face be not worth looking on: Tut, lads,
et fires and granfires keep us low; we must
ive when they're flesh, as well as when they're dust.

Middleton's Mad World my Masters.

or since in my time and knowledge, so many rich children
f the city, conclude in beggary, I had rather
lake a wise stranger my executor, than a foolish
on my heir; and to have my lands call'd after my
Vit, than after my name; and that's my nature.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Wit at several Weapons.*

Thy father hoards up gold for thee to spend,
When death will play the office of a friend,
And take him hence; which yet he thinks too late:
My nothing to inherit is a fate
Above thy birthright should it double be;
No longing expectation tortures me.
I can my father's rev'rend head survey,
And yet not wish that ev'ry hair was grey.
My constant genius says, I happier stand,
And richer in his life, than in his land;
And when thou hast an heir that for thy gold
Will think each day makes thee a year too old;
And ever gaping to possess thy store,
Conceives thy age to be above fourscore
Cause his is one and twenty; and will pray
The too slow hours to hast, and ev'ry day
Bespeaks thy coffin, cursing ev'ry bell
That he hears toll, 'cause 'tis another's knell:
And justly at thy life he may repine,
For his is but a wardship during thine.

Randolph.

H E L L.

Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her sev'ral torments dwell.

Shakespear's Yorkshire Tragedy.

A place there is upon no centre plac'd,
  Deep under depths, as far as is the sky
Above the earth; dark, infinitely space'd:
  Pluto the king, the kingdom misery.
The chrystal may God's glorious seat resemble;
Horrour itself, these horrours but dissemble.

Lord Brooke's Alaham.

Hell gives us art, to reach the depth of sin;
But leaves us wretched fools, when we are in.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Queen of Corinth.*

Down-hill we run, climb upward a slow pace;
Easy descents to hell, steep steps to grace.

W. Rowley's All lost by Lust.

There is a place in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horrour of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, choak'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murtherer for ever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, while in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.
There stand those wretched things,
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets,
And secret incests, cursing one another.

John Ford's 'Tis pity she's a Whore.

HISTORIAN.

The chronicles to know, I thee exhort,
  Which may be mirror to thy majesty;
There shalt thou find both good and ill report,
  Of every prince after his quality:
  Though they be dead, yet their works shall not die:

Truth

Trust well thou will be stiled in that story,
As thou deserves't to be put in memory.

Sir *David Lindsay*.

But story-writers ought, for neither glory,
Fear, nor favour, truth of things to spare:
But still it fares, as alway it did fare;
Affections, fear, or doubts that daily brew,
Do cause that stories never can be true.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Tis worthy praise, I grant, to write the ends
Of vicious men; and teach the like beware:
For what hath he of virtue that commends
Such persons lewd, as nought of virtues care?
But for to leave out those praise-worthy are,
As like as if a man had not the skill
To praise the good, but discommend the ill.

Mirror for Magistrates.

But seeing causes are the chiefest things
That should be noted of the story writers;
That men may learn what ends all causes brings,
They be unworthy name of chroniclers,
That leave them clean out of their registers;
Or doubtfully report them: For the fruit
Of reading stories, standeth in the suit.

Mirror for Magistrates.

For hitherto, sly writers wily wits,
Which have engrossed princes chief affairs,
Have been like horses, snaffled with the bits
Of fancy, fear, or doubts, full deep despairs;
Whose reins, enchained to the chiefest chairs,
Have so been strain'd of those that bare the stroke,
That truth was forc'd to chew, or else to choke.

This caused such as loathed loud to lie,
To pass with silence sundry princes lives:
Less fault it is to leave, than lead awry,
And better crown'd, than ever bound in gyves:
For fatal fraud this world so fondly drives,

That

That whatsoever writers brains may brew,
He't ne'er so false, at length is ta'en for true.

What harm may hap by help of lying pens;
How written lies may lowdly be maintain'd,
The lothly rites, the devilish idol'dens,
With guiltless blood of virtuous men bestain'd,
In such a proof that all good hearts have 'plain'd;
The taly grounds of stories throughly tries,
The death of martyrs vengeance on it cries.

The freshest wits I know will soon be weary,
In reading long whatever book it be,
Except it be vain matter, strange, or merry,
Well sawc'd with lies, and glazed all with glee;
With which because no grave truth may agree,
The closest stile for stories is the meetest,
In rueful means the shortest form is sweetest.

Mirror for Magistrates

A chronicler should well in divers tongues be seen,
And eke in all the arts he ought to have a sight,
Whereby he might the truth of divers actions deem,
And both supply the wants, correct that is not right:
He should have eloquence, and full and fitly write,
Not mangled stories snatching here and there;
Nor glose to make a volume great appear.

He should be of such countenance and wit,
As should give witness to the histories he writes;
He should be able well his reasons so to knit,
As should continue well the matter he recites:
He should not praise, dispraise, for favour or despites,
But should so place each thing in order due,
As might approve the stories to be true.

But this mayhap, the time may seek at length redress:
And then such stories now and noble acts as die,
May come again to light: at least defaced less,
If from the *Britain*'s first antiquities they try:
In great defects if they the truth supply,

Then

Then ſhall the readers fuller ſtories find,
And have whereby to recreate the mind.

Higins in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

Who hath a book of all monarchs done,
He's more ſecure to keep it ſhut, than ſhewn.

Shakeſpear's Pericles.

There is a hiſtory in all mens lives,
Fig'ing the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which obſerv'd, a man may prophecy
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life; which in their ſeeds
And weak beginnings lie entreaſured.

Shakeſpear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

O wouldſt thou add like hand, to all the reſt!
Or, better work! were thy glad country bleſt,
To have her ſtory woven in thy thread;
Minerva's loom was never richer ſpread.
For who can maſter thoſe great parts like thee,
That liv'ſt from hope, from fear, from faction free;
Thou haſt thy breaſt ſo clear of preſent crimes,
Thou need'ſt not ſhrink at voice of after-times;
Whoſe knowledge claimeth at the helm to ſtand;
But wiſely, thruſts not forth a forward hand,
No more than *Saluſt* in the *Roman* ſtate:
As then, his cauſe, his glory emulate.
Although to write be leſſer than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.
We need a man that knows the ſev'ral graces
Of hiſtory, and how to apt their places;
Where brevity, where ſplendor, and where height,
Where ſweetneſs is required, and where weight;
We need a man, can ſpeak of the intents,
The councils, actions, orders, and events
Of ſtate, and cenſure them: we need his pen
Can write the things, the cauſes, and the men.
But we moſt need his faith, and all have you,
That dares not write things falſe, nor hide things true.

Johnſon's Epigrams.

For

For know, great prince, when you shall come to know,
How that it is the fairest ornament
Of worthy times, to have those which may shew
The deeds of pow'r, and lively represent
The actions of a glorious government.
And 'tis no lesser honour to a crown,
T'have writers, than have actors of renown.

Daniel on Prince Henry.

Would God our times had had some sacred wight,
Whose words as happy as our swords had been;
To have prepar'd for us trophies aright
Of undecaying frames t'have rested in;
Triumpant arks of perdurable might:
O holy lines! that such advantage win
Upon the scythe of time, in spite of years:
How blessed they, who gain what never wears!

For what is it to do; if what we do
Shall perish near as soon as it is done?
What is that glory we attain unto
With all our toil; if lost as soon as won?
A small requital for so great ado,
Is this poor present breath, a smoke soon gone:
Or these dumb stones, erected for our sake:
Which formless keeps few stormy changes make.

Daniel's Civil War.

Now he o'er all will spread your praises forth,
A famous witness of your glorious reign:
The record of one wise man is more worth,
Than what a world of others would maintain.
Great prince, do not the loving zeal reject,
Which a mean man, yet a good mind affords:
And who perchance doth more your good affect,
Than those who paint their love with fairer words.

E. of *Stirline's Crœsus.*

Ah,

Ah, be not those most miserable souls,
  Their judgments to refine, who never strive!
Nor will not look upon the learned scrouls,
  Which without practice do experience give:
But whilst base sloth each better care controuls,
  Are dead in ignorance, intomb'd alive:
'Twixt beasts, and such, the diff'rence is but small;
They, use not reason, beasts have none at all.

E. of *Sterline to Prince Henry.*

Yet registers of memorable things
  Would help, great prince, to make thy judgment sound;
Which to the eye a perfect mirror brings,
  Where all should glass themselves, who would be crown'd:
Read these rare parts, that acted were by kings,
  The strain's heroick, and the end renown'd:
Which, whilst thou in thy cabinet dost sit,
Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.

And do not, do not thou the means omit,
  Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy;
Since history may lead thee unto it;
  A pillar whereupon good sp'rites rely;
Of time the table, and the nurse of wit;
  The square of reason, and the minds clear eye:
Which leads the curious reader through huge harms,
Who stands secure, whilst looking on alarms.

E. of *Sterline to Prince Henry.*

Historians to some courts have had recourse
  By kings commands; who did of them explore
The former age: That they might steer their course,
  As skilful pilots of great states before;
And cut out all their actions by the thread
Of ancient times: Best doctors are the dead.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

I remember in the age of *Assaracus*
And *Ninus*, and about the wars of *Thebes*,

And

And the ſiege of *Troy*, there were few things commi
To my charge, but thoſe that were well worthy
The preſerving; but now ev'ry trifle
Muſt be wrapp'd up in the volume of eternity:
A rich pudding-wife, or a cobbler cannot die,
But I muſt immortalize his name with
An epitaph: A dog cannot piſs in
A nobleman's ſhoe, but it muſt be ſprinkled
Into the chronicles; ſo that I never
Could remember my treas'ry more full, and
Never emptier of honourable
And true heroical actions.

Lin

This is a great fault in a chronologer
To turn paraſite; an abſolute hiſtory
Should be in fear of none; neither ſhould he
Write any thing more than truth for friendſhip,
Or elſe for hate; but keep himſelf equal
And conſtant in all his diſcourſes.

Lin

Chronologers, many of them, are ſo fantaſtick,
As when they bring a captain to the combat,
Lifting up his revengeful arm to diſpart
The head of his enemy, they'll hold up
His arms ſo long, till they have beſtow'd three
Or four pages in deſcribing the gold
Hilts of his threatning ſauchion; ſo that
In my fancy, the reader may well wonder
His adverſary ſtabs him not, before
He ſtrikes.

Lin

——— The ſtile is full, and princely,
Stately, and abſolute, beyond what e'er
Theſe eyes have ſeen; and *Rome*, whoſe majeſty
Is there deſcrib'd, in after-times ſhall owe
For her memorial to your learned pen,
More than to all thoſe fading monuments
Built with the riches of the ſpoiled world.

W

ıft ſhall eat her braſs, when times ſtrong hand
aiſe to duſt her marble palaces,
hal arches, pillars, obeliſks;
Fulius' Temple, *Claudius'* aqueducts,
's baths, and *Pompey's* theatre;
Rome itſelf ſhall not be found at all,
ns books ſhall live;——thoſe ſtrong records,
leathleſs monuments alone ſhall ſhew,
and how great, the *Roman* empire was.

May's Agrippina.

bleſt ſpur unto the ſons of fame,
of honour, and to have their name
in faithful hiſtory: Thus worth
a wiſe ambition firſt brought forth.
is the Hiſtorian's crown, and art
it to ſtricter comelineſs: Each part
ıkillfully obſerv'ſt, whoſe learned ſleight
each ſucceeding ages how to write.

John Hall on Charles Aleyn.

ans, only things of weight,
of perſons, or affairs of ſtate,
, with truth and clearneſs ſhould relate:
ck ſhortneſs memory feeds——

Heath.

H O N E S T Y.

ke note, Oh world,
direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
k you for this profit, and from hence,
re no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.
ıy, ſtay——thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt——
hould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
oſes what it works for.

Shakeſpear's Othello.

d man ſhould and muſt
her down with loſs, than riſe unjuſt.

Johnſon's Sejanus.

Lands

Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd;
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

Middleton's Trick to catch the Old One.

——— Good honourable fool,
That would'st be honest, 'cause thou would'st be so;
Producing no one reason but thy will.
And't has a good report, prettily commended,
But pray by whom? mean people, ignorant people;
The better sort I'm sure cannot abide it:
And by what rule should we square our lives,
But by our betters actions?

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

'Tis honesty you urge; what's honesty?
'Tis but heav'n's beggar; and what woman is
So foolish to keep honesty,
And be not able to keep her self? no,
Times are grown wiser, and will keep less charge:
A maid that has small portion, now intends
To break up house, and live upon her friends.

Tourneur, Ibid.

——— For if charity
Be an essential part of honesty,
And should be practis'd first upon ourselves,
Which must be granted; then your honest man
That's poor, is most dishonest; for he is
Uncharitable to the man, whom he
Should most respect.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

An honest soul is like a ship at sea,
That sleeps at anchor when the ocean's calm;
But when she rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with skill and majesty.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

He that would mount to honour, must not make
Dainty to use the head of his mother,
Back of his father, or neck of his brother,
For ladders to his preferment: for, but observe,
And you shall find for the most part, cunning

Villany

illany sit at a feast as principal guest,
nd innocent honesty wait as a
ontemn'd servant with a trencher.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

irtue and honour, I allow you names;
ou may give matter for dispute and noise,
it you have lost your essence; and that truth
'e fondly have believ'd in humane souls,
ceas'd to be; we are grown fantastick bodies,
gures, and empty titles, and make haste
o our first nothing: he that will be honest,
ust quite throw off his cold decrepit nature,
nd have a new creation.

Shirley's Imposture.

an is like pliant wax,
hat yields unto a fair impression,
hough sent not from the noblest metal:
nd, in this world, it bears an equal show,
o seem but only honest, or be so.

Sir *Robert Howard's Blind Lady.*

n honest man is still an unmov'd rock,
'ash'd whiter, but not shaken with the shock:
'hose heart conceives no sinister device;
earless he plays with flames, and treads on ice.

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

e says he'll keep his honesty; damn'd sot!
'hat will he do with it? go beg with it?
or in this age, tis of no other use,
it like a beggar's child to move compassion;
et never gains the half it cost in keeping,
or all men will suspect it for a bastard.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

HONOUR.

'ho so in pomp of proud estate, quoth she,
Does swim, and bathe himself in courtly bliss,
oes waste his days in dark obscurity,
And in oblivion ever buried is:

Where ease abounds, it's [illegible]
But who his limbs with [illegible] his mind
Behaves with cares, c[illegible]x so easy mind:
Abroad in arms, at home in studious kind;
Who seeks with painfull toil, shall honour soonest fi[illegible]

In woods, in waves, in wars, she wonts to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain:
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell,
Unto her happy mansion attain.
Before her gate, high God did sweat ordain,
And wakeful watches ever to abide:
But easy is the way, and passage plain
To pleasure's palace; it may soon be spy'd,
And day and night her doors too all stand open wide.

Spenser's Fairy Qu[illegible]

1. Ha, concubine! who does prince *Philip* mean?
2. Thy wife, thy daughter, base aspiring lords,
Who to buy honour, are content to sell,
Your names to infamy, your souls to hell.

Marlee's Lust's Domini[illegible]

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Shakespear's King Richard II

By *Jove* I am not covetous of gold;
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost:
It yearns me not, if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

Shakespear's King Henry V.

Though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers stand'rous loads;
He shall but bear them, as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business;
Or led, or driven, as we point the way:
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,

Like

Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in commons.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity:
O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then, should cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low pleasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? how much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new vann'd?

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive,
Than our fore-goers: the mere word's a slave
Debauch'd on ev'ry tomb, on ev'ry grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed.

Shakespear's All's Well that ends Well.

He can no way worthily maintain
His prince's honour, that neglects his own.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

For vile is honour, and a title vain,
The which true worth and danger do not gain.

Daniel's Civil War.

Is there no way to get unto our lives,
But first to have our honour overthrown?
Alas! tho' grace of kings all greatness gives,
It cannot give us virtue, that's our own.

Daniel's Philotas.

Excess of honour done to them that die,
Makes living men see our humanity.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham*

For we, like dews, drawn to be clouds above,
Straight grow with that attractive sun in love;
Which ever raiseth light things up to fall,
In crafty power, creation natural:
Wrapt in which crown-mists, men cannot discern,
How dearly they her glitt'ring tinctures earn,
Till thorough glossy time, these cage-birds see,
That honour is the badge of tyranny.

Lord *Brooke's Mustaph*

Thou idol, honour, which we fools adore!
How many plagues do rest in thee to grieve us?
Which when we have, we find there is much more,
Than that, which only is a name, can give us:
Of real comforts thou dost leave us poor,
And of those joys thou often dost deprive us,
That with ourselves doth set us at debate,
And makes us beggars in our greatest state.

Drayton's Barons Wars

Honour is so sublime perfection,
And so refin'd; that when God was alone,
And creatureless at first, himself had none;

But as of th' elements, these, which we tread,
Produce all things with which we're joy'd or fed,
And those are barren both above our head:

So from low persons doth all honour flow;
Kings, whom they would have honour'd, to us shew,
And but direct our honour, not bestow.

For when from herbs the pure part must be won
From gross by stilling; this is better done
By despis'd dung, than by the fire or sun:

Care not then, madam, how low your praises lie;
In labourer's ballads oft more piety
God finds, than in *te Deum*'s melody.

And

ordinance rais'd on tow'rs so many mile,
not their voice, nor last so long a while,
es from earth's low vaults in *Sicil* isle.

Dr. *Donne.*

till insist upon that idol honour;
t renew your youth? can it add wealth?
, take off wrinkles? can it draw mens eyes
ize upon you in your age? can honour,
truly is a saint to none but soldiers,
ook'd into, bears no reward but danger,
: you the most respected person living?

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Valentinian.*

ur and virtue,
ie seem things in opposition:
:an we with small danger catch at one,
re must lose the other.

Heywood's Second Part of the Fair Maid of the West.

——————— Honour is
e's allow'd ascent: honour that clasps
erfect justice in her arms; that craves
nore respect than what she gives; that does
ing but what she'll suffer.

Massinger's Very Woman.

peak the heighth of honour
lo man to offend,
r to reveal the secrets of a friend;
er to suffer than to do a wrong:
nake the heart no stranger to the tongue:
ok'd, not to betray an enemy,
eat his meat I choak with flattery;
less to tell wherefore I wear my scars,
or my conscience, or my country's wars:
im at just things; if we have wildly run
offences, wish them all undone.
poor in grief, for a wrong done, to die,
our to dare to live, and satisfy.

Massinger, Ibid.

Vain honour is a play of divers parts,
Where feigned words and gestures please our hearts:
The flatter'd audience are the actors friends;
But lose that title, when the fable ends.

Sir *John Beaumont.*

Honour is to a man a tyrant then,
When honours laws he seeks from other men,
Not finds them in himself; when he attends
Not real truth, but fame, which still depends
On other's breath; yet makes a man to go
'Gainst his own passions, and his reason too.

May's Henry II.

Love's common unto all the mass of creatures,
As life and breath; honour to man alone:
And 'mongst men, yet narr'wer, to the prudent.
Honour being then 'bove life, dishonour must
Be worse than death: For fate can strike but one;
Reproach doth reach whole families.

Cartwright's Siege.

His honour's link'd
Unto his life, he that will seek the one
Must venture for the other, or lose both.

Tatham's Distracted State.

He taught them honour, virtue's bashfulness;
A fort so yieldless, that it scorns to treat;
Like pow'r, it grows to nothing, growing less:
Honour, the moral conscience of the great!

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

We were too proud no use to make
Of *Solyman's* obliging proffer;
For why should honour scorn to take,
What honour's self does to it offer.

Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

——————————'Tis equal, sure,
'To have no honour, and to have the world
Believe that it is lost. Honour's a rich,
A glorious upper vestment, which we wear
'To please the lookers on, as well as to

Delight

slight ourselves.
Honour's a word, the issue of the voice.
The voice, sir, was ordain'd to satisfy
nd fill the ears of others, not our own.
Where is the virtue of thy courage fled?
hen valiant with thine own integrity,
hou didst resolve to slight opinion, as
he vulgar doom. Oft hast thou said, honour
ith dwell within, and cannot live abroad:
r like extracted spirits, in
vial shut, it keeps its vigour whilst
is close retain'd; but when dispers'd and mix'd
ith open air, the virtue so evaporates,
hat all its virtue is for ever lost.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

onour is like a goodly old house, which
we repair not still with virtue's hand,
ke a citadel madly rais'd on sand,
falls, is swallow'd, and not found.

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

or honour's a prize, and who wins it may wear it;
not, 'tis a badge, and a burthen to bear it.

Alex. Brome.

iches and poverty shall be no more
'Twixt man and man the only diff'rence deem'd,
nce worth shall not be scorn'd for being poor,
Nor he that's rich, without it be esteem'd:
Whilst honour is of virtue the reward,
nd those who most deserve, you most regard.

Sir *Thomas Higgons on the Restauration.*

oor frighted men at sea,
To save their lives, cast all their goods away.
n storms of fortune, where there is a strife
Which shall be sav'd, man's honour, or his life;
Who would preserve this totter'd bark from fate,
but sink the vessel to preserve the freight?

Sir *Rob. Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

In other worlds devotion may have bliſs,
I'm ſure 'tis honour that muſt ſave in this;
And gen'rous honour paſſes doom on none,
'Till firſt their crimes are clearer than the ſun.

Crown's Julian.

HOPE.

With him went hope in rank, a handſome maid,
Of chearful look, and lovely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold.
She alway ſmil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water-ſprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which ſhe ſprinkled favours manifold,
On whom ſhe liſt; and did great liking ſhew,
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallows wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Shakeſpear's King Richard III.

The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns began on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

1. It never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
2. Yes, if this preſent quality of war
Impede the inſtant act; a cauſe on foot
Lives ſo in hope, as in an early ſpring
We ſee th'appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,
Hope gives not ſo much warrant, as deſpair
That froſts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We firſt ſurvey the plot, then draw the model;
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the erection;
Which, if we find out-weighs ability,
What do we then but draw a-new the model;
In fewer offices? At leaſt, deſiſt
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,

Which

Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey
The plot of situation, and the model;
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Questions surveyor, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one, that draws the model of a house
Beyond his pow'r to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

Hope,
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

Johnson's Volpone.

I do confess, it is a strict injunction,
But then the hope is, it may not be kept.
A thousand things may intervene; we see
The wind shift often, thrice a day sometimes;
Decrees may alter upon better motion,
And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
And the hand may vary

Johnson's New Inn.

Our hopes, I see, resemble much the sun,
That rising and declining casts large shadows;
But when his beams are dress'd in's mid-day brightness,
Yields none at all: When they are farthest from
Success, their gilt reflection does display
The largest shews of events fair and prosp'rous.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

1. These hopes are poor; for fear is with them mix'd:
2. All fears are weak, where any hope is fix'd.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

But O, I ſee our hoped good deceives us!
But what we would forego, that ſeldom leaves us.
Drayton's Matilda to K. John.

Hope is a poor ſallad
To dine and ſup with, after a two days faſt.
Beaumont and *Fletcher's Cuſtom of the Country.*

Things that we daily ſee, th' affections cloy;
Hopes long deſired bring the greateſt joy.
Goffe's Oreſtes.

Hope in great actions is too weak a hold,
And yields her entertainer to his foe:
When churliſh winds with teſty *Neptune* ſcold,
We cut the cables, and let anchors go.
Then hope to win, when hope of aid is gone;
The way to ſafety, is to look for none.
Aleyn's Creſcey.

What can we not endure,
When pains are leſſen'd by the hope of cure?
Nabbs's Microſcomus.

When once the main ſpring, hope, is fall'n into
Diſorder, no wonder if the leſſer wheels,
Deſire and joy, ſtand ſtill: My thoughts, like bees,
When they have loſt their king, wander
Confuſedly up and down, and ſettle no where.
Suckling's Aglaura.

And now her hope a weak phyſician ſeems;
For hope, the common comforter, prevails
Like common med'cines, ſlowly in extremes.
Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

1. Is there no room for hope in any breaſt?
2. Not ſince ſhe does appear
Boldly a dweller, where
She firſt was entertain'd but as a gueſt.
1. She may in ſieges be receiv'd,
Be courted too, and much believ'd,
And thus continue after wants begin;
But is thruſt out, when famine enters in.
Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

1. Alas,

. Alas, fears are so powerful,
That in concerned breasts they govern all.
:. It is our follies that enthrones them so,
And to just wishes, hopes are much more due.

Sir *Rob. Howard's Blind Lady.*

What are our hopes?
Like garlands, on affliction's forehead worn,
Kiss'd in the morning, and at evening torn.

Davenport's King John and Matilda.

HOSPITAL.

. I shall take other courses with my wealth,
And none of you shall share in't. I have a humour
To turn my money into hospitals;
Your riots come not thither.
:. But we may
Drink, and diseases are the ways to that too:
But will you turn a master of this college
You talk of, uncle, this same hospital?
And lay out money to buy wooden legs,
For crippled men of war, invite to your cost
Men that have lost their noses in hot service?
Live and converse with rotten bawds and bone-setters;
Provide pensions for surgery, and hard words
That eat like corrosives, and more afflict
The patient? But you'll save charges; I consider
My aunt, your wife, may be excellent at composing
Of med'cines for corrupted lungs, imposthumes,
At making plaisters, diet-drinks, and in charity
Will be a great friend to the pox.
And you'll be famous by it; I may in time,
As I said before, if lust and wine assist me,
Grow unsound too, and be one of her patients,
And have an office after in her houshold
To prepare lint and searcloths, empty veins,
And be comptroller of the crutches. Oh
The world would praise the new foundation
Of such a pest-house, and poor souls drink
Our health at ev'ry festival in hot pottage!

Shirley's Gentleman of Venice.

1. All that these mighty men of *Milan* got
By th'sport is, only that they'll need hereafter
Less cloth to their doublets, and no stockings;
For some of them shall wear a single arm
And wooden legs, limping their days out in
An hospital,
1. How? An hospital!
2. A road, a road; the highway is now prescrib'd
By state physicians to decrepid soldiers,
Where they may feed on wholesome air.
Hospitals and pensions are reserv'd
For your maim'd mercer, and lazy sons of the shop
That have been often crack'd, not on their crowns,
Like us, but in their credit.
2. And consumptive ushers, that are decay'd
In their lady's service; a score of duckets
Shall purchase them a place, where they may sleep
Before the hospital gate, till boys seek
Birds-nests in their beards.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Love and Hon*

HUMILITY.

Take heed of over-weening, and compare
Thy peacock's feet with thy gay peacock's train:
Study the best and highest things that are;
But of thyself, an humble thought retain.

Sir *John Da*

But as oft alchymists do coiners prove,
So may a self-despising get self-love:
And then, as worst surfeits of best meats be,
So is pride, issu'd from humility.

Dr. *D*

——————————Be wise,
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise.

Massinger's *Duke of M*

——————————You have worth
Richly enamell'd with a modesty;
And tho' your lofty merit might sit crown'd
On *Caucasus*, or the *Pyrenean* mountains,

ou chuſe the humble valley; and had rather,
row a ſafe ſnrub below, than dare the winds
nd be a cedar. Sir, you know there is not
alf ſo much honour in the pilot's place,
s danger in the ſtorm.

Randolph's Muſes Looking-Glaſs.

ſee, thoſe who are lifted higheſt on
he hill of honour, are neareſt to the
lafts of envious fortune; whilſt the low
nd valley-fortunes are far more ſecure.
Iumble valleys thrive with their boſoms full
f flow'rs, when hills melt with lightning, and rough
nger of the clouds.

Thomas Ford's Loves Labyrinth.

Would I had trod the humble path, and made
ly induſtry leſs ambitious; the ſhrub
ecurely grows, the talleſt tree ſtands moſt
a the wind: And thus we diſtinguiſh the
Noble from the baſe: The noble find their
ives and deaths ſtill troubleſome;
ut humility doth ſleep, whilſt the ſtorm
Grows hoarſe with ſcolding.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

Trees that talleſt grow, do take the deepeſt
Root; ſo I muſt ſink firſt low in the earth,
And after climb up to the clouds: Firſt, praiſe
Her mighty ſpirit; then, when ſhe weeps,
Gather up her tears for ſcatter'd pearl.
This diſguis'd humility is
Both the ſwift, and ſafeſt way to pride.

Sir *W. Davenant's Albovine.*

There are ſome that uſe
Humility to ſerve their pride, and ſeem
Humble upon their way, to be the prouder
At their wiſh'd journey's end.

Denham's Sophy.

HUNT-

HUNTING.

1 Huntsman, I charge thee tender well my hounds;
Brach, Merriman!—— the poor cur is imbost;
And couple *Clowder* with the deep mouth'd *Brach*.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how *Silver* made it good
At the hedge-corner in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds.
2. Why, *Bellman* is as good as he, my lord;
He cry'd upon it at the meerest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.
1. Thou art a fool; if *Eccho* were as fleet,
I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

Shakespear's Taming of the Shrew

I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus*, once,
When in a wood of *Crete* they bay'd the bear
With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding: For besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near,
Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
2. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dew-lapp'd, like *Thessalian* bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In *Crete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*.

Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's dream

This I'll promise you, a piece of venison,
A cup of wine, and so forth, hunter's fare:
And if you please, we'll strike the stag ourselves,
Shall fill our dishes with his well-fed flesh.
If you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest,
Where runs a lusty herd; among the which
There is a stag superior to the rest;

A stag-

A ſtately beaſt, that when his fellows run,
He leads the race, and beats the ſullen earth,
As tho' he ſcorn'd it, with his trampling hooſs,
Aloft he bears his head, and with his breaſt
Like a huge bulwark counter-checks the wind:
And when he ſtandeth ſtill, he ſtretcheth forth
His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
To wound the firmament with forked horns.

Shakeſpear's Sir *John Oldcaſtle.*

Thou, in the winter, hunt'ſt the flying hare,
More for thy exerciſe than fare;
While all, that follow, their glad ears apply
To the full greatneſs of the cry.

Johnſon's Foreſt.

Perſeus, Caſtor, Pollux, and the reſt
Who were of hunters firſt, of men the beſt:
Whoſe ſhades do yet remain within yond groves,
Themſelves there ſporting with their nobleſt loves.
Hunting it is the nobleſt exerciſe,
Makes men laborious, active, wiſe,
Brings health, and doth the ſpirits delight,
It helps the hearing, and the ſight:
It teacheth arts that never ſlip
The memory, good horſemanſhip,
Search, ſharpneſs, courage and defence,
And chaſeth all ill habits thence;
Turn hunters then, again,
But not of men;
Follow his ample,
And juſt example,
That hates all chace of malice, and of blood:
And ſtudies only ways of good,
To keep ſoft peace in breath.
Man ſhould not hunt mankind to death,
But ſtrike the enemies of man;
Kill vices if you can:
They are your wildeſt beaſts,
And when they thickeſt fall, you make the gods true feaſts.

Johnſon's Maſques.

Men hunt hares to death for their sports, but the
Poor beasts die in earnest.

Chapman's Widow's Ta

1. I pity these poor beasts,
'These sylvan commoners, to see what tasks
Our cov'tous foresters impose on them,
Who not content with impost of their breath,
Poor harts, pursue them smiling to their death.
2. 'T'was the end of their creation.
1. So was the end of ours to live in peace,
And not to tyrannize on harmless beasts;
But foresters, like images, set forth
'The tyranny of greatness without pity:
As they the deer, so covetous wealth pursues
'The trembling state of their inferiors:
And to clasp up the volume of their sins,
They drink their blood, and cloth them with their sk
'Then cease to press poor beasts with tyranny,
You love your lives; think they are loath to die.

Day's Isle of Gu

'The forest musick is to hear the hounds
Rend the thin air, and with a lusty cry
Awake the drowsy eccho, and confound
'Their perfect language in a mingled sound.

B

May a poor huntsman, with a merry heart,
A voice shall make the forest ring about him,
Get leave to live among ye? 'True as steel, boys;
'That knows all chaces, and can watch all hours,
And, with my quarter staff, though the devil bid stan
Deal such an alms, shall make him roar again:
Prick ye the fearful hare through cross-ways, shee
walks,
And force the crafty *Reynard* climb the quick-sets;
Rouze the lofty stag, and with my bell-horn
Ring him a knell, that all the woods shall mourn him
'Till in his funeral tears, he fall before me?
'The polecat, marten, and the rich-skinn'd lucern,

I kn

I know to chase; the roe the wind out-stripping;
Ismim himself, in all his bloody anger
I can beat from the bay; and the wild founder
Singly, and with my arm'd staff, turn the boar,
Spite of his foamy tushes, and thus strike him,
Till he fall down my feast.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Beggars Bush*.

What think you then
Of a good cry of hounds? It has been known
Dogs have hunted lordships to a fault.

Webster's *Devil*'s *Law Case*.

A pack of the bravest *Spartan* dogs in the world,
If they do but once open, and spend their gabble,
It will make the forest eecho
As if a ring of bells were in't; admirably flew'd, by their ears
You would take them to be singing boys:
And for dew-laps, they are as big as vintners bags,
In which they strain hippocras.

Henry Shirley's *Martyred Soldier*.

Thou hast thy hounds to hunt the tim'rous hare,
The crafty fox, or the more noble deer;
Till at a fault perchance thy lordship be,
And some poor city-varlet hunts for thee.
For 'tis not poor *Actæon*'s fault alone:
Hounds have devour'd more masters sure than one.

Randolph.

1. A boar so fierce and large,
No hunter e'er did charge.
Advance thy spear
And turn him there.
2. This last encounter he has bravely stood;
But now has lost his courage with his blood.
He foams, and still his tusks does whet,
As if he still disdain'd retreat.
2. The wound you gave him makes him turn his head,
To seek the darker shades, where he was bred.
3. Follow, follow.

1. Stay.

1. Stay, my victorious boy!
When a courageous beast does bleed,
Then learn how far you should proceed
To use advantage where you may destroy:
To courage ev'n of beast some pity's due;
And where resistance fails, cease to pursue.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Playhouse to be let.*

HUSBAND.

The lady *Olivia* has no folly;
She will keep no fool, sir, till she be marry'd;
And fools are as like husbands, as pilchers
Are to herrings; the husband's the bigger.

Shakespear's *Twelfth Night.*

Look here upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himself;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A station, like the herald *Mercury*
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where ev'ry God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man!
This was your husband.—Look you now what follows;
Here is your husband,———like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholsome Brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgement
Would step from this, to this? sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to extasy was e'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference.——What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?

Eyes

without feeling, feeling without ſight,
without hands or eyes, ſmelling ſans all,
ut a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
d not ſo mope.————
ıme! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
ou can'ſt mut'ny in a matron's bones,
laming youth let virtue be as wax,
melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
n the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
reaſon panders will.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

.re too amorous, too obſequious,
make her too aſſur'd; ſhe may command you.
ı women doubt moſt of their husbands loves,
' are moſt loving. Husbands muſt take heed,
' give no gluts of kindneſs to their wives,
ſe them like their horſes; whom they feed
vith a manger full of meat together,
alf a peck at once; and keep them ſo
vith an appetite to that they give them.
ıat deſires to have a loving wife,
bridle all the ſhew of that deſire:
nd, not amorous; not bewraying kindneſs,
love wrought it, but conſiderate duty.
no love-rites, but let wives ſtill ſeek them;
/hen they come unſought, they ſeldom like them.

Johnſon's Every Man out of his Humour.

t of wormwood bees ſuck honey,
om poor clients lawyers firk money,
rſley from a roaſted coney:
ıo' the day be ne'er ſo ſunny,
ives will it rain, down then it drives;
:almeſt husbands make the ſtorm'eſt wives.

Dekker's Firſt Part of the Honeſt Whore.

e ever found it moſt true in mine
experience, that they which are moſt

Violent

Violent dotards before their marriage,
Are the most voluntary cuckolds after.

Dekker and *Webster's Westward Hoe.*

Some children look most sweetly at their birth,
That after prove hard-favour'd; and so do husbands:
Your honey moons soonest wane, and shew sharp horns.

Dekker's Match me in London.

Marry! no faith; husbands are like lots in
The lottery, you may draw forty blanks
Before you find one that has any prize
In him; a husband gen'rally is a
Careless domineering thing, that grows like
Coral; which as long as it is under
Water is soft and tender; but as soon
As it has got his branch above the waves
Is presently hard, stiff, not to be bow'd,
But burst: so when your husband is a sutor,
And under your choice, lord how supple he is,
How obsequious, how at your service,
Sweet lady: once married, got up his
Head above, a stiff, crooked, knobby, inflexible,
Tyrannous creature he grows; then they turn
Like water, more you would embrace the less
You hold.

Marston's Courtezan.

What are husbands? read the new world's wonders,
Such husbands as this monstrous world produces,
And you will scarce find such deformities;
They are shadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occasions;
Balls that lie by you to wash out your stains;
And bills nail'd up with horns before your stories,
To rent out last.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife.*

He that dares strike against the husband's freedom,
The husband's curse stick to him, a tam'd cuckold;
His wife be fair and young, but most dishonest,
Most impudent, and have no feeling of it.

No

No conscience to reclaim her from a monster;
Let her lie by him like a flatt'ring ruin,
And at one instant kill both name and honour:
Let him be lost, no eye to weep his end,
And find no earth that's base enough to bury him.
Beaumont and *Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife.*

——— Know then,
As women owe a duty, so do men.
Men must be like the branch, and bark to trees,
Which doth defend them from tempestuous rage,
Cloath them in winter, tender them in age:
Or as ewes love unto their eanlings lives;
Such should be husbands custom to their wives.
If it appears to them they've stray'd amiss,
They only must rebuke them with a kiss;
Or cluck them as hens chickens, with kind call,
Cover them under their wing, and pardon all:
No jars must make two beds, no strife divide them.
Those betwixt whom a faith and troth is giv'n,
Death only parts, since they are knit by heav'n.
Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

To all marry'd men be this a caution,
Which they should duly tender as their life;
Neither to doat too much, nor doubt a wife.
Massinger's Picture.

A narrow minded husband is a thief
To his own fame, and his preferment too;
He shuts his parts and fortunes from the world:
While from the popular vote and knowledge
Men rise to employment in the state.
Shirley's Lady of Pleasure.

For oft a loving husband's aweful eye,
Sets right the woman's steps that went awry.
Sharpham's Fleire.

———Young wenches,
Are like hungry hawks; they'll stoop at
Jackdaws, when they can meet with no better prey.
Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable.

1. We

1. We hear you are
To marry an old citizen. 2. Then surely
You were not deaf. 1. And do you mean his age,
Which hath seen all the kingdom bury'd thrice;
To whom the heat of *August* is *December*;
Who, were he but in *Italy*, would save
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts: shall he freeze between
Your melting arms? do but consider, he
But marries you as he would do his furrs,
To keep him warm? 1. But he is rich, sir. 2. Then
In wedding him you wed more infirmities
Than ever *Galen* wrote of; he has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments:
Half his diseases in the city bill
Kill hundreds weekly. A lone hospital
Were but enough for him. Besides,
He has a cough that nightly drowns the Bellman;
Calls up his family; all his neighbours rise
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam walls, nor saw-dust put between,
Can dead it. 2. Yet he is still rich. 1. If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholesome council, and will marry
One, who by the course of nature, ought t'have been
Rotten before the queen's time, and in justice
Should now have been some threescore years a ghost,
Let pity move you.———

Main's City Match.

——— I'd rather
Lie with an ancient tomb, or embrace
An ancestor than you. Do you think I'll come
Between your winding sheets? for what? to hear you
Depart all night, and fetch your last groan? and
In the morning find a deluge on the floor,
Your entrails floating, and half my husband spit
Upon the arras? 2. I am married.——1. Then

For

For your abilities, ſhould twelve good women
Sit on theſe rev'rend locks, and on your heat,
And natural appetite, they would juſt find you
As youthful as a coffin, and as hot
As th' ſultry winter that frome o'er the thames:
They ſay the hard time did begin from you.
Your humours came froſt from you, and your noſe
Had iſicles in *June*.

Main's City Match.

Husbands are us'd, as properties in ſcenes,
To keep the inward motions undiſcover'd.

Orgula.

HYPOCRITE.

At length they chaunſt to meet upon the way
An aged ſire, in long black weeds yclad;
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he ſeem'd, and very ſagely ſad;
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhew, and void of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knock'd his breaſt, as one that did repent.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

No man's condition is ſo baſe as his;
None more accurs'd than he: for man eſteems
Him hateful, 'cauſe he ſeems not what he is:
God hates him, 'cauſe he is not what he ſeems.
What grief is abſent, or what miſchief can
be added to the hate of God and man!

Quarles.

IDLENESS.

I D L E N E S S.

THE first, that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish idleness, the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothfull ass he chose to ride,
Array'd in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monk, the service to begin.

And in his hand his portresse still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little read:
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
For ev'ry work he challenged essoin,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady:
For in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking fever reign'd continually:
Such one was idleness, first of this company.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Who doth to sloth his younger days engage,
For fond delight, he clips the wings of fame;
For sloth, the canker worm of honour's badge,
Fame's feather'd wings doth fret; burying the name
Of virtues worth in dust of dunghill shame,
Whom action out of dust to light doth bring,
And makes her mount to heav'n with golden wing,

Mirror for Magistrates.

Those

: wounds heal ill, that men do give themselves:
sion to do what is necessary
commission to a blank of danger;
danger, like an ague, subtly taints
then, when we sit idly in the sun.

Shakespear's Troilus and Cressida.

——————— What is a man,
s chief good and market of his time
t to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
he that made us with such large discourse,
ing before and after, gave us not
capability and god-like reason
ust in us unus'd.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

u will needs say, I am an old man,
hould give me rest: I would to God, my
e were not so terrible to th'enemy
is! I were better to be eaten
eath with a rust, than to be scour'd
othing with perpetual motion.

Shakespear's Second Part of Henry IV.

e and idle spirits never thrive,
n most the gods for their advancement strive.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.

he issue of your sloth;
loth comes pleasure, of pleasure comes riot,
iot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending,
pending comes want, of want comes theft,
of theft comes hanging.

Chapman, Johnson and *Marston's Eastward Hoe.*

n that he dies, that liv'd a shade,
leep's continu'd then, not made.

Killegrew's Conspiracy.

e should do nothing,
hat must necessary come ill: I'll
e it too; of doing nothing comes idleness,
dleness comes no goodness, of no
dness necessary comes ill: Therefore

If we do nothing, of neceſſity
We muſt do ill.

Alexander Brome's Cunning Lover.

An idle life a ſad condition breeds,
Who ſits when he ſhould travel, never ſpeeds.

Watkyns.

JEALOUSY.

1. Is he not jealous?
2. Who, he? I think the ſun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Shakeſpear's Othello.

I think, my wife is honeſt; and think ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As *Diana*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure it,————would, I were ſatisfy'd!

Ibid.

1. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try with me affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity, me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at———
Yet I could bear that too,——well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain, from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubin;
Ay, there look grim as hell.
2. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.

1. Oh,

Oh, ay, as ſummer-flies are in the ſhambles,
hat quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
'ho art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
hat the ſenſe akes at thee.————
'ould thou had'ſt ne'er been born!
Alas! what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
ade to write whore upon? What, what committed?
ommitted? —— Oh, thou publick commoner!
ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
hat would to cinders burn up modeſty,
id I but ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
eav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
he bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
nd will not hear it. What committed?
npudent ſtrumpet!

Shakeſpear's Othello.

. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;
: is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
'he meat it feeds on! That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Vho, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
ut, Oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Vho doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!
. Oh miſery!
. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
ut riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
o him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
ood heav'n! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
om jealouſy!
Why? Why is this?
hink'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy?
o follow ſtill the changes of the moon
ith freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
once to be reſolv'd :- exchange me for a goat,
hen I ſhall turn the bu'neſs of my ſoul
o ſuch exufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,
atching thy inf'rence. 'Tis not to make me jealous

To say, my wife is fair; feeds well; loves com
Is free of speech; sings, plays, and dances well
Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, *Iago*,
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove:
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

1. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reaso
To shew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, observe her well with *Cassio*;
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country's disposition well;
In *Venice*, they do let heav'n see those pranks,
They dare not shew their husbands; their bo
science
Is not to leave't undone; but keep't unknown.

Shakespear's (

1. Avaunt! be gone! Thou'st set me on the ra
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.

2. How, my lord?

1. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not; thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I slept the next night well; was free, and merry
I found not *Cassio*'s kisses on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n;
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

2. I'm sorry to hear this.

1. I had been happy, if the gen'ral camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!

F

the plumed troops, and the big war,
ake ambition virtue! Oh, farewel!
the neighing steed, and the shrill trump;
rit-stirring drum; th' ear-piercing fife;
ral banner, and all quality,
omp, and circumstance of glorious war!
h, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
nortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
! *Othello*'s occupation's gone!
ossible, my lord?
in, be sure, thou prove my love a whore;
of it: Give me the ocular proof;
e worth of mine eternal soul,
ld'st better have been born a dog,
nswer my wak'd wrath.
ome to this?
e me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
e probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
a doubt on: Or, wo, upon thy life!
oble lord ——
ou dost slander her, and torture me,
ray more; abandon all remorse;
ors head, horrors accumulate;
s to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
ing can'st thou to damnation add,
than that.

Shakespear's Othello.

d and foolish jealousy;
n'st thou thus to enter me?
as of thy kind,
e I yet the narrow mind
that poor desire,
ers should not warm them at my fire:
e sun should shine
ens fruits and flow'rs, as well as mine.

r the disguise of love,
'st, thou only cam'st to prove

What my affections were :
Think'ſt thou that love is help'd by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth
Love's ſickneſs, and his noted want of worth;
Seek doubting men to pleaſe :
I ne'er will owe my health to a diſeaſe.

Johnſon's Underwoods.

O jealouſy! Daughter of envy and of love,
Moſt wayward iſſue of a gentle ſire;
Foſter'd with fears, thy father's joys t'improve:
Mirth-marring monſter, born a ſubtle liar;
Hateful unto thyſelf, flying thine own deſire;
Feeding upon ſuſpect, that doth renew thee;
Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee.

Thou haſt a thouſand gates thou enter'ſt by,
Condemning trembling paſſions to our heart:
Hundred-ey'd *Argus*, ever waking ſpy,
Pale hagg, infernal fury, pleaſure's ſmart;
Envious obſerver, prying in ev'ry part:
Suſpicious, fearful, gazing ſtill about thee;
O would to God that love could be without thee.

Daniel's Roſamond.

Unneceſſary jealouſies, make more whores,
Than all baits elſe laid to entrap our frailties.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Little French Lawyer.*

The devil gives this jealouſy to man,
As nature doth a tail unto a lion;
Which thinks in heat to beat away the flies,
When he doth moſt enrage himſelf with it.

Cupid's Whirligig.

I would not wrong him for all the ſea's drown'd
Riches: For, if my heat of blood ſhould do it,
As he ſuppoſeth it doth, ev'n that blood
Would like a traitor write my faults with bluſhing
Red upon my cheeks: But becauſe I, as
All women and courtiers do, love good cloaths,
Which his eyes wear; yet he upbraids me, ſwearing

'Tis

pleaſe the multitude ; and that I
gay rags about me, like a net, to
he hearts of ſtrangers : If I go poor,
.e ſwears I am beaſtly, with a loath'd
neſs : If I be ſad, then I grieve
) near : If merry, and with a
wantoniſing kiſs, embrace his
then are my twiſtings more dang'rous than
e's ; my luſt more inſatiate than was
na's.
from jealouſy doth always grow,
noſt they ſeek, they loath'ſt of all would know.

Cupid's Whirligig.

ll the fortunes of poor women
own unhappineſs ; when we've giv'n
we have to men, what's our requital ?
ac'd jealouſy, that reſembles much
ſtruſtfulneſs of an inſatiate thief;
arce believes he has all, though he has ſtripp'd
e man naked, and left nothing on him
hard cord that binds him : So are we
ob'd, and then left bound by jealouſy.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

; you are jealous ; I'll ſhew you the
f it, by a familiar example :
n a pair of ſpectacles faſhion'd
ch perſpective art, that lay down but
elve-pence at th' board, 'twill appear as
: were twenty ; now ſhould you wear a
theſe ſpectacles, and ſee your wife
her ſhoe, you'd imagine twenty
were taking up of your wive's cloaths ; and
ould put you into a horrible
ſs fury.

Webſter's White Devil.

hat have the yellow jaundice, think
cts they look on to be yellow :
is worſe, her fits preſent a man,

Like ſo many bubbles in a baſon of water,
Twenty ſeveral crabbed faces; many times
Makes his own ſhadow his cuckold-maker.

Webſter's White Devil.

1. Diſtruſt from others ſprings, *Timagoras*,
From diffidence in ourſelves. But I'll ſtrive,
With th'aſſurance of my worth, and merits,
To kill this monſter, jealouſy.
2. 'Tis a gueſt,
In wiſdom never to be entertain'd
On trivial probabilities; but when
He does appear in pregnant proofs, not faſhion'd
By idle doubts and fears, to be receiv'd.
They make their own horns, that are too ſecure;
As well as ſuch as give them growth, and being
From mere imagination.

Maſſinger's Bondman.

O let their beds be chaſte; and baniſh thence
As well all jealouſy, as all offence!
For ſome men I have known, whoſe wives have been
As chaſte as ice; ſuch as were never ſeen
In wanton dalliance; ſuch as till death,
Never ſmelt any, but their husband's breath:
Yet the good man, ſtill dream'd of horns, ſtill fearing
His forehead would grow harder; ſtill appearing
To his own fancy, bull, or ſtag, or more;
Ox at the leaſt, that was an aſs before.
If ſhe would have new cloaths, he ſtraight will fear
She loves a taylor; if ſhe ſad appear,
He gueſſes ſoon it is 'cauſe he's at home;
If jocund, ſure ſhe has ſome friend to come;
If ſhe be ſick, he thinks no grief ſhe felt,
But wiſhes all phyſicians had been gelt.
But ask her how ſhe does, ſets him a ſwearing;
Feeling her pulſe, is love tricks paſt the bearing:
Poor wretched wife! ſhe cannot look awry,
But without doubt 'tis flat adultery:

And

And jealous wives there be, that are afraid
To entertain a handsome chamber-maid.

Randolph.

——————————Of all
Our passions, I wonder nature made
The worst, foul jealousy, her favourite; ——
And if it be not so, why took she care
That ev'ry thing should give the monster nourishment,
And left us nothing, to destroy it with.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

Thou wond'rous yellow fiend!
Temper an antidote with antimony,
And 'tis infectious: Mix jealousy with marriage,
It poisons virtue: Let the child feel the sting,
He'll fly the honey-comb: Has she one action
That can dispose you to distrust?

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

—————————— Oh jealousy,
Love's eclipse! thou art in thy disease,
A wild mad patient; wond'rous hard to please.

Ibid.

—————————— All jealousy
Must still be strangled in its birth; or time
Will soon conspire, to make it strong enough,
To overcome the truth.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

The foolish world does jealousy mistake;
'Tis civil care, which kindness does improve:
Perhaps the jealous are too much awake;
But others dully sleep o'er those they love.

Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

1. This cursed jealousy, what is't?
2. 'Tis love, that hath lost itself in a mist.
3. 'Tis love, being frighted out of his wits.
4. 'Tis love, that has a fever got;
Love, that is violently hot;
But troubled with cold and trembling fits.

'Tis yet a more unnatural evil,
'Tis the god of love, 'tis the god of love, possest with the devil.

1. Tis rich corrupted wine of love,
Which sharpest vinegar does prove.
2. From all the sweet flow'rs which might honey make,
It does a deadly poison bring.
3. Strange serpent, which itself doth sting!
4. It never can sleep, and dreams still awake:
It stuffs up the marriage bed with thorns;
It gores it self, it gores it self, with imagin'd horns.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Siege of Rhodes.*

When this disease of jealousy can find
A way to seize upon a crazy mind;
Most things, instead of help, or giving ease,
The humour feed, and turn to the disease.

Sir *Robert Howard*'s *Vestal Virgin.*

But fate, thou art unjust, in making me
To quit the love, yet keep the jealousy;
Which is of love's fair tree the foulest fruit:
A branch, whose nourishment offends the root.
Shall jealousy a pow'r o'er judgment gain,
Though it does only in the fancy reign?
With knowledge thou art inconsistent still:
The mind's foul Monster, whom fair truth does kill.
Thy tyranny subverts ev'n nature's laws;
For oft thou hast effects, without a cause:
And, which thy strength, or weakness does detect,
Thou often hast a cause without effect:
In all thou dost, thou ever dost amiss;
Seest what is not, or seest not that which is:
While thou dost live, sickness does thee pursue;
And he who cures thee, needs must kill thee too.

E. of *Orrery*'s *Henry V.*

Through a false optick, madam, still we look;
When jealousy has once possession took.

E. of *Orrery*'s *Black Prince.*

Hold! he is innocent, and she may be:

Shak

Shall I skin o'er my wound, with that may be;
And probe no further? no, 'twill fester then.
Oh, better see her once in the foul act,
And so conclude my torment, and her sin;
Than see her hourly sinning in my thoughts!

Crown's Darius.

I have said so much, to cure your jealousy,
As would make an old *Italian* trust his
Wife with a young painter, and leave her with
Him to draw her naked.

Sir *W. Davenant's The Man's the Master.*

J E S T.

1. Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
2. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Shakespear's Love's Labour's Lost.

1. And, now and then, breaks a dry bisquet-jest,
Which that it may more easily be chew'd,
He steeps in his own laughter. 2. Why, will that
Make it be sooner swallow'd? 1. O, assure you;
Or if it did not, yet, as *Horace* sings,
Jejunus raro stomachus vulgaria temnit;
Mean cates are welcome still to hungry guests.

Johnson's Every Man out of his Humour.

When thou dost tell another's jest, therein
Omit the oaths, which true wit cannot need:
Pick out of tales, the mirth; but not the sin:
He pares his apple, that would cleanly feed.

Herbert.

Laugh not too much; the witty man laughs least:
For wit is news only to ignorance:
Less at thine own things laugh; lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.

Make not thy sport, abuses: for the fly
That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick from thy mirth, like stones out of the ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness:
These, are the scum with which coarse wits abound:
The fine may spare this well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest: nothing that's plain,
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

Herbert.

My trade is jesting now, or quibble speaking;
Strange trade, you'll say, for it's set up with breaking!

Randolph's Pedlar.

The wit and courage of his talk, now rests,
In their impatient keeping, that steal jests:
His jests, who e'er shall father, and repeat,
Shall memory need.

Sir *W. Davenant.*

I G N O R A N C E.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gaite both to and fro;
For his eye sight him failed long ygo:
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow;
Those were the keys of ev'ry inner door,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace:
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face:
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the giant dead;
His name *Ignaro*, did his nature right aread.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

——Ignorance

—— Ignorance
nks she doth herself advance,
f problems clear, she make
lles, and the sense forsake;
ich came gentle from the muses,
her uttering, it abuses.

Johnson's Masques.

nought but shews that ignorance esteems:
thing possess'd, is not the thing it seems.

Daniel's Civil War.

rance, that sometimes makes the hypocrite,
its never mischief; though it oft want fear:
vhilst we think faith made to answer wit,
rve the justice that doth follow it.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

to confess, we know not what we should,
lf excuse; we know not, what we would.

Dr. *Donne.*

ven pities ignorance;
still the first, that has her pardon sign'd:
ins else see their faults, she's only blind.

Middleton's No Help like a Woman's.

rance, when it hath purchas'd honour,
nnot wield it.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

unjust ignorance offer so much
ıg to itself? yet I have heard that such,
vhom no language can be plain enough,
e nought, but intricate and clouded stuff;
that conscious to their own weak sense,
se they know not perfect eloquence,
yet would seem; they think that best must be,
's fartheſt off from their capacity.

May on *Rutter's Shepherd's Holyday.*

tis some justice to ascribe to chance
wrongs you must expect from ignorance:
can the moulds of their creation chuse,
herefore should mens ignorance excuse,

When

When born too low, to reach at things ſublime;
'Tis rather their misfortune than their crime.

Sir *W. Davenant* on E. of *Orrery.*

I, alas, was ignorant of thee,
As men have ever been of things moſt excellent;
Making ſuch judgment on thy beauty, as
Aſtronomers on ſtars;
Who, when their better uſe they could not know,
Believ'd that they were only made for ſhew.

Sir *W. Davenant's Fair Favourite.*

I M A G I N A T I O N.

Lovers and madmen have ſuch ſeething brains,
Such ſhaping fantaſies, that apprehend
More than cool reaſon ever comprehends,
The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One ſees more devils than vaſt hell can hold,
The madman; while the lover, all as frantick,
See *Helen*'s beauty in a brow of *Ægypt.*
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,
That if he would but apprehend ſome joy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining ſome fear,
How eaſy is a buſh, ſuppos'd a bear?

Shakeſpear's Midſummer Night's Dream.

My brain, methinks, is like an hour-glaſs,
Wherein m'imaginations run like ſands,
Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
So that I know not what to ſtay upon,
And leſs to put in act

Johnſon's Every Man in his Humour.

Whilſt

Whilst yet mine eyes do surfeit with delight,
My wofull heart imprison'd in my breast,
Wisheth to be tran-formed to my sight;
That it, like those, by looking might be blest:
But whilst mine eyes thus greedily do gaze,
Finding their objects over-soon depart,
These now the others happiness do praise,
Wishing themselves that they had been my heart;
That eyes were heart, or that the heart were eyes;
As covetous the other's use to have:
But finding nature their request denies;
This to each other mutually they crave;
That since the one cannot the other be,
That eyes could think, or that my heart could see.

Drayton's Ideas.

Th'o'er-watch'd weakness of the sick conceit,
Is that, which makes small beauty seem so great;
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,
Which crook'd, seem straight; if straight, the contrary:
And thus our vain imagination shews it,
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.

Drayton's Matilda to *King John.*

——— Subtile opinion,
Working in man's decayed faculties,
Cuts out and shapes illusive fantasies;
And our weak apprehensions, like wax
Receive the form, and presently convey
Unto our dull imagination:
And hereupon we ground a thousand lies,
As that we see devils rattling in their chains;
Ghosts of dead men, variety of spirits;
When our own guilty conscience is the hell,
And our black thoughts, the caverns where they dwell.

Day's Law Tricks.

Imagination works; how she can frame
Things which are not; methinks she stands afore me,
And by the quick idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.

Webster's White Devil.

Odds in conceit: Conceit, an instrument,
Which though phantastick, breeds realities.
The pregnant mother's strong imagination,
Hath giv'n her womb a real alteration.

Aleyn's Politicks.

The little *Ethiop* Infant had not been
Black in his cradle, had he not been first
Black in the mother's strong imagination.
'Tis thought, the hairy child that's shewn about,
Came by the mother's thinking on the picture
Of Saint *John Baptist* in his camel's coat.
See we not beasts conceive, as they do fancy
The present colours plac'd before their eyes?
We owe py'd colts unto the vary'd horse-cloth;
And the white partridge to the neighb'ring snow.
Fancy can save or kill; it hath clos'd up
Wounds when the balsam could not, and without
The aid of salves: to think hath been a cure.
For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force
Of mere imagination. That which can
Alter the course of nature, I presume
You'll grant, shall bear more rule in petty hazards.

Cartwright's Ordinary.

IMPRISONMENT.

Nay; be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness;
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure;
Ay, such a pleasure, as incaged birds
Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,
At last by notes of houshold harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.

Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.

For as these tow'rs our bodies do inclose,
So our souls prisons verily are those;
Our bodies stopping that celestial light,
As these do hinder our exterior sight:
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt,
And us at blessed liberty doth set.

Drayton's Jane Grey to Gildford Dudley.

—— Captivity,

——— Captivity,
That comes with honour, is true liberty.

Massinger and *Field*'s *Fatal Dowry.*

——— How like
A prison's to a grave! when dead, we are
With solemn pomp brought thither; and our heirs,
Masking their joy in false dissembled tears,
Weep o'er the hearse: but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turn away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remember'd:
So enter'd into a prison.

Massinger's Maid of Honour.

O that I were no farther sensible
Of my mis'ries than you are! you like beasts
Feel only stings of hunger, and complain not
But when you're empty: But your narrow souls,
If you have any, cannot comprehend
How insupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble soul made captive, suffers:
Most mis'rable men! and what am I then,
That envy you? fetters though made of gold,
Express base thraldom; and all delicates
Prepar'd by *Median* cooks for epicures,
When not our own, are bitter quilts fill'd high
With gossamire and roses; cannot yield
The body soft repose, the mind kept waking
With anguish and affliction.

Massinger, Ibid.

Why should we murmur to be circumscrib'd,
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters?
When the whole world was meant but to confine us;
Wherein, who walks from one clime to another,
Hath but a greater freedom of the prison:
Our soul was the first captive, born to inherit
But her own chains; nor can it be discharg'd,
Till nature tire with its own weight, and then
We are but more undone, to be at liberty.

Shirley's Court Secret.

Sweet

Sweet fellow pris'ners, 'twas a cruel art
The first invention to restrain the wing;
To keep th' inhabitants o'th' air close captive
That were created to sky-freedom: surely
The mercileſs creditor took his first light,
And prisons their first models from such bird-loops.

Shirley's Bird in a Cage.

Let them fear bondage, who are slaves to fear;
The sweetest freedom is an honest heart.

John Ford's Lady's Trial.

Death is the pledge of rest, and with one bail,
Two prisons quits; the body, and the jail.

Bishop *King.*

A prison is in all things like a grave,
Where we no better privileges have
Than dead men; nor so good. The soul once fled
Lives freer now, than when she was cloist'red
In walls of flesh; and though she organs want
To act her swift designs, yet all will grant
Her faculties more clear, now separate,
Than if the same conjunction, which of late
Did marry her to earth, had stood in force;
Uncapable of death, or of divorce:
But an imprison'd mind, though living, dies,
And at one time, feels two captivities:
A narrow dungeon which her body holds,
But narrow'r body which herself enfolds.

Bishop *King.*

Nature, in spite of fortune, gave us minds,
That cannot like our bodies be enthrall'd.

Sir *Ralph Freeman's Imperiale.*

Dost thou use me as fond children do
Their birds, shew me my freedom in a string;
And when thou'st play'd with me a while, then pull
Me back again, to languish in my cage?

Sir *W. Davenant's Unfortunate Lovers.*

Her sweetness is imprison'd now,

Like

Like weeping roſes in a ſtill; and is
Like them, ordain'd to laſt by diſſolution.

Sir *W. Davenant's Love and Honour.*

——————————— But Oh,
This diſmal place brings it again to thought!
This looks, methinks, much like the dark
And hidden dwelling of the winds,
Where ſtorms ingender; which with ſudden blaſts
Make nature tremble, and lay flat
The ſtiffeſt piles of art.

Ibid.

——————————— Captivity
Is th'inheritance of all things finite;
Nor can we boaſt our liberty, though we
Are not reſtrained by ſtrong holds; when as
The neigb'ring air confines us, and each man
Is thraldom's perfect emblem: For in all,
The ſoul is captive, and the body's thrall.

Marriage Broker.

INCONSTANCY.

O fair *Cynthia*, why do others term thee
Inconſtant, whom I've ever found unmoveable?
Injurious time; corrupt manners; unkind
Men! who finding a conſtancy not to
Be match'd in my ſweet miſtreſs, have chriſten'd
Her with the name of wav'ring, waxing, and waning.
Is ſhe inconſtant that keeps a ſettled
Courſe, which ſince her firſt creation alters
Not one minute in her moving? There is
Nothing thought more admirable, or commendable
In the ſea, than the ebbing and flowing;
And ſhall the moon, from whom the ſea taketh
This virtue, be accounted fickle for
Increaſing and decreaſing? Flowers in
Their buds, are nothing worth till they be blown;
Nor bloſſoms accounted till they be ripe
Fruit: And ſhall we ſay then they be changeable,
For that they grow from ſeeds to leaves, from leaves

To

To buds, from buds to their perfections?
Then, why be not twigs that become trees;
Children that become men; and mornings that
Grow to evenings; term'd wav'ring: For that they
Continue not at one stay? Ay, but *Cynthia*,
Being in her fulness, decayeth, as
Not delighting in her greatest beauty;
Or with'ring when she should be most honour'd.
When malice cannot object any thing,
Folly will; making that a vice, which is
The greatest virtue. What thing, my mistress
Excepted, being in the pride of her
Beauty, and latter minute of her age,
That waxeth young again?

Lilly's Endimion.

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love,
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.

Shakespear's Two Gentlemen of Verona.

1. It is the lesser blot, modesty finds;
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.
2. Than men their minds?
'Tis true: Oh heaven! Were man
But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults: makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

Ibid.

Now thou hast lov'd me one whole day,
To-morrow, when thou leav'st, what wilt thou say?
Wilt thou then antedate some new-made vow?
Or say, that now
We are not just those persons, which we were?
Or, that oaths made in reverential fear
Of love and his wrath, any may forswear?
Or, as true deaths true marriages unty,
So lovers contracts, images of those,
Bind but till sleep, death's image, them unlose?

Or

Or your own end to justify,
For having propos'd change and falshood, you
Can have no way but falshood to be true?

Dr. *Donne.*

Let us examine all the creatures, read
The book of nature through, and we shall find
Nothing doth still the same; the stars do wander,
And have their divers influence; the elements
Shuffle into innumerable changes;
Our constitutions vary; herbs, and trees
Admit their frosts, and summer: And why then
Should our desires, that are so nimble, and
More subtile than the spirits in our blood,
Be such staid things within us, and not share
Their nat'ral liberty? Shall we admit a change
In smaller things, and not allow it in
What most of all concerns us?

Shirley's Traytor.

There is no musick in a voice,
That is but one, and still the same;
Inconstancy is but a name,
To fright poor lovers from a better choice.

Joseph Rutter's Shepherds Holiday.

Truth on mens tongues, she says, does seldom sit,
But what they rashly swear, they soon forget:
She says, they write in sand, when they take oaths,
And keep their vows, just as they wear their cloaths,
Whilst only they be new, and fresh i'th' fashion;
But once grown old, like words they speak in passion,
They lay them by forgot; and their words leave
With wat'ry eyes to wail the faith they gave
To their more wat'ry vows; and then in pride,
In scorn's triumphal chariot will they ride
Over their spoils; and tyrannously glory
How many female trophies deck their story:
So quick-heel'd *Theseus* of two conquests vapour,
Poor *Ariadne*, and the *Minotaure*;

And

And leaves fame in the labyrinth, to tell
Of that, or himself, which was beast most fell:
So did false *Jason*, by his vow-breach prove,
'Twas gain he sought for, not *Medea*'s love.
Thus slipp'ry streams the yielding bank do court,
Then gliding thence, say they but lov'd in sport:
Thus winds wont flow'rs, but having of their smells
Robb'd them, fly thence perfum'd to other cells.

Ban

Oh men! Oh manners! What a medley's this
When each man's mind more than face diff'rent is!
For by forms only we distinguish'd be
One from another: But alas! To see,
We vary from ourselves each day in mind,
Nor know we in ourselves, ourselves to find.

Hea

In thy fair breast, and once fair soul,
I thought my vows were writ alone;
But others oaths so blurr'd the scroll,
That I no more could read my own:
And am I still oblig'd to pay,
When you had thrown the bond away?

Nor must we only part in joy;
Our tears as well must be unkind:
Weep you, that could such truth destroy;
And I, that could such falseness find.
Yet we may love, but on this diff'rent score,
You what I am, I what you were before.

You are not, *Cynthia*, better pleas'd than I,
That you first led the way
Through this dark night of blind inconstancy,
And first found break of day.

Perhaps so soon I could not disengage,
Having a greater score;
Some birds will longer hover round the cage,
Though 'twas their goal before.

Yet ſure I meant not long to ſit about
The aſhes, when the fire was quite burnt out.

Since now my goaler has my chains unty'd,
I'll hold my hands no more
Up at love's barr; he is condemn'd untry'd,
That has been burnt before.
Now that heart-ſickneſs which ſhe gave, protects;
'Tis ſeldom that the ſame plague twice infects.

Breaſts that have known loves cruel ſlavery,
Are better fortify'd
By that experience, than they e'er can be
By reaſon, or by pride.
Then bluſh not, that you quench'd this am'rous flame,
But bluſh with me, if we two love again.

Sir *Robert Howard.*

For I'm a ſchiſmatick in love;
And what makes moſt abhor it,
In me does more affection move,
And I love the better for it.

I vow, I am ſo far from loving none,
That I love every one;
If fair I muſt, if brown ſhe be
She's lovely; and for ſympathy,
'Cauſe we're alike, I love her:
If tall, ſhe's proper; and if ſhort
She's humble, and I love her for't:
Small's pretty, fat is pleaſant, ev'ry ſort
Some graceful good diſcover:
If young, ſhe's pliant to the ſport;
And if her viſage carry
Gray hairs and wrinkles, yet I'il court.
And ſo turn antiquary.

Alex. Brome.

I N C O N-

INCONTINENCE.

The sight whereof, in his congealed flesh,
Infix'd such secret sting of greedy lust,
That the dry wither'd stock it 'gan refresh,
And kindled heat that soon in flame forth burst
The driest wood is soonest burnt to dust.

Spenser's Fairy Q

Virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage ———.

Shakespear's H

Lust takes never joy in what is due,
But still leaves known delights, to seek out new.

Daniel's Octavia to Ant

———Take this as firmest sense,
Incontinence will force a continence:
Heat wasteth heat; and light defaceth light;
Nothing is spoil'd but by his proper might.

Marston's Court

Lust's voyage hath, if not this course, this cross;
Buy ne'er so cheap, your ware comes home with lo

Dekker's Second Part of the Honest W

Lust is a sprite, which, whoso'er doth raise;
The next man that encounters boldly, lays.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tra

Lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle.

Webster's White D

Letchery scorns to be beholden too;
For I have known what it receiv'd in a
Man's house, it hath sent home again nine months
After, and lain at his door; and therefore
The more gentleman like sin a great deal,
Because it takes the longer time of re-payment.

Cupid's Whir

Luſt is like an o'er-ſwol'n river, that breaks
Beyond all bounds; it's a devil bred in
The blood, nurs'd in deſire, and like the
Salamander, lives in continual fire:
It ſprouteth larger than ivy, which embraceth,
Twiſteth and entangleth ev'ry one within
It's reach; and makes no choice between the goodlieſt
Cedar, and the ſtinking'ſt elder: 'Tis a foul
Uſurper on the name of love, and reigns
With greater dominion than an emp'ror:
It is a very lep'rous itch; it ſtains,
And leaves a fouler ſpot upon the ſoul,
Than tears can waſh away.

Cupid's Whirligig.

——————— Luſt, is a vice
Sooner condemn'd than baniſh'd: Eas'ly ſpoke againſt,
But yet 'twill fawn as ſmoothly on our fleſh,
As *Circe* on the *Græcian* travellers,
When ſhe detain'd them in the ſhape of beaſts.

Maſon's Muleaſſes.

An old man's ven'ry is very chargeable,
There is much cookery belongs to it.

Middleton's Mad World my Maſters.

——————Uncloath me
Of ſin's gay trappings, the proud livery
Of wicked pleaſure, which but worn, and heated
With the fire of entertainment and conſent,
Like to *Alcides'* fatal ſhirt, tears off
Our fleſh, and reputation both together;
Laying our ulc'rous follies bare and open
To all malicious cenſure.

Maſſinger's Renegado.

Learn from this example, there is no truſt
Of a foundation that is built on luſt.

Maſſinger's Duke of Milan.

Some countries I hear whole lordſhips are
Rent upon a fleſhly device; yet the
Lyer in the end, had nothing but *French*

Repentance, and the curſe of ſurgery
For his money.

Henry Shirley's Martyred Soldier.

Wenching! why 'tis the top branch, the heart, the
Very ſoul of pleaſure; I'll not give a
Chip to be an emperor, and I may
Not curvet as often as my conſtitution
Requires: Letchery is the monarch of
Delight, whoſe throne is in the blood; to which
All other ſins do homage, and bow like
Serviceable vaſſals, petty ſubjects
In the dominion of the fleſh.

James Shirley's Grateful Servant.

——— Luſt is a gilded pill,
Which ſinful nature doth preſcribe deſire:
It mocks the ſenſe with pleaſure; but at laſt,
The ſhining outſide leaves a bitter taſte.

Nabbs's Tottenham-Court.

My lord, bad cuſtom is become
In men a ſecond nature to deceive
Poor virgins by their flatteries; look back
Into your princely honour, call that up
To aſſiſt the fortreſs of your mind, aſſail'd
By ſoul unlawful paſſion: Think how baſe 'tis,
To rob a ſilly orphan of her dowry;
I have no other but my virgin whiteneſs,
Left to uphold my fame; nought but my virtue
To my inheritance: Should you deſpoil me
Of that fair portion by your luſt, my memory,
Would like an early roſe-bud by that tempeſt
Die on its own ſtalk blaſted.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenſtein.

Note but the end of all your luſtful pleaſures;
All breed diſeaſes, griefs, reproaches foul,
Conſumption of the body, and the ſoul;
Ingenders ſorrows and ſottiſhneſs;
Forgets all prudence, grows moſt inſolent;
Breeds the epilepſy, that falling evil,
Begets murder, makes a man a devil;

O'er-

hrows whole families, confounds the just;
:reth in children illegitimate;
ipts all human sweet society:
/arious paths of lust are all uneven;
)leasures dreadful plagues, the scourge of heav'n.

Richardi's Messallina.

wful lust, immod'rate, often brings
thing, in the use of lawful things.

Quarles.

p the end of the intent, and see
shame, and fear do lurk where you would walk,
a pair of serpents in a flow'ry mead:
ees with pleasure, but with fear doth tread.

Davenport's City Night-Cap.

ist in reading beauty solemn grows,
d physicians in anatomy.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

/tor, lust! that leads us with encouragement
), and when the storm is over, we're
;'d with thoughts that more perplex us
the former: For then we did complain
:ength, but now of weakness. Away, away;
ime that I were gone: The modest morn
blush in the east, as if asham'd to
foul a ravisher.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

hat lust women once, no more endure them;
ilth, they loath the physick that did cure them.

Anthony Brewer's Love-Sick King.

I N D U S T R Y.

weat of instrustry would dry, and die,
r the end it works to.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

:medies oft in ourselves do lie,
ı we ascribe to heav'n. The fated sky
us free scope; only doth backward pull
ow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

Shakespear's All's well that ends well.

Shortly his fortune shall be lifted higher;
True industry doth kindle honour's fire.

Shakespear's Cr

Virtue, though chain'd to earth, will still live fr
And hell itself must yield to industry.

Johnson's M

———Here you look about
One at another, doubting what to do;
With faces, as you trusted to the gods,
That still sav'd you; and they can do't: But
They are not wishings, or base womanish prayer
Can draw their aids; but vigilance, council, act
Which they will be ashamed to forsake.
'Tis sloth they hate, and cowardice.

Johnson's C

Like clocks, one wheel another on must drive;
Affairs by diligent labour only thrive.

Chapman's Revenge for H

The chiefest action for a man of spirit,
Is never to be out of action; we should think
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces,
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds,
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful stu
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of that profession; of all which
Arise and spring up honour.

Webster's Devil's Law

See what these times are grown to; before twenty
I rush'd into the world; which is indeed
Much like the art of swimming: He that will attai
Must fall plump, and duck himself at first,
That will make him hardy and advent'rous;
And not stand putting in one foot, and shiver,
And then draw th'other after, like a quake-buttoc
Well, he may make a padier i'th' world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave swimmer,
Borne up by the chin, as I bore up myself,

With ſtrong induſtry that never fail'd me;
For he that lies borne up with patrimonies,
Looks like a long, great aſs, that ſwims with bladders;
Come but one prick of adverſe fortune to him,
He ſinks, becauſe he never try'd to ſwim,
When wit plays with the billows that choak'd him.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Wit at ſeveral Weapons.*

——————— We have not
Receiv'd into our boſom, and our grace,
A glorious lazy drone, grown fat with feeding
On others toil; but an induſtrious bee,
That crops the ſweet flow'rs of our enemies,
And ev'ry happy evening home returns
Loaden with wax, and honey to our hive.

Maſſinger's *Great Duke of Florence.*

——Where the victory can reap
A harveſt crown'd with triumph; toil is cheap.

John Ford's *Perkin Warbeck.*

f little labour, little are our gains:
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

Herrick.

And to be rich, be diligent; move on
Like heav'n's great movers that inrich the earth;
Whoſe moments ſloth would ſhew the world undone;
And make the ſpring ſtrait bury all her birth.
Rich are the diligent, who can command
Time, nature's ſtock: And could his hour-glaſs fall,
Would, as for ſeed of ſtars, ſtoop for the ſand;
And by inceſſant labour gather all.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert.*

Induſtrious wiſdom often does prevent
What lazy folly thinks inevitable:
Big ſwelling clouds are by the winds blown o'er;
And threatning ſtorms may dwindle to a ſhow'r.

Abdicated Prince.

I N F A M Y.

As when the moon hath comforted the night,
And ſet the world in ſilver of her light,

The planets, asterisms, and whole state of heav'n,
In beams of gold descending; all the winds
Bound up in caves, charg'd not to drive abroad
Their cloudy heads; an universal peace,
Proclaim'd in silence of the quiet earth:
Soon as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
Storms and clouds mixing, suddenly put out
The eyes of all these glories: The creation
Turn'd into chaos, and we then desire
For all our joy of life, the death of sleep:
So when the glories of our lives, mens loves,
Clear consciences, our fames, and loyalties,
That did us worthy comfort, are eclips'd;
Grief and disgrace invade us: and for all
Our night of life besides, our mis'ry craves
Dark earth would ope, and hide us in our graves.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

What grief can be, but time doth make it less?
But infamy, time never can suppress.

Drayton's Rosamund to Henry.

We're sorry
His violent act has e'en drawn blood of honour,
And stain'd our honours,
Thrown ink upon the forehead of our state,
Which envious sp'rits will dip their pens into
After our death; and blot us in our tombs:
For that which would seem treason in our lives,
Is laughter when we're dead. Who dares now whisper,
That dares not then speak out; and ev'n proclaim,
With loud words, and broad pens, our closest shame.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Your grace hath spoke like to your silver years
Full of confirm'd gravity;——for what is it to have
A flatt'ring false inscription on a tomb;
And in mens hearts reproach? the bowell'd corps
May be sear'd in; but with free tongue I speak,
The faults of great men through their sear-cloths break.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Shame

ıme ever ſticks cloſe to the ribs of honour;
eat men are never ſound men after it:
leaves ſome ach or other in their names ſtill,
hich their poſterity ſeels at ev'ry weather.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

breaths moſt accurſt,
ıo lives ſo long, to ſee his name die firſt.

Middleton, Ibid.

I N G R A T I T U D E.

I am rapt, and cannot
'er the monſtrous bulk of this ingratitude
:h any ſize of words!
Let it go naked, men may ſee't the better.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

s is the world's ſoul;
the ſame piece is ev'ry flatt'rer's ſpirit:
o can call him his friend,
ıt dips in the ſame diſh? for, in my knowing,
ıw has been to this lord as a father,
. kept his credit with his bounteous purſe:
ɔorted his eſtate; nay, *Timon's* money
paid his men their wages. He ne'er drinks,
Timon's ſilver treads upon his lip;
yet, oh, ſee the monſtrouſneſs of man,
ɜn he looks out in an ungrateful ſhape!
does deny him, in reſpect of his,
ıt charitable men afford to beggars.
gion groans at it!

Shakeſpear's Timon.

it, by ingratitude crack'd,
uires a firmer cementing than words;
he ſhall find it a much harder work,
ſolder broken hearts, than ſhiver'd glaſs.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

ı the rewards of great employments are,
ɜ kills in peace, whom fortune ſpares in war;
this is that high grace of kings we ſeek,
ɔſe favour, and whoſe wrath conſumes alike.

He that doth publick good for multitudes;
Finds few are truly grateful.

Marston's Sophonisba.

There's ev'n the general thanks of all aspirers;
When they have all a kingdom can impart:
They write above it still, their own desert.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough.

——— Good Service
To a malicious and ingrateful prince,
Are rather causes of suspect, than love;
And when mens actions do transcend reward,
They then descend to punishment.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

For vicious natures, where they once begin
To take distaste, and purpose no requital;
The greater debt they owe, the more they hate.

May's Agrippina.

None are ingrate, who have no favour found.

E. of *Orrery's Mustapha.*

I N J U R Y.

If light wrongs touch me not,
No more shall great; if not a few, not many:
There's nought so sacred with us, but may find
A sacrilegious person; yet the thing is
No less divine, 'cause the prophane can reach it.

Johnson's New Inn.

They that do pull down churches, and deface
The holiest altars, cannot hurt the Godhead.
A calm wise man may shew as much true valour,
Amidst these popular provocations,
As can an able captain shew security,
By his brave conduct, through an enemy's country.
A wise man never goes the peoples way;
But as the planets still move contrary
To the world's motion; so doth he to opinion:
He will examine, if those accidents
Which common fame call, injuries, happen to him
Deservedly, or no? come they deservedly?

They

'hey are no wrongs then ; but his punishments :
' undeservedly, and he not guilty ?
'he doer of them, first should blush, not he.

Johnson's New Inn.

'he purpose of an injury ; 'tis to vex
nd trouble me : now nothing can do that
o him that's truly valiant. He that is affected
ith the least injury, is less than it.
is but reasonable to conclude
hat should be stronger still, which hurts, than that
'hich is hurt : now, no wickedness is stronger
han what opposeth it ; not fortune's self,
'hen she encounters virtue, but comes off
xth lame and less. Why should a wise man then
onfess himself the weaker, by the feeling
f a fool's wrong ? There may an injury
e meant me ; I may chuse, if I will take it :
ut we are now come to that delicacy
nd tenderness of sense, we think an insolence
Vorse than an injury ; bare words worse than deeds :
Ve are not so much troubled with the wrong,
s with the opinion of the wrong : Like children,
Ve are made afraid with vizards. Such poor sounds
s is the lie, or common words of spite,
Vise laws thought never worthy a revenge ;
nd 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
ur poverty, and beggary of spirit,
o take exception at these things. He laugh'd at me !
Ie broke a jest ! a third took place of me !
Iow most ridiculous quarrels are all these ?
Votes of a queasy, and sick stomach, labouring
Vith want of a true injury ! the main part
Of the wrong, is our vice of taking it !

Johnson, Ibid.

Though I am tame and bred up with my wrongs,
Which are my foster brothers ; I may leap

Like a hand-wolf into my natural wildness,
And do an outrage.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Maid's Tragedy.*

1. ——— Men of your ranks
Must put up injuries, and render thanks.
2. He tells you true, it may be our case;
Shall we upon complaint of men so base
Be question'd? no, cedars, are cedars still;
The valley must not dare to climb the hill:
Poor men must suffer, rich do what they will.

Daubornt's Poor Man's Comfort.

For evils which are 'gainst another done,
Repentance makes no satisfaction
To him that feels the smart.

Wilkins's Miseries of enforced Marriage.

I N N O C E N C E.

The lion licks the sores of silly wounded sheep;
The dead man's corps may cause the crocodile to weep;
The waves that waste the rocks refresh the rotten reeds:
Such ruth the wrack of innocence in cruel creatures breeds.

Mirror for Magistrate.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Shakespear's Second Part of K. Hen. VI.

'Tis a knavish piece of work; but what of
That? your majesty, and we that have free
Souls, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade
Winch, our withers are unwrung.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

A just man cannot fear;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastness of a tyrant's ear,
The senseless rigour of the wrested laws,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authority,

Should,

uld, in a point meet all, to take his life;
innocency is armour 'gainst all these.

Johnson's Poetaster.

nnocence the sacred amulet
inst all the poisons of infirmity,
all misfortunes, injury and death!
it makes a man in tune still in himself:
from the hell to be his own accuser,
in quiet, endless joys enjoying;
trife, nor no sedition in his pow'rs:
notion in his will against his reason;
hought 'gainst thought, nor as 'twere in the confines
vishing and repenting, doth possess
a wayward and tumultuous peace;
ll parts in him friendly and secure:
ful of all best things in all worst seasons,
an with ev'ry wish, be in their plenty;
n, the infectious guilt of one foul crime,
roys the free content of all our time.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

t innocence is not enough to save,
re good, and greatness, fear, and envy have.

Lord *Brooke's Mustapha.*

e no other hope; who bears a spotless breast,
want no comfort else, how e'er distrest.

Dauborne's Poor Man's Comfort.

—— All your attempts
fall on me, like brittle shafts on armour,
break themselves; or like waves against a rock
leave no sign of their ridiculous fury
oam and splinters: My innocence like these
stand triumphant, and your malice serve
or a trumpet, to proclaim my conquest;
shall you, though you do the worst fate can,
e'er condemn, affright an honest man.

Massinger and *Field's Fatal Dowry.*

——— Innocence unmov'd
At a falſe accuſation, doth the more
Confirm itſelf; and guilt is beſt diſcover'd
By its own fears.

Nabbs's Bride.

We muſt have doves and ſerpents in our heart;
But how they muſt be marſhall'd, there's the art:
They muſt agree, and not be far aſunder;
The dove muſt hold the wily ſerpent under:
Their natures teach what places they muſt keep;
The dove can fly, the ſerpent only creep.

Quarles.

Misfortune may benight the wicked; ſhe
Who knows no guilt, can ſink beneath no fear.

Habbington's Queen of Arragon.

'Tis modeſty in ſin to practice ev'ry
Diſguiſe to hide it from the world:
But creatures free from guilt, affect the ſun,
And hate the dark; becauſe it hides their innocence.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Brother.*

She ne'er ſaw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractis'd heart;
Her nets; the moſt prepar'd could never ſhun;
For nature ſpread them in the ſcorn of art.

She never had in buſy cities been;
Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor e'er allay'd with fears:
Not ſeeing puniſhment, could gueſs no ſin;
And ſin not ſeeing, ne'er had uſe of tears.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

I'll rather to a puniſhment ſubmit,
Than to the guilt of what may merit it.

E. of *Orrery's Tryphon.*

Since ſtill my duty did my actions ſteer,
I'll not diſgrace my innocence by fear;
Left I the ſaving of my life repent:
I'll rather bear, than merit puniſhment.

E. of *Orrery's Muſtapha.*

——— Innocence

——— Innocence
'onceal'd, is the ſtol'n pleaſure of the gods;
Vhich never ends in ſhame, as that of men
oth oft-times do: But like the ſun breaks forth,
Then it hath gratify'd another world,
nd to our unexpecting eyes appears
Iore glorious through its late obſcurity.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

INSTRUCTION.

ur wanton humour with beſt council ſits;
he ſage inſtructions of the wiſe man's mouth,
o ſound harſh muſick in the ears of youth.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

to do, were as eaſy as to know
Vhat were good to do, chapels had been churches;
nd poor mens cottages, princes palaces.
Ie is a good divine, that follows his
Own inſtructions; I can eaſier
Teach twenty what were good to be done, than
To be one of the twenty to follow
Ay own teaching: The brain may deviſe laws
For the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er
A cold decree.

Shakeſpear's Merchant of Venice.

Your voice, our muſick when you ſpeak, we give
To thoſe who teach the myſteries above,
That their perſuaſion we may ſoon believe;
For doctrines thrive, when we our teachers love.

Sir *W. Davenant* to the *Queen.*

JOY.

——— Death, I fear me,
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude pow'rs;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
That justice was a god of sov'reign grace;
And altars unto him, and temples lent,
And heav'nly honours in the highest place:
Calling him great *Osyris*, of the race
Of th'old *Egyptian* kings, that whilome were;
With feigned colours shading a true case:
For that *Osyris* while he lived here,
The justest man alive, and truest did appear.

Spenser's Fairy Q

1. Yet some shew pity.
2. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence, would after gaul;
And do him right, that answ'ring one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

Shakespear's Measure for Meas

May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence.

Shakespear's Ham

——————————The gods
Grow angry with your patience: 'Tis their care,
And must be yours, that guilty men escape not:
As crimes do grow, justice should rouze itself.

Johnson's Catili

Just men are only free, the rest are slaves.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pomp

——————————There's no needle
In a sun-dial, plac'd upon his steel,
In such a tender posture that doth tremble,

imely dial being held amiſs,
ill ſhake ever, till you hold it right,
tender than himſelf, in any thing,
he concludes in juſtice for the ſtate:
a fever held him, he will ſhake
he is ſigning any thing of weight,
uman frailty ſhould miſguide his juſtice.

Chapman and *Shirley*'s *Admiral of France.*

ey'd *Aſtrea* next, with rev'rend brow
d in cœleſtial hue, which beſt ſhe likes,
s with her balance, and her ſword, to ſhew
at firſt her judgment weighs, before it ſtrikes.

Daniel's *Goddeſſes.*

es urg'd in publick, are made worſe;
ew of juſtice aggravates deſpight.
ultitude, that look not to the cauſe,
tify'd, ſo it ſeem done by laws.

Daniel's *Civil War.*

one virtue did adorn a king,
ld be juſtice; many great defects
eil'd thereby: Whereas each virtuous thing
: who is not juſt, the world ſuſpects.

E. of *Sterline*'s *Darius.*

at were beſt for them that do offend,
did inquire, the anſwer muſt be grace;
rcy be ſo large, where's juſtice place?

Lord *Brooke*'s *Muſtapha.*

tice that makes princes like the gods, draws
to the ſenate,
with impartial balance we may poize
rimes and innocence of all offenders.
reſence, can chace brib'ry from the laws;
ſt can judge, that hears himſelf the cauſe.
ue, mighty duke, it beſt becomes our places,
ve our light from you, the ſon of virtue:
t authority, for gain, love or fear,
its the guilty, and condemns the clear.

Marſton's *Inſatiate* Counteſs.

Juſtice

Juſtice, like lightning, ever ſhould appear
To few mens *ruin*, but to all men's *fear*.

Swenam, the Woman-H

——————With an equal ſcale
He weighs th'offences betwixt man and man;
He is not ſo ſooth'd with adulation,
Nor mov'd with tears, to wreſt the courſe of juſtic
Into an unjuſt current, t' oppreſs th' innocent;
Nor does he make the laws
Puniſh the man, but in the man the cauſe.

When juſt revenge hath a right level made,
Home to the head ſhe may the arrow bring;
And when provoked juſtice draws her blade,
Into the fire ſhe will the ſcabbard fling.
Juſtice and ſin ſhould keep an equal race;
If ſins do gallop, juſtice muſt not pace.

Aleyn's Henry

This noble youth, a ſtranger t' every thing
But gallantry; ignorant in our laws and cuſtoms,
Has made perchance,
In ſtrange ſeverity, a forfeit of himſelf;
But ſhould you take it,
The gods when he is gone, will ſure revenge it:
If from the ſtalk you pull this bud of virtue,
Before it has ſpread, and ſhewn itſelf abroad,
You do an injury to all mankind;
And publick miſchief, cannot be private juſtice.

Suckling's Gol

The miſer's gold, the painted cloud
Of titles, that make vain men proud;
The courtier's pomp, or glorious ſcar
Got by a ſoldier in the war;
Can hold no weight with his brave mind,
That ſtudies to preſerve mankind.

Sir *W. Davenant's News from Plym*

T

Thou may'ſt not theſe condemn, and thoſe abſolve.
Juſtice, when equal ſcales ſhe holds, is blind;
Nor cruelty, nor mercy change her mind:
When ſome eſcape for that which others die,
Mercy to thoſe, to theſe is cruelty.
A fine and ſlender net the ſpider weaves,
Which little and ſlight animals receives;
And if ſhe catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die;
But if a waſp or hornet ſhe entrap,
They tear her cords, like *Sampſon*, and eſcape:
So like a flie, the poor offender dies;
But like the waſp, the rich eſcapes, and flies.

Denham

Juſtice muſt be from violence exempt;
But fraud's her only object of contempt:
Fraud in the Fox, force in the lion dwells;
But juſtice both from human hearts expells;
But he's the greateſt monſter, without doubt,
Who is a wolf within, a ſheep without.

Denham.

KINGS.

AND ſince the definition of a king,
Is for to have of people governance,
Addreſs thee firſt, above all other thing,
To put thy body to ſuch ordinance,
That thy virtue, thine honour may advance;
For how ſhould princes govern their regions,
That cannot duly guide their own perſons?

Sir *David Lindſay.*

Among all other paſtime and pleaſure,
Now in thine adoleſcent yeares young,
Wouldſt thou each day ſtudy but half an hour
The regiment of princely governing;
To thy people it were a pleaſant thing:

 There

There might'ſt thou find thine own vocation,
How thou ſhould'ſt uſe the ſcepter, ſword, and crown.
Sir *David Lindſay.*

Let juſtice mix'd with mercy them amend;
Have thou their hearts, thou haſt enough to ſpend:
And by the contrair, thou'rt but king of bone,
From time that their heartes, are from thee gone.
Ibid.

Abuſe of pow'r abaſeth princes all.
In throne on earth, a prince as god doth ſit;
And as a god, no juſtice ſhould omit.
Mirror for Magiſtrates.

Right is of itſelf moſt ſtrong;
No kingdom got by cunning, can ſtand long.
Marlo's Luſt's Dominion.

1. But who dares tell a prince he goes aſide?
2. His conſcience beſt, if wiſdom were his guide:
1. But they are great, and may do what they will:
2. Great, if much good; not great, if they do ill:
1. But we muſt yield to what princes will have.
2. He is no prince, that is affection's ſlave.
1. Be what he will, his pow'r is over-ſtrong.
2. Heav'ns will not ſuffer ſin to flouriſh long.
Brandon's Octavia.

'Tis greater care, to keep, than get a crown.
Virtue doth raiſe by ſmall degrees you ſee:
Where in a moment fortune caſts us down.
And ſurely thoſe that live in greateſt place,
Muſt take great care, to be ſuch as they ſeem:
They are not princes, whom ſole titles grace;
Our princely virtues, we ſhould moſt eſteem.
Brandon's Octavia.

The love of kings is like the blowing of
Winds, which whiſtle ſometimes gently among
The leaves, and ſtraightway turn the trees up by
The roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off,
And burneth near hand; or the ſea, which makes
Men hoiſe their ſails in a flattering calm,

And

And to cut their masts in a rough storm. They
Place affection by times, by policy,
By appointment; if they frown, who dares call
Them unconstant? if bewray secrets, who
Will term them untrue? if they fall to other
Loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful?
In kings there can be no love, but to queens:
For as near must they meet in majesty,
As they do in affection.
It is requisite to stand aloof from
King's love, *Jove*, and lightning.

Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe.

Kings are earth's gods: In vice their law's their will;
And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill

Shakespear's Pericles.

It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant,
To break into the bloody house of life;
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dang'rous majesty; when, perchance it frowns
More upon humour, than advis'd respect.

Shakespear's King John.

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night: Sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he, whose brow, with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty,
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety!

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

When the *Romans* first did yield themselves
To one man's pow'r, they did not mean their lives,

Their fortunes and their liberties should be
His absolute spoil, as purchas'd by the sword.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Men are deceiv'd, who think there can be thrall
Beneath a virtuous prince. Wish'd liberty
Ne'er lovelier looks than under such a crown.
But, when his grace is merely but lip-good;
And that, no longer than he airs himself
Abroad in publick; there, to seem to shun
The strokes and stripes of flatt'rers, which within
Are letchery unto him, and so feed
His brutish sense with their afflicting sound;
As, dead to virtue, he permits himself
Be carry'd like a pitcher by the ears,
To ev'ry act of vice: this is a case,
Deserves our fear; and doth presage the nigh
And close approach of blood, and tyranny.

Johnson's Sejanus.

She tells him first, that kings
Are here on earth the most conspicuous things:
That they, by heav'n, are plac'd upon his throne,
To rule like heav'n; and have no more their own,
As they are men, than men: That all they do,
Though hid at home, abroad is search'd into:
And being once found out, discover'd lies
Unto as many envies there, as eyes:
That princes, since they know it is their fate,
Oft-times to have the secrets of their state
Betray'd to fame; should take more care, and fear
In publick acts, what face and form they bear.

Johnson on King *James.*

For though by right, and benefit of times,
He own'd their crowns, he would not so their crimes:
He knew, that princes who had sold their fame
To their voluptuous lusts, had lost their name:
And that no wretch was more unblest than he,
Whose necessary good 'twas now to be

An

An evil king: And so must such be still,
Who once hath got the habit to do ill.

Johnson on King *James*.

He knew, that those, who would with love command,
Must with a tender, yet a stedfast hand
Sustain the reins; and in the check forbear
To offer cause of injury, or fear:
That kings, by their example, more do sway,
Than by their pow'r; and men do more obey,
When they are led, than when they are compell'd.

Ibid.

Good princes soar above their fame;
And in their worth
Come greater forth,
Than in their name.

Johnson's Masques.

Princes that would their people should do well,
Must at themselves begin, as at the head;
For men, by their example, patttern out
Their imitations, and regard of laws:
A virtuous court a world to virtue draws.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

That prince doth high in virtue's reck'ning stand;
That will intreat a vice, and not command.

Chapman's Bussy D'ambois.

What monstrous humours feed a prince's blood;
Being bad to good men, and to bad men good.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

Tell your king, that he neglects
Old friends for new; and sets his soothed ease
Above his honour; marshals his policy
In rank before his justice; and his profit
Before his royalty: His humanity gone,
To make me no repayment of mine own.

Ibid.

When sovereign princes dare
Do injury to those that live beneath them,
They turn worth pity, and their pray'rs; and 'tis

In the free pow'r of those whom they oppress
To pardon 'em : Each soul has a prerogative,
And privilege royal, that was sign'd by heav'n.

Chapman and *Shirley's Admiral of France.*

For great men over-grac'd, much rigour use;
Presuming fav'rites discontentment bring;
And disproportions harmony do break :
Minions too great, argue a king too weak.

Daniel's Civil War.

For tho' this bounty, and this lib'ralness,
A glorious virtue be; it better fits
Great men than kings : Who giving in excess,
Give not their own, but others benefits :
Which calls up many's hopes, but pleasures less;
Destroying far more love, than it begets.
For justice is their virtue.——That alone
Makes them sit sure, and glorifies the throne.

Ibid.

We see, although the king be head,
The state will be the heart : This sov'reignty
Is but in place, not pow'r; and governed
By th' equal sceptre of necessity :
And we have seen more princes ruined
By their immod'rate fav'ring privately,
Than by severity in general :
For best he's lik'd, that is alike to all.

Ibid.

Which, to himself, made him with grief inveigh
Against distemper'd kings; who often are
Ill warrants for their own affairs; and weigh
Their lusts more than their dignity by far :
And what a misery they have, that sway
Their great designs; what danger, and what care:
And often must be forc'd, b'ing at their becks,
To crack their reputation, or their necks?

How

How their high favours like as fig-trees are,
  That grow upon the sides of rocks; where they
Who reach their fruit, adventure must so far,
  As t'hazard their deep downfal and decay:
Their grace not fix'd; but as a blazing star,
  Burns out the present matter, and away:
And how the world could too well witness bear,
That both their loves and hates like dang'rous were.

Daniel's Civil War.

And while they live, we see their glorious actions
Oft wrested to the worst; and all their life,
Is but a stage of endless toil and strife,
Of tumults, uproars, mutinies, and factions;
They rise with fear, and lie with danger down:
Huge are the cares, that wait upon a crown.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

O stormy state of kings, vain mortals choice,
  The glorious height, whence greatness groans to fall!
Ah! we, who courting fame, do hunt each voice,
  To seem but sov'reign, must be slaves to all:
Yet blown like bladders, with ambition's wind,
  On envy'd scepters weakly we rely;
And whilst swoln fancies do betray the mind,
  Not only th' earth, but heav'ns themselves defy.
Whilst lofty thoughts tumultuous minds do toss,
  Which are puff'd up with popular applause;
A state extended by our neighbour's loss,
  For further trouble, but procures a cause.
If fortune's dark eclipse cloud glory's light,
  Then what avails that pomp, which pride doth claim?
A mere illusion, made to mock the sight,
  Whose best was but the shadow of a dream.
Of glassy scepters, let frail greatness vaunt;
  Not scepters, no, but reeds, which rais'd up, break;
And let eye-flatt'ring shews our wits enchant,
  All perish'd are, ere of their pomp men speak.

Those golden palaces, those gorgeous halls,
With furniture superfluously fair;
Those stately courts, those skie-encountring walls,
Do vanish all like vapours in the air.
O what affliction jealous greatness bears,
Which still must travel to hold others down;
Whilst all our guards not guard us from our fears,
Such toil attends the glory of a crown!
Our painted pleasures but apparel pain:
We spend our nights in fear, our days in dangers;
Sparks shot by stars, slaves bound to fortune's reign:
Though known to all, yet to ourselves but strangers.
A Golden crown doth cover leaden cares;
The sceptre cannot lull their thoughts asleep,
Whose souls are drown'd with floods of cold despairs;
Of which, base vulgars cannot sound the deep.
The bramble grows, altho' it be obscure,
Whilst lofty cedars feel the bluster'ring winds;
And mild plebeian souls may live secure,
Whilst mighty tempests toss imperial minds.
What are our days but dreams? our reign a glance?
Whilst fortune's fever makes us rage and rave,
Which with strange fits doth to a height advance;
'Till, e're pain us, we first our life must leave.
For glist'ring greatness by ambition lov'd,
I was the wonder of all gazing eyes;
But free from shadows, real essence, 'prov'd,
States just proportion ruin only tries.

E. of *Sterline's Darius*

Kings, govern people; over-rack them not:
Fleece us, but do not clip us to the quick;
Think not with good, and ill, to write, and blot:
The good doth vanish, where the ill doth stick:
Hope not with trifles to grow popular;
Wounds that are heal'd, for ever leave a scar.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

Kings for their safety, must not blame mistrust;
Nor for surmises, sacrifice the just.

Lord Brooke's *Mustapha.*

Ah hum'rous kings! how are you toss'd, like waves,
With breaths, that from the earth beneath you move;
Observed, and betray'd; known, and undone;
By being nothing, unto all things won.
Frail man! that woo'st misfortune in thy wit;
By giving thy made idol leave to fashion
Thy ends to his. For mark, what comes of it:
Nature is lost, our being only chance,
Where grace alone, not merit, must advance.

Lord *Brooke's Mustapha.*

Like as strong winds do work upon the sea,
Stirring, and tossing waves to war each other;
So princes do with peoples humours play:
As if confusion were the scepter's mother.
But crowns, take heed; when humble things mount high,
The winds oft calm, before those billows lie.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

Oh happy men! that know not, or else fear
This second slipp'ry place of honours steep;
Which we with envy get, and danger keep.
Unhappy state of ours, wherein we live;
Where doubts give laws, which never can forgive:
Where rage of kings not only ruins be,
But where their very love works misery.
For princes humours, are not like the glass,
Which in it shews what shapes without remain,
And with the body go, and come again:
But like the wax, which first bears but his own,
Till it the seal in easy mould receive,
And by th' impression then, is only known.

Lord *Brooke's Mustapha.*

Let him account his bondage from that day,
That he is with a diadem invested;
A glitt'ring crown hath made this hair so gray,
Within whose circle he is but arrested:
To true content, this is no certain way;
With sweeter cates the mean estate is seasted:

For when his proud feet scorn to touch the mold,
His head's a pris'ner in a gaol of gold.

In numb'ring subjects, he but numbers care;
And when with shouts the people do begin,
Let him suppose, th' applause but prayers are,
That he may 'scape the danger he is in;
Wherein t' adventure he so boldly dares:
The multitude hath multitudes of sin;
And he that first doth cry, God save the king,
Is the first man, him evil news doth bring.

Lost in his own, misled in others ways;
Sooth'd with deceits, and fed with flatteries;
Himself displeasing, wicked men to please;
Obey'd no more than he shall tyrannize;
The least in safety, being most at ease;
With one friend winning many enemies:
And when he sitteth in his greatest state,
They that behold him most, bear him most hate.

Drayton's Barons War.

One crown is guarded with a thousand swords:
To mean estates, mean sorrows are but shewn;
But crowns have cares, whose workings be unknown.

Drayton's Dudley to Jane Grey.

——————— While kings are strong,
What they'll but think, and not what is, is wrong:
Passion is reason, when it speaks from might.
I tell thee, man; nor kings, nor gods exempt,
They both grow pale, if once they find contempt.

Marston's Sophonisba.

Why man, I never was a prince till now.
'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,
Gilt tip-staves, *Tyrian* purple, chains of state,
Troops of pyd butterflies, that flutter still
In greatness summer, that confirm a prince:
'Tis not th' unsav'ry breath of multitudes,
Shouting, and clapping, with confused din,
That makes a prince: No, *Lucio*, he's a king,

A true, right king, that dares do ought, save wrong;
Fears nothing mortal, but to be unjust;
Who is not blown up with the flatt'ring puffs
Of spungy sycophants; who stands unmov'd,
Despight the justling of opinion:
Who can enjoy himself, maugre the throng,
That strive to press his quiet out of him;
Who sits upon *Jove*'s foot-stool, as I do,
Adorning, not affecting majesty:
Whose brow is wreathed with the silver crown
Of clear content: This, *Lucio*, is a king——
And of this empire, ev'ry man's possess'd,
That's worth his soul.

Marston's *First Part of Antonio and Mellida.*

Wretched state of kings! that standing high;
Their faults are marks, shot at by ev'ry eye.

Dekker's *Match me in London.*

Alas! what are we kings?
Why do you gods place us above the rest,
To be serv'd, flatter'd, and ador'd; till we
Believe we hold within our hands your thunder:
And when we come to try the pow'r we have,
There's not a leaf shakes at our threatnings?

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Philaster.*

That king stands surest, who by's virtue rises
More than by birth or blood. That prince is rare,
Who strives in youth, to save his age from care.

Middleton's *Phœnix.*

——— Misery of princes,
That must of force be censur'd by their slaves!
Not only blam'd, for doing things are ill;
But, for not doing all, that all men will.

Webster's *White Devil.*

The lives of princes, should like dials move;
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right, or wrong.

Webster, ibid.

And what is't makes this bleſſed government,
But a moſt provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times?
Though ſome of th' court hold it preſumption,
To inſtruct princes what they ought to do;
It is a noble duty to inform them,
What they ought to foreſee.

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

Some would think the ſouls
Of princes were brought forth by ſome more weighty
Cauſe, than thoſe of meaner perſons: They are
Deceiv'd, there's the ſame hand to them; the like
Paſſions ſway them; the ſame reaſon that makes
A vicar go to law for a tythe-pig,
And undo his neighbours, makes them ſpoil
A whole province, and batter down goodly
Cities with the cannon.

Webſter's Dutcheſs of Malfy.

——— Kings do often grant
That happineſs to others, which themſelves do want.

Daulborne's Poor Man's Comfort

——— That's an unhappy ſtate,
When kings muſt fear to love, leſt ſubjects hate.

Goffe's Courageous Turk.

Happy's that prince, that ere he rules, ſhall know,
Where the chief errors of his ſtate do grow.

Sweetnam, the Woman Hater.

——— For a king
Not to be forced, is a glorious ſtate;
But not perſuaded, is a dang'rous fate.

For tho' the faults of private men, may be
Stay'd in themſelves: A prince's may redound,
And be reflex'd on thouſands: Thus at ſea,
Men by a ſhip-boy's fault are rarely drown'd;
But if the pilot ſhall a fault commit,
They're caſt upon the ground, or ſunk, or ſplit.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

Oh

h! why do princes love to be deceiv'd?
nd ev'n do force abuſes on themſelves?
heir ears are ſo with pleaſing ſpeech beguil'd;
hat truth they malice, flatt'ry truth account:
nd their own ſoul and underſtanding loſt;
o, what they are, to ſeek in other mens.

Nero.

——— Oh the miſerable
ndition of a prince! who though he vary
ore ſhapes than *Proteus*, in his mind and manners;
e cannot win an univerſal ſuffrage,
om the many-headed monſter, multitude:
ke *Æſop*'s fooliſh frogs, they trample on him,
s on a ſenſeleſs block, if his government be eaſy;
nd if he prove a ſtork, they croke, and rail
gainſt him as a tyrant.

Maſſinger's Emperor of the Eaſt.

——— Wherefore pay you
his adoration to a ſinful creature?
m fleſh and blood, as you are; ſenſible
f heat, and cold; as much a ſlave unto
he tyranny of my paſſions, as the meaneſt
f my poor ſubjects. The proud attributes
y oil'd-tongue flatt'ry impos'd upon us,
s ſacred, glorious, high, invincible,
he deputy of heaven, and in that
mnipotent; with all falſe titles elſe,
oin'd to abuſe our frailty, though compounded,
nd by the breath of ſycophants apply'd,
ure not the leaſt fit of an ague in us.
Ve may give poor men riches; confer honcurs
n undeſervers; raiſe, or ruin ſuch
s are beneath us; and with this puff'd up,
mbition would perſuade us to forget
hat we are men: But he that ſits above us,
nd to whom, at our utmoſt rate, we are
ut pageant properties; derides our weakneſs:
n me, to whom you kneel, 'tis moſt apparent:

Can

Can I call back yesterday, with all their aids
That bow unto my scepter? or restore
My mind to that tranquillity, and peace
It then enjoy'd? can I make *Eudoxia* chaste?
Or vile *Paulinus* honest?

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

——— I bow, and give
My crown, pray take it; and with it, give me leave
To tell you, what it brings the hapless wearer,
Beside the out-side glory: For I am
Read in the miserable fate of kings.
You think it glorious to command, but are
More subject than the poorest pays you duty;
And must obey your fears, your want of sleep,
Rebellion from your vassals, wounds ev'n from
Their very tongues, whose quietness you sweat for;
For whose dear health you waste and fright your
Strength to paleness, and your blood into a frost.
You are not certain of a friend or servant,
To build your faith upon; your life is but
Your subject's murmur, and your death their sacrifice.

Shirley's Politician.

———When kings leave
Their justice, and throw shame upon deservers;
Patience so wounded, turns a fury.

Shirley's Young Admiral.

A king that fosters men so dipt in blood;
May be call'd merciful, but never good.

Sam. Rowley's Noble Spanish Soldier.

———Oh happy kings
Whose thrones are raised in their subjects hearts!

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.

O 'tis our folly, folly, my dear friend,
Because we see th' activity of states,
To flatter them with false eternity!
Why longer than the dweller lasts the house?
Why should the world be always, and not man?

Sure

Sure Kingdoms are as mortal as their kings,
And ſtay but longer for their period.

Gomerſall's Lodovick Sforza.

'Tis true, indulgency, and flattery,
Take away the benefit of experience
From princes; which ennobles the fortunes
Of private men.

Marmyon's Antiquary.

A prince governs now, which has the name of
Mercy, as well as pow'r; which he truly knows,
And in his firſt deeds deſires to ſhew on
You. He does not think he is then like *Jove*
When he can thunder, but when he can hold
It in; not when he is the voice of death,
But when he ſits harmleſs, with the power
Of death about him. Revenge, and Torments,
Executions, are not expreſſions of a king;
But a deſtruction: He rivals not
Th' immortal pow'rs, in temples, ſtatues,
Adoration, but tranſcendent virtues,
Divine performances: theſe are th' additions,
By which he climbs to heaven, and appears
A God on earth.

Killegrew's Conſpiracy.

———'Tis not enough to be
But born a prince; our greateſt royalty
Lies in our acts: If we have greateſt parts
In reverence, let's have ſo in deſerts.

Baron's Mirza.

Oh the ſtate of princes!
How far are we from that ſecurity,
We dream't of, in th' expectance of our crown?
Were foreign dangers nothing, yet we nouriſh
Our ruin in our boſom: *Vallenzo* is a traytor,
So is *Piero* too; and who is not in this age?
It is unſafe not to ſuſpect ourſelf.

Sicily and Naples.

Reaſon

Reason sit still, enthron'd in thine own state;
'Tis passion only ruins kings, not fate.

Sicily and Na

——————— The faults kings do,
Shine like the fiery beacons on a hill,
For all to see, and seeing tremble at:
It's not a single ill, which you commit;
What in the subject is a petty fault,
Monsters your actions, and's a foul offence;
You give your subjects licence to offend,
When you do teach them how.

Hemmings's Fatal Conin

Kings arm their subjects, when they break their la

Hemmings, I

'Tis but a dog-like madness in bad kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.
As some plants prosper best, by cuts and blows;
So kings by killing, do encrease their foes.

Horr

That prince must govern with a gentle hand,
That will have love comply with his command.

I

Thou art deceiv'd; 'twas not his hand,
But the just hand of heav'n that whips my sins,
And through my veins pours out the innocent blood
Which I had spilt before; the hand that holds
The equal balance to discern the weight
'Twixt princes justice and their tyranny,
Measures their blessings and their plagues alike,
To their fair virtues or black infamies;
And makes the horrid acts of murd'rous minds
But instruments of plague to punish guilt;
And pay us in the coin with which we hop'd
To buy our glutt'nous surfeits. Such is the state
Of prince's privilege, that we may run
Into the depth of sin, and uncontroul'd
Pull vengeance on our heads; while the smooth han
Of pest'lent flatt'ry claps us on the back,

A

And gives us edge to villany, till they see
Mis'ry and desolation close us round;
Then they fly back, and gaze, as on a place
Stricken with furious thunder in a storm:
When ev'ry vulgar hand has laws, and fear
Of prying authority to hold him back,
And friendly enemies to upbraid him with
His faults, and keep him in the bounds of mercy;
Only our heights bereave us of these helps;
And we are sooth'd in vices, till we run
Beyond the reach of grace, and stand within
The shot of heaviest vegeance, which seldom comes
Short of our merits.

Jones's Adrasta.

Kings rais'd to heav'n, by an unskilful pen;
Scarce look, when made ill gods, so well as men.

Sir *W. Davenant* to the *King.*

For from the monarch's virtue, subjects take
Th' ingredient which does publick virtue make:
At his bright beam they all their tapers light,
And by his dial set their motion right.

Sir *W. Davenant* on the *Restauration.*

1. O, you are wise,
And constant to yourselves; had you but any share
Of love for me, you would unking me straight,
And then teach me a sudden way to be no monster.
2. A monster, sir! we understand you not.
1. What am I else, that still beneath
Two bodies groan, the nat'ral and the politick
By force compounded of most diff'rent things.
How wearisome, and how unlucky is
The essence of a king; gentle, yet by
Constraint severe; just in our nature, yet
We must dissemble; our very virtues are
Taken from us, only t'augment our sway?
2. Your judgment is too cruel of yourself.
1. In what's our pity, or our kindness more
Express'd, than when we father other's crimes?

As

As if it were a great prerogative
'To make the guilty safe. Our wealth serves
'To keep men's hopes in pay; only happy
When we can purchase friends, because they f
And ease the glorious torment of our power.
Sir *W. Davenant's Fair I*

Kings are but royal slaves, and pris'ners too;
'They always toil, and always guarded go.
Alexand

Henceforth, sir, be every body's king;
And then you are yourself: Lend equal ears
'To what all say; and like a skilful chymist
Draw the quick spirit off from ev'ry council,
And from your wise breast breath it as your ow
Sir *R. Howard's Great I*

'The gods that in my fortunes were unkind;
Gave me not scepters, nor such gilded thin
But whilst I wanted crowns, inlarg'd my mind
'To despise scepters, and dispose of kings.
Sir *R. Howard's Indi*

And when the crown's once gain'd, there needs
Crimes change their natures then, or men chan
Sir *R. Howard's B*

For nothing can old monarchs more offend;
'Than when their successors we much commend
E. of *Orrery's A*

What poor things are kings!
What poorer things are nations to obey
Him, whom a petty passion does command?
Fate, why was man made so ridiculous?
Oh! am mortal. Men but flatter me.
Oh fate! Why were not kings made more tha
Or why will people have us to be more?
Alas! we govern others, but ourselves
We cannot rule; as our eyes that do see
All other things, but cannot see themselves.
Fountain's Rewards o

You hate a prince, unless he'll tamely bear
Partners in pow'r; let senates have a share.
Where laws, and domineering senates reign,
Princes are slaves in purple, knaves in grain;
Sword-bearers to a many-headed lord,
I mean the crowd, and weak upon record:
For ev'ry law made by the state, implies,
That princes are defective, senates wise.

Crown's Caligula

KISSES.

If I prophane with my unworthy hand
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand,
To smooth the rough touch with a tender kiss.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

——Then kiss'd me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips.

Shakespear's Othello.

——————— The kiss,
Which at the face began, transplanted is
Since to the hand, since to th'imperial knee,
Now at the papal foot delights to be.
If kings think that the nearer way, and do
Miss from the foot; lovers may do so too.

Dr. *Donne.*

——————We'll point our speech
With am'rous kissing, kissing-commas, and ev'n suck
The liquid breath from out each others lips.

Marston's First Part of Antonio and Mellida.

He kiss'd her with that greediness of affection,
As if his lips had been as red as yours.
I look'd still when he would be black in th'mouth,
Like boys with eating hedge-berries

Middleton's More Dissemblers besides Women.

Kiss the tear from her lip, you'll find the rose
The sweeter for the dew.

Webster's Devil's Law Case.

Kiss

Kiſs you at firſt, my lord! 'tis no fair faſhion;
Our lips are like roſe-buds, blown with mens bre
They loſe both ſap and ſavour.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Mad*

——————May I taſte
The nectar of her lip? I do not give it
The praiſe it merits: Antiquity is too poor
To help me with a ſimile t'expreſs her:
Let me drink often from this living ſpring,
To nouriſh new invention.

Maſſinger's *Emperor of t*

——————Never man before
More bleſt; nor like this kiſs hath been another
But when two dangling cherries kiſs'd each othe
Nor, ever beauties like, met at ſuch cloſes,
But in the kiſſes of two damask roſes.
Oh, how the flow'rs preſt with their treadings o
Strove to caſt up their heads to look upon them!
How jealouſly the buds that ſo had ſeen them,
Sent forth the ſweeteſt ſmells to ſlep between th
As fearing the perfume lodg'd in their pow'rs,
Once known of them, they might neglect the ſ
How often wiſh'd *Amyntas* with his heart,
His ruddy lips from hers might never part;
And that the heav'ns this gift were then beqeat
To feed on nothing, but each others breathing.

Brown's *P*

Whoſe kiſſes raiſe between them ſuch a fire,
That ſhould the *Phœnix* ſee, he to expire
Would ſhun the ſpicy mountain; and ſo take
Himſelf between their lips, a grave to make.

J

Now you that taſte of *Hymen*'s cheer,
See that your lips do meet ſo near,
That cockles may be tutor'd there.

J

ıs kiſs; wo l you be gone?
at leaſt allows me one:
ı at this? Pretty one ſtay,
ll take that kiſs away,
:h a ſecond; and that too
vipes off; ſo will we go
ɔers that the ſtars out-run,
he atoms in the ſun:
gh we kiſs till *Phœbus'* ray
he ſeas, and kiſſing ſtay
ɔright beams return again;
ın of all but one remain:
ɔr one, good manners call,
ɔood manners, grant me all.
:s all? They but ſore-run
duty to be done:
ɔuld you of that minſtrel ſay
ıes his pipes, and will not play?
t are bloſſoms in their prime,
ɔen not in harveſt time?
: are buds that ne'er diſcloſe
g'd-for ſweetneſs of the roſe?
to a lover's gueſt
tations, not the ſeaſt.

Randolph.

hile ſhe ſleeps, gods do deſcend, and kiſs;
nd all others breath, but borrow this.

Cartwright's Siege.

for practice ſake
your woman? Lord, how lady's lips
leneſs, and will be buſy'd, when
: lies fallow; and rather than want action,
within themſelves, an't be t'enjoy
poor pleaſure of contemplation!

Main's City Match.

Kiſs

Kiſs me, tremble not.
Fie, what a *January* lip thou haſt!
A pair of iſicles! ſure, thou haſt bought
A pair of caſt lips of the chaſte *Diana*'s;
Thy blood's mere ſnow-broth, kiſs me again.——
Hemings's *Fatal Contra*

Kiſſing, and buſſing, differ both in this;
We buſs out wantons, but our wives we kiſs.
Herri

Thus ſpake ſhe; and with fix'd continu'd ſight,
The duke did all her baſhful beauties view;
Then they with kiſſes ſeal'd their ſacred plight;
Like flow'rs ſtill ſweeter as they thicker grew.
Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondib*

Her kiſſes faſter, though unknown before,
Than bloſſoms fall on parting ſpring, ſhe ſtrew'd;
Than bloſſoms ſweeter, and in number more.
Ib

1. What's to do? 2. I muſt bluſh a while.
1. Bluſhes are for the morning of love; we
Have travell'd many tedious hours ſince that,
And without any refreſhment, except
Baiting now and then a kiſs: Thoſe lips are
Delightful places, but not the end of the journey.
Crown's *City Politicks*

KNOWLEDGE.

Through knowledge we behold the world's creation;
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And judge of nature's cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formleſs maſs:
By knowledge we do learn our ſelves to know;
And what to man, and what to God we owe.
Spenſer.

Why did my parents ſend me to the ſchools,
That I with knowledge might enrich my mind;
Since the deſire to know, firſt made men fools,
And did corrupt the root of all mankind?

God's hand, had written in the hearts
r first parents, all the rules of good;
ıeir skill infus'd, surpass'd all arts
ver were before, or since the flood:

n their reason's eye was sharp and clear,
an eagle's can behold the sun,
/e approach'd th' eternal light as near
intellectual angels could have done;

ı to them the sp'rit of lies suggests,
hey were blind, because they saw not ill;
th'd into their incorrupted breasts
ıus wish, which did corrupt their will.

t same ill, they straight desir'd to know;
ill being nought, but a defect of good,
l's works the devil could not show,
man, their lord, in his perfection stood.

emselves were first to do the ill,
:y thereof the knowledge could attain;
, that knew not poison's pow'r to kill,
ɔy tasting it, himself was slain.

ɔy tasting of that fruit forbid,
they sought knowledge, they did error find;
esir'd to know, and ill they did;
ı give passion eyes, made reason blind.

their minds did first in passion see
wretched shapes of misery and woe,
lness, of shame, of poverty;
then their own experience made 'em know.

grew reason dark, that she no more
the fair forms of good and truth discern;
became, who eagles were before,
ıis they got by their desire to learn.

But

But we, their wretched off-spring, what do we?
Do not we still taste of the truth forbid;
While with fond fruitless curiosity,
In books profane, we seek for knowledge hid?

What is this knowledge, but the sky-stoll'n fire,
For which the thief still chain'd in ice doth sit;
And which the poor rude satyr did admire,
And needs would kiss, but burnt his lips with it!

What is it, but the cloud of empty rain,
Which when *Jove*'s guest embrac'd, he monsters got
Or the false pails, which oft being fill'd with pain,
Receiv'd the water, but retain'd it not?

In fine, what is it, but the fiery coach,
Which the youth sought, and sought his death withal
Or the boy's wings, which when he did approach
The sun's hot beams, did melt and let him fall?

And yet, alas! when all our lamps are burn'd,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent;
When we have all the learned volumes turn'd,
Which yields mens wit both help and ornament;

What can we know, or what can we discern,
When error clouds the windows of the mind?
The divers forms of things how can we learn;
That have been ever from our birth-day blind?

Sir *John Davies*

——— Another's knowledge
Apply'd to my instruction, cannot equal
My own soul's knowledge, how to inform acts;
The sun's rich radiance shot through waves most fair,
Is but a shadow to his beams i'th' air;
His beams that in the air we so admire,
Is but a darkness to his flaming fire;
In fire his fervor but a vapour flies,
To what his own pure bosom rarifies:

An

ıe almighty wiſdom, having given
nan within himſelf an apter light
de his acts, than any light without him;
ıg nothing, not in all things equal:
ıs a fault in any that depend
ıers knowledge, and exile their own.

Chapman and *Shirley*'s *Admiral of France.*

w the ſoul, with all her might,
ı her celeſtial forces ſtrain,
ɔ ſhe may attain the light
ıatures wonders; which remain
from our eyes! we ſtrive in vain
ɛ out things that are unſure:
iences to ſeem profound,
dive ſo deep, we find no ground;
: more knowledge we procure,
ɔre it doth our minds allure,
ıyſterys the depth to ſound:
; our deſires we never bound;
by degrees, thus drawn on ſtill,
memory may not endure;
the tubs which *Danaus*' daughters fill,
ink no oftner, than conſtrain'd to ſpill.

E. of *Sterline*'s *Cræſus.*

nd of man, is this world's true dimenſion;
knowledge is the meaſure of the mind:
he mind, in her vaſt comprehenſion,
ins more worlds than all the world can find:
ledge doth itſelf far more extend,
l the minds of man can comprehend.

Lord *Brooke* on *Human Learning.*

wledge kindles calentures in ſome,
ɔ others icy opium.
:, as true, is that profeſſion then,
ou do uſe to make; that you know man.

Dr. *Donne.*

There's nothing makes man feel his miseries,
But knowledge only; reason, that is plac'd
For man's director, is his chief afflictor.

Middleton's Mayor of Quinborough

Those only may be truly said to know,
Whose knowledge, pays their country what they owe.

Lady *Alimony*

Before by death, you never knowledge gain;
For to encrease your knowledge you must dye:
Tell me, if all the learning be not vain,
On which we proudly in this life rely?

Is not the learning which we knowledge call,
Our own but by opinion, and in part?
Not made intirely certain, nor to all;
And is not knowledge but disputed art?

And tho' a bad, yet 'tis a forward guide;
Who, vexing at the shortness of the day,
Doth, to o'ertake swift time, still onward ride;
Whilst we still follow, and still doubt our way.

A guide, who ev'ry step proceeds with doubt;
Who guessingly her progress doth begin;
And brings us back where first she led us out,
To meet dark midnight at our restless inn.

It is a plummet to so short a line,
As sounds no deeper than the sounder's eyes;
The people's meteor, which not long can shine,
Nor far above the middle region rise.

This spy from schools gets ill intelligence,
Where art imposing rules, oft gravely errs;
She steals to nature's closet, and from thence
Brings nought but undecypher'd characters.

She doth, like *India*'s last discovr'rs, boast
Of adding to old Maps; tho she has been
But sailing by some clear and open coast;
Where all is woody, wild, and dark within.

False

False learning wanders upward more and more;
  Knowledge, for such there is in some degree,
Still vainly, like the eagle, loves to soar,
  Though it can never to the highest see.

For error's mist doth bound the spirit's sight;
  As clouds, which make earth's arched roof seem low,
Restrain the body's eyes: and still when light
  Grows clearer upward, heav'n must higher shew.

And as good men, whose minds tow'rds Godhead rise,
  Take heaven's height high'r than they can express;
So from that height they lower things despise,
  And oft contract earth's littleness to less.

Of this forbidden fruit, since we but gain
  A taste, by which we only hungry grow;
We merely toil to find our study's vain,
  And trust to schools, for what they cannot know.

If knowledge be the coin of souls, 'tis set
  Above the standard of each common reign;
And, like a medal of God's cabinet,
  Is seldom shewn, and soon put up again.

For though in one bleft age much sway it bears,
  Yet to the next, it oft becomes unknown;
Unless, like long hid medals, it appears
  In counterfeits, and for deceit be shewn.

If heav'n with knowledge did some one endue
  With more than the experience of the dead;
To teach the living more than life e'er knew
  In schools, where all succession may be bred:

Then, as in courts, mere strangers bashfully
  At first their walk tow'rds private doors begin;
But bolder grow, when those they open spy,
  And, being enter'd, beckon others in:

So to each ſtudious cell, which would appear,
Like nature's privy lodgings, my addreſs
I firſt by ſtealth would make; but ent'ring there,
I ſhould grow bold, and give to all acceſs.

Sir *W. Davenant's Philoſopher to the Chriſtian.*

We, for their knowledge, men inſpir'd adore;
Not for thoſe truths they hide, but thoſe they ſhow;
And vulgar reaſon finds, that none knows more
Than that which he can make another know.

Sir *W. Davenant, Ibid.*

If our lives motions theirs muſt imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, muſt circulate.
When, like a bridegroom, from the *Eaſt*, the ſun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run:
Into earth's ſpungy veins the ocean ſinks,
Thoſe rivers to repleniſh, which he drinks:
So learning, which from reaſon's fountain ſprings,
Back to the ſource, ſome ſecret channel brings.
'Tis happy, when our ſtreams of knowledge flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

Denham.

Though knowledge does beget both joy and love,
Yet vice and ſorrow too her iſſue prove;
Preſs'd with the laſt, the greateſt numbers ſhow;
And the world's ſeeming miſchief is, to know.

Sir *R. Howard's Veſtal Virgin.*

For in much wiſdom lies much grief; and thoſe
That increaſe knowledge, but increaſe their woes.

Alex. Brome.

L A W.

E have ſtrict ſtatutes, and moſt biting laws,
The needful bits and curbs for headſtrong ſteeds
or theſe nineteen years we have let ſleep;
an oe'r grown lion in a cave,
s not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers,
ound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
ick it in their children's ſight,
r, not to uſe; in time the rod's
ck'd than fear'd: So our decrees,
infliction, to themſelves are dead;
ty plucks juſtice by the noſe;
beats the nurſe, and quite athwart
decorum.

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

not make a ſcare-crow of the law,
up to fear the birds of prey,
keep one ſhape, till cuſtom make it
arch, and not their terror.

Shakeſpear's, Ibid.

————Since I am free,
no juſt law; let no law make
rong it does, my life her ſlave:
m wrong'd, and that law fails to right me,
e king myſelf, as man was made,
juſtice that exceeds the law:
ong paſs the pow'r of ſingle valour
and expiate; then be you my king,
right, exceeding law and nature:
imſelf is law, no law doth need;
o law, and is a king indeed.

Chapman's Buſſy D'ambois.

Since her interpretations, and our deeds,
  Unto a like infinity arise;
As b'ing a science that by nature breeds
  Contention, strife, and ambiguities:
For altercation controversy feeds,
  And in her agitation multiplies:
The field of cavil lying all like wide,
Yields like advantage unto either side.

Which made the grave *Castilian* king devise
  A prohibition, that no advocate
Should be convey'd to th' *Indian* colonies;
  Lest their new settling, shaken with debate,
Might take but slender root; and so not rise
  To any perfect growth of firm estate:
For having not this skill how to contend,
Th' unnourish'd strife would quickly make an end.

Daniel on Lord Keeper *Egerton*.

Laws, the next pillars be, with which we deal,
As sophistries of ev'ry common-weal;
Or rather nets, which people do ask leave,
That they to catch their freedoms in, may weave;
And still add more unto the sultan's pow'r,
By making their own frames themselves devour.
These *Lesbian* rules, with shew of real grounds,
Giving right, narrow; will, transcendent bounds.

Lord *Brooke*'s *Mustaphe*.

Since multitude of laws are signs either of
Much tyranny in the prince, or much
Rebellious disobedience in the subject;
We rather think it fit to study, how
To have our old laws thoroughly executed;
Than to have new statutes cumbrously invented.

Marston's *Fawn*.

You oft call parliaments, and there enact
Laws good and wholsome, such as whoso break
Are hung by the purse or neck: But as the weak

And

ıd ſmaller flies i'the ſpider's web are ta'en,
hen great ones tear the web, and free remain;
may that moral tale of you be told,
hich once the wolf related: In the fold
he ſhepherds kill'd a ſheep, and eat him there;
he wolf look'd in, and ſee'ng them at ſuch cheer,
as! quoth he, ſhould I touch the leaſt part
f what you tear, you would pluck out my heart.
reat men make laws, that whoſoe'er draws blood
ıall dye; but if they murder flocks, 'tis good:
ll go eat my lamb at home, ſir.

- *Dekker's Match me in London.*

. Tell me, what has made thee ſo melancholy?
. Why, going to law.
. Why will that make a man melancholy?
. Yes, to look long upon ink and black
uckram——I went to law *in anno*
uadrageſimo ſecundo; and I
Vaded out of it, *in anno ſexageſimo tertio.*
. What! three and twenty years in law?
. I have known thoſe that have been five and fifty,
nd all about pullen and pigs.
. May it be poſſible ſuch men ſhould breathe,
o vex the terms ſo much?
'Tis food to ſome,
ly lord. There are old men at the preſent,
hat are ſo poiſon'd with th' affectation
f law-words, having had many ſuits canvaſs'd;
hat their common talk is nothing but barb'rous
tin: They cannot ſo much as pray, but
. law, that their ſins may be remov'd, with
writ of error, and their ſouls fetch'd up
o heaven with a *certiorari*.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

his wretch, that lov'd, before his food, his ſtrife,
his puniſhment falls even with his life;
is pleaſure was vexation, all his bliſs.

'The torment of another:
'Their hurt his health, their ſtarved hope his ſtore;
Who ſo loves law, dies either mad or poor.

Middleton's Phœnix.

1. Still in law?
2. I had not breath'd elſe now; 'tis very marrow,
Very marrow to me, to be in law:
I had been dead ere this elſe. I have found
Such ſweet pleaſure in the vexations of others,
'That I could wiſh my years over and over again,
'To ſee that fellow a beggar; that bawling knave a gentleman:
A matter brought ev'n t'a judgment to day,
As far as e'er it was, to begin again to-morrow.
Oh raptures! here a writ of *demur*,
'There a *procedendo*; here a *certiorari*,
'There a *capiendo*; tricks, delays, money-laws!
I have been a term trotter myſelf theſe five
And forty years; a goodly time, and a gracious!
In which ſpace, I have been at leaſt ſixteen times
Beggar'd, and got up again; and in the mire again,
'That I have ſunk again, and yet got up again.
Nay more, (*in ſidei bonâ* be it ſpoken)
You ſee I am old, yet have at this preſent,
Nine and twenty ſuits in law, and all not worth forty shillings.
'The pleaſure of man is all:
A ſtake pull'd out of my hedge, there's one:
I was well beaten, I remember, that's two:
I took one a bed with my wife, againſt her will; that's three;
Was call'd cuckold for my labour, that's four;
I took another a bed with her, that's five:
And then one call'd me wittal, that's the ſixth;
He kill'd my dog for barking, that's ſeven;
My maid ſervant was kiſs'd at that time, eight;
My wife miſcarry'd with a puſh, nine;

Et sic de cæteris.
I have so vex'd and beggar'd the whole parish
With *processes*, *subpœna's*, and such like molestations,
They are not able to spare so much ready money
From a term, as would set up a new weather cock:
The church-wardens are fain to go law
With the poor's money: And I so fetch up all the men
Ev'ry term-time, that 'tis impossible
To be at civil cuckoldry within ourselves,
Unless the whole country rise upon our wives.
2. O' my faith a pretty policy.
3. Nay, an excellent stratagem:
But of all I most wonder at the continual
Substance of thy wit, that having had so
Many suits in law from time to time, thou
Hast still money to relieve them.
1. Why do you so much wonder at that? Why this is my course.
My mare and I come up some five days 'fore the term,
Here I lodge, as you see, among inns and places
Of most receipt; by which advantage I
Dive into the countrymens causes, furnish them
With knavish council, little to their profit;
Buzzing into their ears, this course, that writ,
This office, that *ultimum refugium*;
As you know I have words enough for the purpose.
2. Enough a conscience in faith.
1. Enough in law, no matter for conscience;
For which busy laborious sweating courtesy,
They cannot chuse but feed me with money,
By which I maintain mine own suits.
Another special trick I have, which is
To prefer most of those men to one attorney
Whom I affect best; to answer which kindness of mine,
He'll sweat the better in my cause, and do them
The less good; take it of my word, I help'd
My attorney to more clients the last term,

Than he will dispatch all his life-time: I did it.

Middleton's Phœnix.

The good needs fear no law;
It is his safety, and the bad man's awe.

Massinger, Middleton, and *Rowley's Old Law.*

We are of the condition of some great
Men in office; that desire execution
Of the laws, not so much to correct offences
And reform the commonwealth; as to thrive
By their punishment, and grow rich and fat
With a clear conscience.

Shirley's St. *Patrick for Ireland.*

If we offend the law,
The law may punish us; which only strives
To take away excess, not the necessity
Or use of what's indiff'rent: And is made
Or good or bad by 't's use.

Nabbs's Covent-Garden.

——————————— We see
Thieves daily hang'd for robberies; yet some
Go on still in the practice! What a fine
Is set upon the head of foul adultery,
And yet our neighbours wives can hardly 'scape us!
There are laws against extortion, and sad
Penalties set upon bribes;
Yet great mens hands have their forefathers itch!
Prisons are fill'd with bankrupts; yet we see
How crafty merchants often wrong their creditors,
And *Londoners* fly to live at *Amsterdam!*

Richard Brome's English Moor.

Dead falls the cause, if once the hand be mute;
But let that speak, the client gets the suit.

Herrick.

Your clemency has taught us to believe
It wise, as well as virtuous, to forgive.
And now the most offended shall proceed
In great forgiving, till no laws we need:

For

For laws slow progresses would quickly end,
Could we forgive, as fast as men offend.
Revenge of past offences is the cause
Why peaceful minds consented to have laws:
Yet plaintiffs and defendants much mistake
Their cure, and their diseases lasting make;
For to be reconcil'd, and to comply,
Would prove their cheap and shortest remedy.
The length and charge of law vex all that sue;
Laws punish many, reconcile but few.
Intire forgiveness, thus deriv'd from you,
Does clients reconcile and factions too.

Sir *W. Davenant* on the *Restauration*.

Yet since on all war never needful was,
Wise *Aribert* did keep the people sure
By laws from little dangers; for the laws
Them from themselves, and not from pow'r secure.

Else conquerors, by making laws, o'ercome
Their own gain'd pow'r, and leave mens fury free:
Who growing deaf to pow'r, the laws grow dumb;
Since none can plead, where all may judges be.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert*.

Strict laws, are like steel bodice, good for growing limbs;
But when the joints are knit, they are not helps,
But burdens.

Fane's *Love in the dark*.

For that is made a righteous law by time,
Which law at first did judge the highest crime.

E. of *Orrery*'s *Mustapha*.

L E A R N I N G.

Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain;
As painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsly blind the eye-sight of his look:
Light, seeking light, doth light of light beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies;
Your light grows dark, by losing of your eyes.

Study is like the heav'ns glorious sun,
That will not be deep-search'd with sawcy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to ev'ry fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And ev'ry godfather can give a name.

Shakespear's Love's Labour's lost.

His learning savours not the school-like gloss,
That most consists in echoing words and terms;
And soonest wins a man an empty name:
Nor only long or far-fetch'd circumstance,
Wrapp'd in the curious gen'ralities of arts:
But a direct and analytick sum
Of all the worth and first effects of arts.

Johnson's Poetaster.

Man must not therefore rashly science scorn,
But chuse, and read with care; since learning is
A bunch of grapes sprung up among the thorns;
Where, but by caution, none the harm can miss:
Nor arts true riches read to understand,
But shall, to please his taste, offend his hand.

Lord *Brooke* on *Human Learning.*

Learning was first made pilot to the world,
And in the chair of contemplation,
Many degrees above the burning clouds
He'd in his hand the nine-leaf'd marble book,
Drawn full of silver lines and golden stars.
But farther, it was learning's place,
Till empty outsides, shadows dawb'd with gold
Pluck'd him down headlong, then he lost his wits,

And

nd ever ſince lives zany to the world;
urns pageant-poet, toiler to the preſs;
akes himſelf cheap, deteſted, hiſs'd, and ſtale
o every bubble and dull groom:
'ho, for his outſides gawdy, will preſume
o make poor wit a hackney to his pride:
nd with blunt rowell'd jeſts ſpur-gall his ſide,
ill his ſoul bleed. O, I am more than mad,
o ſee mere ſhadows, cenſure and controul
he ſubſtance, worthier both in ſenſe and ſoul.

Day's Law Tricks.

earning and arts are theories, no practicks:
o underſtand is all they ſtudy to;
ſen ſtrive to know too much, too little do.

Middleton and *Rowley's World toſs'd at Tennis.*

earning is an addition beyond
obility of birth; honour of blood,
/ithout the ornament of knowledge, is
ut a glorious ignorance.

Shirley's Lady of Pleaſure.

/hat fab'lous errors learning is attended with?
lato's five worlds, their ſempiternity,
ythagoras' tranſmigration, and opinions,
idgment would bluſh to father.

Nabbs's Covent-Garden.

How does learning flouriſh now
Athens?
Juſt as virtue at the court;
ir with the times affecting ignorance,
has baniſh'd true induſtrious labour thence;
id vicious looſeneſs finding none reſiſt,
is ſo engroſs'd the moſt refined wits,
id by the terrors of her ſenſual threats,
ed ſuch deluding crocodiles in their brains,
iat like the thriſty ſwift *Egyptian* dogs,
ey ſcarcely taſte of thoſe fair ſeven-fold ſtreams,

Into

Into whose depth their industry should dive:
And having only got a seeming face
Of superficial knowledge, 'mongst the gross,
And beast-like sense-conceiving multitude;
They most ambitiously seek and pursue
Vulgar applause for their poor outside skill;
And by such mud-wall stairs, do often rise
Up to the top of abus'd dignities.

Jones's Adrast.

Whoe'er, said he, in thy first story looks,
Shall praise thy wise conversing with the dead:
For with the dead he lives, who is with books,
And in the camp, death's moving palace, bred.

Wise youth, in books and battles early finds
What thoughtless lazy men perceive too late;
Books shew the utmost conquests of our minds;
Battles, the best of our lov'd bodies fate.

Yet this great breeding, join'd with king's high blood,
Whose blood ambition's fever over-heats
May spoil digestion, which would else be good:
As stomachs are deprav'd with highest meats.

For though books serve as diet to the mind;
If knowledge early got, self-value breeds,
By false digestion it is turn'd to wind:
And what should nourish, on the eater feeds.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

The learned teach, but what they teach, not do;
And standing still themselves, make others go.

Denham.

L E G A C Y.

Think upon the deed;
Think on your own decrepid age; and know
That day, by nature's possibility,
Cannot be far from hence, when you must leave
Those wealthy hoards that you so basely lov'd,

And carry nothing with thee, but the guilt
Of impious getting: Then, if you would give
To pious uses, what you cannot keep,
Think what a wretched charity it is?
And know this act shall leave a greater stain
On your detested memory, than all
Those seeming deeds of charity can have
A pow'r to wash away; when men shall say,
In the next age, this goodly hospital,
This house of alms, this school, though seeming fair,
Was the foul issue of a cursed murder,
And took foundation in a kinsman's blood.
The privilege that rich men have in evil,
Is, that they go unpunish'd to the devil.

May's Old Couple.

I gave, when last I was about to die,
The poets of this isle a legacy;
Each so much wealth, as a long union brings
Industrious states, or victory to kings:
So much as hope's clos'd eyes, could wish to see,
Or tall ambition reach; I gave them thee:
But as rich men, who in their sickness mourn
That they must go, and never more return
To be glad heirs unto themselves, to take
Again, what they unwillingly forsake;
As those bequeath their treasure when they die,
Not out of love, but sad necessity;
So I, they thought, did cunningly resign
Rather than give, what could no more be mine:
And they receiv'd thee not, from bounteous chance,
Or me, but as their own inheritance.

Sir *W. Davenant* to *Endimion Porter.*

L I B E L.

Since they dare not speak; the pillars now,
And pasquils will by a more dang'rous way
Traduce his name, and defamations throw,
Which wound him worse; Which made *Severus* say,
That

That he less fear'd a hundred launces, than
Th'impetuous charges of a single pen.

Alcyn's Henry

Interpret counter what is cross rehears'd;
Libels are commendations when revers'd:
Just as an optick glass contracts the sight
At one end, but when turn'd, doth multiply't.

Clou

You are the only man, whose wealthy muse
Doth furnish all the fidlers in the state
With desp'rate ballads, and invective songs:
Libels, of such weak fancy and composure,
That we do all esteem it greater wrong
To have our names extant in such paltry
Rhime, than in the slanderous sense.

Sir *W. Davenant's Cruel Br*

L I B E R T Y.

1. Whence comes this restraint?
2. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So ev'ry scope by the immod'rate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Shakespear's Measure for Mea

For like a lion that escapes his bound,
Having been long restrain'd his use to stray,
Ranges the restless woods, stays on no ground,
Riots with blood shed, wantons on his prey;
Seeks not for need, but in his pride to wound,
Glorying to see his strength, and what he may:
So this unbridl'd king, freed of his fears,
In liberty, himself thus wildly bears.

For standing now alone, he sees his might
Out of the compass of respective awe;
And now begins to violate all right,
Whilst no restraining fear at hand he saw:
Now he exacts of all, wastes in delight,
Riots in pleasure, and neglects the law:

He thinks his crown is licens'd to do ill:
That less should list, that may do what it will.

Daniel's Civil War.

But reason sworn in general to sense,
Makes honour, bondage; justice an offence:
Till liberty, that fair deceiving light,
Turns mischief to an humour popular;
Where good men catch'd in nets of duty are.

Lord Brooke's Alabam.

Our falcon's kind cannot the cage endure,
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure;
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.

Drayton's Duke of Suffolk to Queen Margaret.

O happy men born under good star,
Where what is honest you may freely think;
Speak what you think, and write what you do speak;
Not bound to servile soothings!

Marston's Fawn.

Liberty is devolved to the son,
Which doth enhance its price; as you have seen
Something preserv'd with great religion,
Only for this; It had his grandsire's been:
'Tis priz'd but by conjectural conceit;
Like an old piece, for which there is no weight.

Alleyn's Poitiers.

A shew of liberty,
When we have lost the substance; it best kept,
By seeming not to understand those faults,
Which we want power to mend.

May's Cleopatra.

. What's the quarrel?
. Liberty, they say.
. Sooth, let the king make an act,
That any man may be unmarried again;
There's liberty for them. A race
Of half witted fellows quarrel about freedom;
And all that while, allow the bonds of matrimony!

Suckling's Brennoralt.

Let all go on still in the publick name,
But keep an ear open to particular offers.
Liberty, and publick good, are like great olios,
Must have the upper end still of our tables,
Though they are but for shew.

Suckling's Brennoralt

If we retain the glory of our ancestors,
Whose ashes will rise up against our dulness;
Shake off our tameness, and give way to courage;
We need not doubt, inspir'd with a just rage,
To break the necks of those, that would yoke ours.

Tatham's Distracted State

For subjects, getting liberty,
Get but a licence to be mad.

Birds that are long in cages aw'd,
If they get out, a while will roam;
But strait want skill to live abroad,
Then pine and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run
From being pent in banks of flow'rs,
Not knowing that th' exhaling sun
Will send them back in weeping show'rs.

Soon thus for pride of liberty,
I low desires of bondage found;
And vanity of being free,
Bred the discretion to be bound.

But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchal reign,
Finding their freedom in a state,
Is but proud strutting in a chain.

Sir *W. Davenant* to *George Pen*

This a more innocent, and happy chace
Than when of old, but in the self same place,
Fair liberty pursu'd *, and meant a prey
To lawless pow'r here turn'd, and stood at bay.

* Runny Mead, *where that great Charter was first seal'd.*

:n in that remedy all l : plac'd,
ch was, or ſhould have : as leaſt, the laſt.
e was that charter * ſeal d, wherein the crown
marks of arbitrary pow'r s down.
nt and ſlave, thoſe nam of hate and fear,
happier ſtile of king and ſubject bear:
py when both to the ſame centre move;
:n kings give liberty, and ſubjects love.
refore not long in force this charter ſtood;
iting that ſeal, it muſt be ſeal'd in blood.
ſubjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
advantage only took, the more to crave:
kings by giving, give themſelves away,
ev'n that pow'r, that ſhould deny, betray:
gives conſtrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
thank'd, but ſcorn'd; nor are they gifts, but ſpoils.
s, kings, by graſping more than they could hold,
made their ſubjects, by oppreſſion, bold:
pop'lar ſway, by forcing kings to give
e than was fit for ſubjects to receive,
to the ſame extremes: and one exceſs
le both, by ſtriving to be greater, leſs.

Denham's Cooper's Hill.

ſe ills that mortal men endure,
ng are capable of cure,
ney of freedom may be ſure:
:hat deny'd; a grief, though ſmall,
:es the whole roof, or ruins all.

Herrick.

e my freedom: yet ſtrong priſons can
but the bad, and not the virtuous man.

Watkyns.

* *Magna Charta.*

L I F E.

LIFE.

The longer life, I wote the greater sin,
  The greater sin, the greater punishment;
All those great battles which thou boasts to win
  Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengem
  Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
  Is not enough thy evil life forespent?
For he, that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth stray

Then do no further go, no further stray,
  But here lie down, and to thy rest betake;
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensuen may:
  For, what hath life, that may it loved make,
  And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Fear, sickness, age, loss, labour, sorrow, strife,
  Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to qu
And ever-fickle fortune raging rife;
All which, and thousands more, do make a loathsom
Spenser's Fairy Q

The web of our life is of a mingled
Yarn, good and ill together: Our virtues
Would be proud, if our faults whipt them not;
Our crimes would despair, if they were not
Cherish'd by our virtues.
Shakespear's All's Well that ends

Be absolute for death; or death, or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with l
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would reck: a breath thou a
Servile to all the skyie influences;
That doth this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun;
And yet run'st toward him still. Thou art not no
For all th' accomodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thour't by no means vali
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt, is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy ſelf;
For thou exiſts on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complection ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the gout, ſerpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth, nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy bleſſed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſy'd eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou'ſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even!

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

Life doth her great actions ſpell,
By what was done and wrought
In ſeaſon, and ſo brought
To light her; her meaſures are, how well
Each ſyllable anſwer'd, and was form'd; how fair
Theſe make the lines of life, and that's her air.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or ſtanding long an oak, three hundred year
To fall a log, at laſt, dry, old, and ſear:
A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in *May*,

Although

Although it fall, and die that night;
It was the plant, and flow'r of light:
In small proportions, we just beauties see:
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

Johnson's Underw

——— He makes a state
In life, that can employ it; and takes hold
On the true causes, ere they grow too old.
Delay is bad, doubt worse, depending worst:
Each best day of our life escapes us first.
Then since we, more than many, these truths kn
Though life be short, let us not make it so.

Johnson's Epig

But men at once life seem to love, and loath;
Running to lose it, and to save it both.

Daniel's Civil

Her days are peace, and so she ends her breath;
True life, that knows not what's to die, till death.

Daniel's Rosam

1. Men by all means this blast of breath prolong.
2. Men should strive to live well, not to live long.
And I would spend this momentary breath,
To live by fame, for ever after death.

E. of *Sterline's Julius Ca*

Then let us live, since all things change below;
When rais'd most high, as those who once may
And hold, when by disasters brought more low,
The mind still free, whatever else be thral:
These lords of fortune, sweeten ev'ry state;
Who can command themselves, tho' not their fate.

Count not how many years he is bereav'd;
But those which he possess'd, and had receiv'd:
If I may tread no longer on this stage,
Though others think me young; it is mine age:
For whoso hath his fates full period told,
He full of years departs, and dieth old.

Brown's Pastor

'Tis a ſport to live
is irkſome; if we will not hug
in others, and contemn
n our ſelves.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

nothing, but a winter's day;
break their faſt, and ſo away:
y dinner, and depart full-fed;
eſt age but ſups and goes to bed:
in debt, that lingers out the day;
betimes, has leſs, and leſs to pay.

Quarles.

me, man ne'er dies, but changeth life;
'ly for a better. He's happieſt
the right way ſooneſt: Nature ſent us
hither; and all the goods we had
ook on credit with the world:
the beſt of men are but mere borrowers;
ome take longer day.

Richard Brome's Damoiſelle.

of incenſe 'bove the altars come,
oſe clouds lay treaſur'd up i'th' gum;
y gold rack'd into threads and wire,
more weight than when it kept intire;
y life: it might gain breadth, and riſe,
haſe more extent, but not more price.

Llewellin.

e with care is overcaſt,
n's not ſaid to live, but laſt:
life, ſeven years to tell;
live that half ſeven well.

Herrick.

reſerv'd, is worſe than baſely loſt.

Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

property of life! ſome do
e mighty war, and make divinity
ke; till for the ſport of kings they but
the number of the dead. Some walk
y paths of court, and feed on Silent

Silent ſmiles; ſome travel in the ſearch of
Human arts, but knowledge is reſerv'd; ſhe
Sits ſo high in clouds, we cannot reach her
With our eye: or if with patient ſteps we
To her climb, death ſays, we cannot reach her
With our time. For wither'd age arrives, when
Numb'ring on our griefs, not years, the tedious
Space of life we ſtraight accuſe; for life is
Like the ſpan
Forc'd from a gouty hand; which, as it gains
Extent, and active length, the more it pains.

Sir *W. Davenant's Juſt Italian.*

Our date, how ſhort ſo e'er, muſt us content:
When a good actor doth his part preſent,
In ev'ry act he our attention draws,
That at the laſt he may find juſt applauſe:
So, though but ſhort, yet we muſt learn the art
Of virtue, on this ſtage to act our part;
True wiſdom muſt our actions ſo direct,
Not only the leaſt plaudite to expect;
But grieve no more, how long that part ſhould laſt,
Than husbandmen, becauſe the ſpring is paſt:
The ſpring, like youth, freſh bloſſoms doth produce;
But autumn makes them ripe, and fit for uſe.

Denham.

Like to the falling of a ſtar,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the freſh ſpring's gawdy hue,
Or ſilver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chaſes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water ſtood;
Ev'n ſuch is man, whoſe borrow'd light
Is ſtraight call'd in, and paid to night.
The wind blows out; the bubble dies;
The ſpring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up; the ſtar is ſhot;
The flight is paſt; and man forgot.

Biſhop *King.*

Then

L O V E.

hen hark, ye gentle knights, and ladies free,
My hard mishaps, that ye may learn to shun;
ir though sweet love to conquer glorious be;
:t is the pain thereof, much greater than the fee.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

:t first he cast by treaty and by trains,
Her to persuade, that stubborn sort to yield:
or greater conquest of hard love he gains,
hat works it to his will, than he that it constrains.

Spenser, Ibid.

or love I must, and love I will,
'hough all the world say no.
'he gods I hope will not be mov'd,
ich sharp revenge to take,
'n those which err, but in such faults,
s they themselves did make.
Vere it dishonour to be kind,
'o those we best esteem;
reat *Jove* himself could not be free,
rom such disgrace I deem.

Brandon's Antony to Octavia.

'he eagle's feathers consume the feathers
'f all others; and love's desire corrupts
ll other virtues.

Lilly's Gallathea.

heart full of coldness, a sweet full of
itterness, a pain full of pleasantness,
'hich maketh thoughts have eyes, and hearts ears; bred
y desire, nurs'd by delight, wean'd by jealousy,
ill'd by dissembling, buried by
ingratitude; and this is love.

Lilly, Ibid.

hey say, base men, being in love; have then
nobility in their natures, more
han is native to them.

Shakespear's Othello.

1. We'll speak of love no more.
2. Nay, if you will, you may,
'Tis but in jest; and yet so children play
With fiery flames, and covet what is bright;
But feeling his effects, abhor the light.

Shakespear and *Rowley*'s *Birth of Merlin.*

Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love,
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still:
For goodness growing to a pleurisie,
Dies in his own too much.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity:
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind:
Nor hath love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguil'd.
As waggish boys themselves in game forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd ev'ry where.

Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's Dream.

——————— She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love, indeed? ——
We men may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shews are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Shakespear's Twelfth Night.

I

ow, I love in vain; ſtrive againſt hope;
in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I pour in the water of my love,
lack not to loſe ſtill: thus *Indian*-like,
gious in mine error, I adore
ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
knows of him no more.

Shakeſpear's All's Well that ends Well.

how this ſpring of love reſembleth
uncertain glory of an *April* day;
ch now ſhews all the beauty of the ſun,
, by and by, a cloud takes all away!

Shakeſpear's two Gentlemen of Verona.

Didſt thou but know the inly touch of love,
u wouldſt as ſoon go kindle fire with ſnow,
eek to quench the fire of love with words.
do not ſeek to quench your love's hot fire,
qualify the fire's extreamer rage;
it ſhould burn above the bounds of reaſon.
The more thou damm'ſt it up, the more it burns:
current, that with gentle murmur glides,
u know'ſt, being ſtopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
when his fair courſe is not hindered,
makes ſweet muſick with th' enamell'd ſtones;
ing a gentle kiſs to ev'ry ſedge,
overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
ſo by many winding nooks he ſtrays,
h willing ſport, to the wild ocean.

Ibid.

ne, my *Celia*, let us prove,
ile we can, the ſports of love;
ne will not be ours for ever,
at length, our good will ſever:
nd not then his gifts in vain;
s that ſet, may riſe again:
if once we loſe this light,
with us, perpetual night.

Johnſon's Volpone.

Cupid conquers, ere he doth invade.
His victories of lightest trouble prove;
For there's no labour, where is love.

Johnson's Masques.

If I freely may discover,
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her fair and witty,
Sav'ing more of court, than city;
A little proud, but full of pity:
Light and humorous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, and soon destroying;
Long, but sweet in the enjoying:
Neither too easy, nor too hard;
All extremes I would have barr'd.

Johnson's Poetaster.

Angry *Cupid*, bolting from her eyes,
Hath shot himself into me like a flame;
Where, now, he flings about his burning heat;
As in a furnace, some ambitious fire,
Whose vent is stopt. The fight is all within me;
I cannot live, except thou help me, *Mosca*;
My liver melts, and I, without the hope
Of some soft air, from her refiesling breath,
Am but a heap of cynders.

Johnson's Volpone.

The body's love is frail; subject to change,
And alter still with it: The mind is firm,
One and the same; proceedeth first from weighing,
And well examining, what is fair and good:
Then what is like in reason, fit in manners;
That breeds good will; good will desire of union:
So knowledge first begets benevolence;
Benevolence breeds friendship; friendship love:
And where it starts, or steps aside from this,
It is a meer degenerous appetite,
A lost, oblique, depraved affection;
And bears no mark, or character of love.

Johnson's New Inn.

I could

I could renew those times, when first I saw,
Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the law,
To like what you lik'd; and at masques and plays
Commend the self-same actors, the same ways;
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, be impertinent:
All which were such soft pastimes, as in these,
Love was as subtly catch'd, as a disease;
But being got, it is a treasure sweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get:
And ought not be prophan'd, on either part;
For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

Johnson's Underwoods.

Love's wars are harmless, for whoe'er does yield;
Gains as much honour, as who wins the field.

Chapman's Revenge for Honour.

Love's service, is much like our hum'rous lords,
Where minions carry more than servitors;
The bold and careless servant still obtains:
The modest and respective nothing gains.

Chapman's All Fools.

1. In love of women, my affection first
Takes fire out of the frail parts of my blood;
Which till I have enjoy'd, is passionate
Like other lovers; but fruition past,
I then love out of judgment; the desert
Of her I love, still sticking in my heart,
Though the desire, and the delight be gone:
Which must chance still, since the comparison
Made upon trial 'twixt what reason loves,
And what affection, makes in me the best
Ever preferr'd: What most love, valuing least.
2. Thy love being judgment then, and of the mind,
Marry thy worthiest mistress now being blind.
1. If there were love in marriage, so I would;
But I deny that any man doth love,
Affecting wives, maids, widows, any women;
For neither flies love milk, although they drown

In greedy search thereof; nor doth the bee
Love honey, though the labour of her life
Is spent in gath'ring it; nor those that sat
Or beasts, or fowls, do any thing therein
For any love: For, as when only nature
Moves men to meat, as far as her pow'r rules,
She doth it with a temp'rate appetite,
The too much men devour, abhorring nature;
And in our most health, is our most disease:
So, when humanity rules men and women,
'Tis for society confin'd in reason.
But what excites the bed's desire in blood,
By no means justly can be construd love;
For, when love kindles any knowing spirit,
It ends in virtue and effects divine;
And is in friendship chaste, and masculine.

Chapman's Revenge of Bussy D'ambois.

——————— For love is still
In haste; and, as a lord that rules alone,
Admits no counsellor in good nor ill!
For he and kings gladly give ear to none,
But such as smooth their ways, and sooth their will.

Daniel's Civil War.

Read it, sweet maid, tho' it be done but slightly:
Who can shew all his love; doth love but lightly,

Daniel's Sonnets.

How oft do they miscarry in their love,
And how disloyal these fine herdsmen prove;
You shall perceive how their abundant store
Pays not their expectation nor desires:
Witness these groves, wherein, they oft deplore
The miserable passions they sustain;
And how perfidious, wayward, and unkind
They find their loves to be; which we, who are
The eyes and ears of woods, oft see and hear:
For hither to these groves they must resort;
And here one wails a part the usage hard

Of her disorder'd, wild, and wilful mate:
There mourns another her unhappy state,
Held ever in restraint, and in suspect:
Another to her trusty confidant,
Laments how she is match'd to such a one
As cannot give a woman her content:
Another grieves how she hath got a fool,
Whose bed, altho' she loath, she must endure:
And thus they all, unhappy by that means
Which they account would bring all happiness;
Most wealthily are plagu'd with rich distress.

Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.

Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using:
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd it sighing cries,
Hey, ho. ————————

Love, is a torment of the mind,
A tempest everlasting;
And *Jove* hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full, nor fasting:
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries,
Hey, ho ————————

Ibid.

Ah, I remember well, and how can I
But evermore remember well, when first
Our flame begun; when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt: When as we sat and sigh'd,
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we ail'd; yet something we did ail;
And yet were well; and yet we were not well:
And what was our disease, we could not tell:
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: And thus
In that first garden of our simpleness

We ſpent our Childhood: But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah how then
Would ſhe with graver looks, with ſweet ſtern brow,
Check my preſumption, and my forwardneſs,
Yet ſtill would give me flow'rs; ſtill would me ſhew
What ſhe would have me, yet not have me know.

Daniel's Hymen's Triumph.

Love is a joy which upon pain depends;
A drop of ſweet, drown'd in a ſea of ſours;
What folly doth begin, oft fury ends;
They hate for ever, who have lov'd for hours.

E. of *Sterline's Cræſus.*

Love ſpreads the wit to play, but not to arm;
Hath many feet to walk an eaſy pace,
Slow to miſtruſt, and never apt to harm.

Lord *Brooke's Muſtapha.*

Reaſon muſt judge of love, not love of it;
Elſe ſhall love ground of ev'ry miſchief be:
For murther, theft, adultery, and ſpight,
Are but love of revenge, and others right.

Lord *Brooke's Alabam*

Art thou offended that thou art belov'd?
Remove the cauſe, the effect is ſoon remov'd:
Indent with beauty how far to extend,
Set down deſire a limit where to end;
Then charm thine eyes, that they no more may wound
And limit love to keep within a bound:
If thou do this; nay, then thou ſhalt do more;
And bring to paſs, what never was before:
Make anguiſh ſportive, craving all delight:
Mirth ſolemn, ſullen, and inclin'd to night;
Ambition lowly; envy ſpeaking well;
Love his relief for niggardiſe to ſell.

Drayton's Black Prince to the *Counteſs of Salisbury*

Love's but a card-play, all is loſt
Unleſs you cog; he that packs beſt, wins moſt.

Dekker's Wonder of a Kingdom

Sou

Soul, I muſt love her; deſtiny is weak to my affection,
A common-love: Bluſh not faint breaſt,
That which is ever lov'd of moſt, is beſt;
Let colder eld the ſtrong'ſt objections move;
No love's without ſome luſt, no life without ſome love.

Marſton's Dutch Courtezan.

Still I'm thy captive, yet thy thoughts are free:
To be love's bond-man, is true liberty.

Marſton's Inſatiate Counteſs.

He that loveth many, if once known;
Is juſtly plagu'd to be belov'd of none.

Marſton's Fawn.

Triumphant *Cupid* that ſleeps on the ſoft cheek
Of rareſt beauty; whoſe throne's in ladies eyes;
Whoſe force writh'd lightning from *Jove*'s ſhaking hand,
Forc'd ſtrong *Alcides* to reſign his club;
Pluck'd *Neptune*'s trident from his mighty arm;
Unhelmed *Mars*; he, (with theſe trophies born,
Led in but ſloth, pride, plenty, drunkenneſs,
Follow'd by folly, war, ſlaughter, beggary)
Takes his fair throne.

Ibid.

I'll tell you juſt how long love's bred in the blood;
Proſpers as long as beauty's in the bud:
When beauty withers, luſtful love grows cold;
And ere it be half ripe, 'tis rotten old.

Day's Law Tricks.

Ah what a trifle is a heart,
If once into love's hands it come!
All other griefs allow a part
To others griefs, and ask themſelves but ſome.

They come to us, but us love draws;
He ſwallows us, and never chaws:
By him, as by chain'd-ſhot, whole ranks do die;
He is the tyrant pike, and we the fry.

Dr. *Donne.*

Perfection is in unity. Prefer
One woman first, and then one thing in her.
I, when I value gold, may think upon
The ductileneſs, the application,
The wholeſomneſs, the ingenuity,
From ruſt, from ſoil, from fire, ever free:
But if I love it, 'tis becauſe 'tis made
By our new nature, uſe, the ſoul of trade.

Dr. *Donne.*

Whoever loves, if he do not propoſe
The right true end of love; he's one that goes
To ſee for nothing but to make him ſick.
Love, is a bear-whelp born; if we o'er lick
Our love, and force it new ſtrange ſhapes to take,
We err, and of a lump a monſter make.

Dr. *Donne.*

Equality is no rule in love's grammar:
That ſole unhappineſs is left to princes
To marry blood: We are free diſpoſers,
And have the pow'r to equalize their bloods
Up to our own; we cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due debt from us.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Maid in the Mill*

O hapleſs love, which being anſwer'd, ends!
And as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when rowling of his eye
He hath eſpy'd ſomething that glitters nigh
Which he would have; yet give it him, away
He throws it ſtraight, and cries afreſh to play
With ſomething elſe: Such my affection, ſet
On that, which I ſhould loath, if I could get.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdeſs*

I have forgot all vain deſires,
All looſer thoughts, ill temp'red fires;
True love I find a pleaſant fume,
Whoſe mod'rate heat can ne'er conſume,

Ibid.

Youn

——————Young wenches loves
Are like the courſe of quartans; they may ſhift
And ſeem to ceaſe ſometimes; and yet we ſee
The leaſt diſtemper pulls them back again,
And ſeats them in their old courſe.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Monſieur Thomas.*

Hear, ye ladies that deſpiſe
What almighty love has done;
Fear examples, and be wiſe;
Fair *Caliſto* was a nun:
Læda ſailing on the ſtream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a ſilver ſwan:
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a ſhower.

Hear, ye ladies that are coy,
What almighty love can do;
Fear the fierceneſs of the boy,
The chaſte moon he makes to wooe:
Veſta kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with ſpies;
Never dreaming looſe deſires,
Doting at the altar dies.
Ilion, in a ſhort hour higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Beanmont and *Fletcher*'s *Valentinian.*

What is there good in woman to be lov'd,
When only that which makes her ſo, has left her?

Middleton's *Women beware Women.*

Hear me exemplify love's *Latin* word.
As thus; hearts join'd *amore*: Take *a* from thence,
Then *more* is the perfect moral ſenſe:
Plural in manners, which in thee do ſhine
Saint-like, immortal, ſpotleſs and divine:
Take *m* away, *ore* in beauty's name,
Craves an eternal trophy to thy fame:

Lastly, take *o*, in *re* stands all my rest:
Which I in *Chaucer*'s stile do term a jest.

Middleton's Family of Love.

Young men's love i like ivy, it must have
Somewhat to cleave to; or it never prospers.
Love is like fasting days, but the body
Is like flesh days; and it is our *English*
Gallants fashion, to preferr a morsel
Of flesh, before all the fasting days in the year.

Ibid.

1. In mine eye, he's a most delicate youth;
But in my heart, a thing that it would bleed for.
2. Either your eye is blinded, or your rememb'rance
Broken: Call to mind wherefore you came hither.
1. I do my lord, for love, and I am in profoundly.
2. You trifle sure; do you long for unripe
Fruit? 'Twill breed diseases in you.
1. Nothing but worms in my belly, and there's
A seed to expel them; in mellow falling
Fruit I find no relish:
2. 'Tis true, the youngest vines
Yields the most clusters; but the old ever
The sweetest grapes
1. I can taste of both, but with the old I
Am the soonest cloy'd: The green keep still an
Edge on appetite.

Middleton's Any thing for a quiet life.

——————— Love is a god,
Strong, free, unbounded; and as some define,
Fears nothing, pitieth none: Such love is mine.

Mason's Mulcasses.

For this is held a principle in schools;
Love makes not fools wise men, but wise men fools.

Cupid's Whirligig.

Who most doth love, must seem most to neglect it;
For those that shew most love, are least respected.

John Cook's Green's Tu quoque.

For

r love, good mistress, is much like to wax,
ne more 'tis rubb'd, it sticks the faster to;
like a bird in bird-lime, or a pit-fall,
ne more he labours, still the deeper in.

Barrey's Ram-Alley.

ve that is often cross'd, at length obtain'd;
sweeter far than pleasure easily gain'd.

Webster and *Rowley's Thracian Wonder.*

ve is a law, a discord of such force,
nat, 'twixt our sense and reason makes divorce:
ve's a desire that to obtain betime,
e lose an age of years, pluck'd from our prime:
ve is a thing, to which we soon consent;
soon refuse, and sooner far repent.
hen what must women be, that are the cause
hat love hath life? that lovers feel such laws?
hey're like the winds upon *Lapanthaes* shore,
hat still are changing. Oh then love no more!
woman's love, is like the *Syrian* flow'r,
hat buds, and spreads, and withers in an hour.

Webster and *Rowley's Thracian Wonder.*

ch is the posie, love composes;
stinging nettle mix'd with roses.

Brown's Pastorals.

ves fire is of a nature, which by turns,
onsumes in presence, and in absence burns.

Ibid

it where's the fortress that can love debar?
he forces to oppose when he makes war?
he watch which he shall never find asleep?
he spy that shall disclose his councils deep?
hat fort, that force, that watch, that spy would be
lasting stop to a fifth emperie:
it we as well may keep the heat from fire,
sever hearts, whom love hath made entire.

Ibid.

ve is a region full of fires;
nd burning with extreme desires:

An object seeks, of which posseſt,
The wheels are fix'd, the motions reſt;
The flames in aſhes lie ſuppreſt.
This meteor ſtriving high to riſe,
The ſewel ſpent, falls down and dies.

Sir *John Beaum*

1. Do not too much aggravate the crime,
Rather impute it to their childiſh love?
2. To love, my lords? if that were 'lowable,
What act ſo vile, but might be ſo excus'd?
The murd'rer that ſheddeth innocent blood,
Might plead it was for love of his revenge:
The felon likewiſe, might excuſe his theft,
With love of money; and the traytor too
Might ſay, it was for love of ſov'reignty:
And indeed all offenders ſo might plead.

Swetnam the Woman Ha

They ſwell with love, that are with Valour fill'd;
And *Venus*' doves may in a head-piece build.

Aleyn's *Crete*

Let us love temp'rately, things violent laſt not;
And too much dotage rather argues folly,
Than true affection.

Maſſinger's *Duke of Mil*

All men that are in love deal with the devil;
Only with this difference, he that dotes
Upon a woman, is abſolutely poſſeſt;
And he that loves the leaſt, is haunted
With a familiar.

Shirley's Sifte

Thus can the flame of heav'n with ſubtile art,
Leave the skin whole, yet quite conſume the heart,

Ib

Love is above all law of nature, blood;
Not what men call, but what that bids, is good.

Shirley's *Maid's Reven*

Love, is, but a ſtraggling from our reaſon.

Shirley's *Witty Fair O*

Lo

Love like to ſin, inveterate, is ſtrong;
He prevents danger, that deſtroys it young.

Shirley's Witty Fair One.

Panthers may hide their heads, not change the skin:
And love pent ne'er ſo cloſe, yet will be ſeen.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

Love's meaſure is extreme; the comfort, pain:
The life unreſt; and the reward diſdain.

John Ford's 'Tis pity ſhe's a Whore.

Loves meaſure is the mean; ſweet his annoys;
His pleaſures life; and his reward all joys.

Ibid.

——— Love, I ſee you will not entertain
Thoſe that deſire to live amidſt your train:
For death and you have got a trick, to fly
From ſuch poor wretches, as do wiſh you nigh:
You ſcorn a yielding ſlave, and plainly ſhew it;
Thoſe that contemn your power you make to know it.

Randolph.

For they may ſay, that ſay thou blind can'ſt be,
Eagles want eyes, and only moles can ſee.

Ibid.

Mark, how the baſhful morn in vain
  Courts the amorous marigold,
With ſighing blaſts, and weeping rain;
  Yet ſhe refuſes to unfold:
But, when the planet of the day,
Approacheth with his pow'rful ray,
Then ſhe ſpreads, then ſhe receives
His warmer beams into her virgin-leaves:
So ſhalt thou thrive in love, fond boy:
  If thy ſighs and tears diſcover
Thy grief; thou never ſhal't enjoy
  The juſt reward of a bold lover:
But when with moving accents thou
Shalt conſtant faith, and ſervice vow;
Thy *Celia* ſhall receive thoſe charms,
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Carew.

Young men fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts;
The fix'd mark gives the shooter aim;
And ladies looks have pow'r to maim;
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies:
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love, that run away.

——— Love is such a wealth,
As must be gain'd by free consent; not stealth.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wa

For though we care not for the lover, yet
We love the passion: Though we scorn the off'r
We grieve to see it thrown away; and envy
If consecrated to another. Woman
Hath no revenge 'gainst th' injury of custom,
Which gives man superiority, but thus,——
To fool him to subjection.

Habbington's Queen of A

——— 'Tis a pure love,
Unmix'd as is the soul. The world perhaps
May judge a kingdom hath enamour'd me;
And that your titles dress you forth, to raise
My appetite up higher. Pardon, love,
If I grow envious ev'n of your fortune;
And that I'm forc'd to wish, you had been daugl
Of some poor mountain cottager, without
All dow'r but your own beauty: Then I might
Have shew'd a flame untainted with ambition,
And courted you. But now the circumstance
Of greatness seems to challenge more, than I
Have pow'r to give: and working up my love,
I serve my fortune.

Habbington's Queen of A

——— Love's kingdom is founded
Upon a parity; lord, and subject,

er, and servant, are names banish'd thence :
y wear one fetter all, or all one freedom.

Cartwright's Lady Errant.

——— The vine, that climbs
onjugal embracements 'bout the elm,
with a ring or two perhaps encircle
neighb'ring bough ; and yet this twining prove,
the offence, but charity of love.

Cartwright's Royal Slave.

om and love at once, were never yet
itted to a god ; I must not then
me they meet in me. If love admits
etion ; if it ponder, and consider,
h, and compare, and judge, and then resolve ;
olicy, not affection : give it eyes,
cil and order, and it ceaseth. What
gh it first brake from out the chaos ? 'twas
ake another in the creature. Distance,
e, and lineament, are things that come
something more advis'd ; love never leads,
transports. The motions which it feels,
ry, rapture, extasy, and such
ut it out full of instinct, and deity,
eet what it desires.
as ! it self
eyes ; but 'tis our blindness that doth veil them :
e could not consist with wisdom, then
world were govern'd by one gen'ral madness.
is not deny'd but that we may have wisdom
we love ; as men may have good eyes
they fix them on the sun : but dwell they
ile upon it, and they strait grow blind
those admired beauties,

Cartwright's Lady Errant.

me a lover bold and free,
much'd with formality ;
an Embassador that beds a Queen,
the nice caution of a sword between.

Cleveland.

Love's like a landskip, which doth ſtand,
Smooth at a diſtance; rough at hand.

Cleve

1. Tell me what you think on earth
The greateſt bliſs?
2. Riches, honour, and high birth.
1. Ah, what is this?
If love be baniſhed the heart,
The joy of nature, not of art?

What's honour, worth, or high deſcent?
Or ample wealth,
If cares do breed us diſcontent,
Or want of health?
2. It is the order of the fates,
That theſe ſhould wait on higheſt ſtates.

Love only does our ſouls refine,
And by his skill
Turns human things into divine,
And guides our will.
Then let us of his praiſes ſing,
Of love, that ſweetens ev'ry thing.

Rutter's Shepherd's H

For oft we find that ſtorms and ſorrows prove,
The beſt forerunners of a happy love.

Machen's Dumb I

Love can't be maſter'd, Sir:
As ſoon as maſt'ry comes, ſweet love anon
Taketh his nimble wings, and ſoon is gone.

Nevile's Poor S

Such gentle rape thou act'ſt upon my ſoul,
And with ſuch pleaſing violence doſt force it ſtill,
That when it ſhould reſiſt, it tamely yields,
Making a kind of haſte to be undone;
As if the way to victory were loſs,
And conqueſt came by overthrow.

Suckling's Ag

favour, are gamesters in good
the more you set them, they more they get.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

can flow, and can admit increase;
well an ebb, and may grow less.

Suckling.

How weak is lovers laws!
s made there, like gypsy's knots, with ease
nd loose, as they that hold them please.

Suckling.

Camelion, that lives on meer air;
its, when it comes to grosser fare.

Suckling.

ver yet was honest man
ver drove the trade of love;
ssible; nor can
ty our ends promove:
and lovers are alike in this,
r chief art in reign, dissembling is.

are lov'd, and there we love;
nature now and passion strive
the two should be above,
ws unto the other give:
se fire with art sometimes discover,
true fire with the same art do cover.

k can fancy find so high?
we must court, and here ingage,
in the other place we die:
torture all, and cozenage!
ch the harder is, I cannot tell,
to true love, or make false love look well.

s thus, god of desire,
ne my honesty again;
thy brands back, and thy fire;
eary of the state I'm in:
the very best should now befall,
iumph, must be honour's funeral.

Suckling.

He that is content with lasses, cloathed in plain wo
May cool his heart in ev'ry place, he need not to be f
Not sigh for love of lady fair; for this each wife
knows,
As good ? all under flannel lies, as under silken clo
Sw

1. It is all done, *Semanthe*, to plead bankrupt,
When with such ease you may be out of debt.
In love's dominions, native commodity
Is current payment; change is all the trade,
And heart for heart, the richest merchandize.
2. I would here be mean, my lord; since mine w
prove
In your hands but a counterfeit; and yours in mine
Worth nothing: sympathy, not greatness,
Makes those jewels rise in value.
1. Sympathy! O teach but yours to love then,
And two so rich no mortal ever knew.
2. That heart would love but ill, that must be tau
Such fires as these, still kindle of themselves.
1. In such a cold and frozen place as is
Thy breast, how should they kindle of themselve
2. Ask how the flint can carry fire within?
'Tis the least miracle that love can do.

Suckling's Agl

——— ——— She quite o'ercame
My dallying thoughts, and turn'd them at length
To a true change. O she would often sit
And breath a cloud of sighs; tell me how much
I should abuse a credul'ous virgin, if
I did but personate that love I made:
How if I did enjoy another mistress,
Her ghost, for sure she could not well out live it,
Would fright my soul from this my body to her:
O she would call such pow'rful glances on me;
Such charming darts dane'd in the bright rays
Of ev'ry view, they did draw up my soul,
And chain'd it fast to hers: Thus the fond lark

Pla

ying about the glitt'ring ſnare does tempt
e nets, and dares it's priſon; till at length
finds his liberty betray'd, and all
at pomp of brightneſs but a glorious bait.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendſhip.

rich a bondage is *Poppæa*'s love,
at I were baſe, if I ſhould wiſh for freedom;
y more, ingrate; ſhould I deſire to change
ſweet a care for quietneſs itſelf:
uld I ſuppoſe that ſtate, which ſome dull ſouls
ll calm content, were half ſo rich, ſo free,
are theſe pinings, this captivity?
re there in love no cares, no ſighs, no fears;
ere were in love, no happineſs at all.

May's Agrippina.

r cupid's ſcholars are more exquiſite
giving council, than in uſing it.

Richard Brome's Love-Sick Court.

ve, thou art well compar'd to fire; which, where
oth obey and ſerve, being commanded
higher powers of the ſoul; it fares
e to the ſtone or jewel of a ring,
hich joins the orb, and gives it price and life:
glorious is that love, ſo neceſſary;
, where it rules, and is predominant,
yrannizeth; reaſon is impriſon'd;
e will confined; and the memory
e treaſury of notions, clean exhauſted;
d all the ſenſes ſlaviſhly chain'd up
o act th' injunctions of inſulting love
rch'd on the beauty of a Woman. Thou
aſculine love, known by the name of friendſhip,
t peaceful, and morigerous; but that
f Woman, is imperious and cruel.

Ibid.

'n he, that knows not to poſſeſs
ue happineſs,

But

But has ſome ſtrong deſires to try
What's miſery;
And longs for tears, oh he will prove
One fit for love.

How pow'rfull's love! which like a flame
That ſever'd, re-unites more cloſe:
Or like a broken limb, in frame
That ever after firmer grows.

'Tis a child of fancy's getting;
Brought up between hope and fear;
Fed with ſmiles, grown by uniting
Strong, and ſo kept by deſire:
'Tis a perpetual veſtal fire
Never dying;
Whoſe ſmoak like incenſe doth aſpire;
Upwards flying.

It is a ſoft magnetick ſtone,
Attracting hearts by ſympathy;
Binding up cloſe, two ſouls in one;
Both diſcourſing ſecretly:
'Tis the true gordian knot, that ties
Yet ne'er unbinds;
Fixing thus two lovers eyes
As well as minds.

'Tis the ſphere's heav'nly harmony,
Where two skillful hands do ſtrike;
And ev'ry ſound expreſſively
Marrys ſweetly with the like;
'Tis the world's e'erlaſting chain,
That all things ty'd,
And bid them like the fixed wain,
Unmov'd to 'bide.

'Tis nature's law inviolate,
Confirm'd by mutual conſent,
Where two diſlike, like, love, and hate;
Each to the other's full content:

areſs of ev'ry thing;
rtle dove;
s and beaſts do off'rings bring
ghty love:
ngels joy; the God's delight; man's bliſs;
all: without love, nothing is.

Heath's Claraſtella.

n, that blame the love that ever ranges,
nd ſluttiſh love, that never changes:
es love by courſe to change their meter;
ke linnen, often chang'd, the ſweeter.

Sicelides.

you ſure conſtancy
'd, Sir, with conſtancy? our hearts
geable; nor do I ſee, why princes
e leſs frail than others, who confine
to the ſight; ſince love's a fire,
oth only languiſh, and go out,
el is ſubſtracted; but is kept burning,
he preſence of another fire.

Main's Amorous War.

like a hunter;
me be got with too much eaſe, he cares not for't.

Peter Hauſted's Rival Friends.

— Love's a cement,
o other allay but itſelf,
upon the affections.

Lady Alimony.

es no dull probation; but like light,
his nimble influence at firſt ſight.

Biſhop King.

virgins, and I'll teach,
e times of old did preach:
d, was in a bower
s *Danae* in a tower:
love, who ſubtle is,
that, and came to this:

Be

Be ye lock'd up like to those,
Or the rich *Hesperides*;
Or those Babies in your eyes,
In their christal nunneries;
Notwithstanding love will win
Or else force a passage in;
And as coy be, as you can;
Gifts will get ye, or the man.

Herrick.

She the payment he of love would make
Less understood, than yet the debt she knew;
But coins unknown suspiciously we take;
And debts, till manifest, are never due.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

And our uncertain love,
Perhaps not bred above,
But in low regions, like the wand'ring winds,
Shews diff'rent sexes more than equal minds.

Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

Why, in these ladies do you lengthen pain,
By giving them grief's common med'cine, doubt?
Ease those with death, whose lovers now are slain;
Life's fire a fever is, when love is out.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert*

When love's afraid, do not that fear despise;
Flame trembles most, when it doth highest rise:
And yet my love may justly be disdain'd;
Since you believe it from a lover feign'd.

Sir *W. Davenant's The Man's the Master.*

Ah, *Goltho!* Who love's fever can assuage?
For though familiar seem that old disease;
Yet like religion's sit, when people rage,
Few cure those evils which the patient please.
Nature's religion, love, is still perverse;
And no commerce with cold discretion hath:
For if discretion speak, when love is fierce,
'Tis wav'd by love, as reason is by faith.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

But

ty *Julius*, who had thoughts so high
nble seem'd, when th'aim'd at victory;
'd a soul so learn'd, truth fear'd that she
:d were, near his philosophy:
valiant; gently calm in love;
an eagle, but he stoop'd a dove!

Sir *W. Davenant* to the *Queen*.

you have spoke so humbly of yourself,
, and shall be comforted: Perhaps
fcience, love when satisfy'd within,
offend the law, and yet not sin.
the greatest love, is an offence;
est love is greatest confidence:
ufting those who for our credence wooe;
:hem with our love and honour too

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Law against Lovers*.

ad lik'd, yet never lodg'd before;
ls him now a bold unquiet guest:
ibs to windows when we shut the door;
ter'd, never lets the master rest.
disorder, now he pines for health,
him conceal this reveller with shame;
e robber knows, yet feels the stealth;
ver but in songs, had heard his name.
t was, when she did smile at hearts,
country lovers wear in bleeding seals;
:re his pretty godhead found such darts,
e those wounds, that only *Hymen* heals.
her ancient maid, with sharp complaints
and rebuk'd; shook her experienc'd head;
; besought her not to jest at saints,
ck those martyrs, love had captive led:
: the pious poets e'er would waste
/ tears in ink, to make maids mourn;
lovers had in ages past
ky mirtle, more than willow worn.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert*.

If love's juſt pow'r he did not early ſee,
Some ſmall excuſe we may his error give;
Since few, though learn'd, know yet, bleſt love to be
That ſecret vital heat, by which we live;

But ſuch it is: And though we may be thought
To have in childhood life, ere love we know;
Yet life is uſeleſs, till by reaſon taught,
And love and reaſon up together grow.

Nor more the old ſhew they outlive their love,
If when their love's decay'd, ſome ſigns they give
Of life, becauſe we ſee them pain'd and move,
Than ſnakes long cut, by torment ſhew they live:

If we call living life, when love is gone;
We then to ſouls, god's coin, vain rever'nce pay;
Since reaſon, which is love, and his beſt known
And current image, age has worn away.

And I that love and reaſon thus unite,
May, if I old philoſophers controul,
Confirm the new, by ſome new poet's light;
Who finding love, thinks he has found the ſoul.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert.*

Love, in what poiſon is thy dart
Dipt, when it makes a bleeding heart?
None know, but they who feel the ſmart.

It is not thou, but we are blind;
And our corporeal eyes we find,
Dazzle the opticks of our mind.

Love to our citadel reſorts,
Through thoſe deceitful ſally-ports:
Our centinels betray our ſorts.

Denham.

He that would hide love kindled once within,
Rakes but his fire up, to keep it in.

Sir *R. Howard*'s *Blind Lady.*

There's nothing but a lover pleas'd with ſuff'rings:
All other rigours of this world,

Our

Our wishes and endeavours still oppose;
The pris'ner hates his bolts, whilst he remains,
Pleas'd not so much with freedom, as his chains.

Sir *R. Howard's Blind Lady.*

Love, like a shadow, while youth shines, is shown;
But in old age's darkness, there is none.

Sir *R. Howard's Great Favourite.*

. Can you, my heart, for want of friendship blame;
That for your safety have expos'd my fame?
Love to your glories, should his flames resign;
As fires their light, when the bright sun does shine.
. If thrones be seats for cares, in a king's breast,
Love has a title sure, amongst the rest.

Ibid.

Late love, like late repentance, seldom's true.

Alexander Brome.

'Tis not her birth, her friends, nor yet her treasure,
My free-born soul can hold;
For chains are chains though gold:
Nor do I court her for my pleasure,
Nor for that old morality,
Do I love her, 'cause she loves me?
Or that's no love but gratitude: and all
Loves that from fortunes rise, with fortunes fall.

friends, or birth, created love within me,
Then princes I'll adore,
And only scorn the poor:
virtue, or good parts could win me,
I'll turn platonick, and ne'er vex
My soul with difference of sex:
And he that loves his lady cause she's fair,
Slights his eye; so loves himself, not her.

Reason and wisdom are to love high treason;
Nor can he truly love,
Whose flame's not far above,
And far beyond his wit, or reason:

Then ask no reason for my fires,
For infinite are my desires :
Something there is, moves me to love ; and I
Do know I love ; but know not how, nor why.

Alexander Brome.

There is no failing of women at their
Critical minutes, if you do, they'll hate
You ever after ; and think you want vigour,
Or apprehension. Counsels in love, like
Stratagems in war, are to be taken
On the sudden ; when you find the enemy
In disorder, or your own men fittest
For action.

Fane's Love in the Dark.

Lovers will wind themselves by words to passion ;
Their airy talk turns fire by agitation :
Thus, sometimes yielding, sometimes aggravating,
'Twixt hope and fear, like ships betray'd by calms
To greater storms.

Fane's Sacrifice.

Cupid, I scorn to beg the art
From thy imaginary throne ;
To learn to wound another's heart,
Or how to heal my own.

If she be coy, my airy mind
Brooks not a siege : If she be kind,
She proves my scorn, that was my wonder :
For towns that yield, I hate to plunder.

Love is a game, hearts are the prize ;
Pride keeps the stakes, art throws the dice :
When either's won,
The game is done.
Love is a coward, hunts the flying prey ;
But when it once stands still, love runs away.

Fane's Love in the dark.

Blushes

a woman's passion may reveal ;
n their passion; by their words should tell.

E. of *Orrery's Tryphon.*

a fate which ev'ry one must taste ;
on, some late, but all must burn at last.

Ibid.

as not love, if ought could conquer it ;
'd not well, or knew his pow'r but ill,
ay you were in love, and are not still :
me of love, for love itself you took ;
eal love can never be forsook :
ur's been true, you might as well have swore,
not live, as that you love no more.

Ibid.

a god, and cannot be withstood ;
s a god alone to flesh and blood:
se whose souls are active and sublime,
is pow'r ; and so prove gods to him.

E. of *Orrery's Mustapha.*

- He who to love aspires,
hing less can limit his desires :
pow'r must always friendship's pow'r out do ;
e at once is love and friendship too.

E. of *Orrery's Black Prince.*

ever was to reason's rules confin'd ;
a passion, sir, which only knows
ws, as on itself it will impose.
eatest men that e'er the world did grace,
ill allow'd to love the highest place.

Ibid

y is love call'd nature's highest law !
title man's invention, does it awe ?
the strength which reason does impart,
makes my blood give rules thus to my heart.
re reason on us did bestow ;
nature's dictate, 'twould not overthrow :
son is a bright resistless fire,
heav'n, not nature does in us inspire :

It is not nature's child, but nature's king;
And o'er love's heights does us to glory bring:
As bodies are below, and souls above;
So much should reason be preferr'd to love.

E. of *Orrery's Henry V.*

The fire of love, like to the common fire,
The fuel being gone, does straight expire;
Or like sight, which philosophers do say,
Would cease to be, were objects took away.

Dover's Roman Generals.

1. Love's a foundation that will ne'er decay:
2. Yet oft in ruin, doth the builder lay.

Ibid.

'Twas not allow'd to *Jove*,
To hold at once his reason, and his love.

Tuke's Adventures of five Hours.

Mod'rate delight is but a waking dream;
And of all pleasures love is the supreme:
And therefore love immod'rate love deserves:
Excess o'ercomes, but moderation starves.

Crown's Caligula.

Were worlds betwixt you, bigger than all this,
Love o'er them all would mount, to fly to bliss:
Millions of leagues that hawk his airy spies,
And wherefoe'er you pearch him, home he flies.

Crown's First Part of the Destruction of Jerusalem.

What do the wounded and the dying do?
Love joins in one, what are in nature two:
The breasts of lovers but one soul contain;
Which equally imparts delight or pain.

Ibid.

A most harmonious friendship this must prove!
The fates design'd 'em for each others love:
For none love them, and they have love for none;
Their kindness centers on themselves alone.

Crown's Calisto.

SELF-

SELF-LOVE.

f-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
self-neglecting.

Shakespear's King Henry V.

f-love never yet could look on truth
: with blear'd beams; sleek flattery and she
e twin-born sisters, and so mix their eyes,
if you sever one, the other dies.

Johnson's Cynthia's Revels.

no govern men, if they will stay above;
ust see and scorn the downfals of self-love.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

think well of ourselves, if we deserve
it is a lustre in us; and ev'ry good
: have, strives to shew gracious: What use is
else? Old age, like fear-trees, is seldom
:n affected, stirs sometimes at rehearsal
such acts as his daring youth endeavour'd.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Wit without Money.*

no live but for themselves, are but for shew;
d stand like barren trees, where good might grow.

Richard Brome's Queen and Concubine.

painters, when they draw, and poets write;
gil and *Titian*, self-admiring, slight:
en all they do, like gold and pearl appears;
d others actions are but dirt to theirs.
.ey that so highly think themselves above
other men, themselves can only love;
ason and virtue, all that man can boast
:r other creatures, in those brutes are lost.

Denham.

LOYALTY.

o' loyalty, well held, to fools does make
r faith mere folly: Yet he that can endure
follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
es conquer him that did his master conquer,
d earns a place in the story.

Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.

The bounds of loyalty are made of glaſs,
Soon broke, but can in no date be repair'd.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

To wear your loyal habit ſtill,
When it is out of faſhion, and hath done
Service enough, were ruſtick miſery:
The habit of a ſervile loyalty,
Is reckon'd now amongſt privations;
With blindneſs, dumbneſs, deafneſs, ſilence, death:
All which, are neither natures by themſelves,
Nor ſubſtances, but mere decays of form,
And abſolute deceſſions of nature,
And nothing elſe.

Ibid

Think you it not as ſtrong a point of faith,
To rectify your loyalties to me,
As to be truſty in each others wrong?
Truſt that deceives our ſelves is treachery,
And truth that truth conceals, an open lye.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conſpiracy

God gives to kings the honour to command;
To ſubjects all their glory to obey:
Who ought in time of war, as rampiers ſtand;
In peace, as ornaments of ſtate array.

Daniel's Philotas

——————On foreign foes,
We are our own revengers; but at home,
On princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the gods ſhould judge us.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Valentinian*

——————Conſider
We're but ſhadows, motions others give us;
And though our pities may become the times,
Juſtly our pow'rs cannot: Make me worthy
To be your friend ever in fair allegiance,
But not in force: for durſt mine own ſoul urge me,
And by that ſoul, I ſpeak my juſt affections,

To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds, to anger;
Though I had both the blessings of the *Bruti*,
And both their instigations; though my cause
Carry'd a face of justice beyond theirs;
And as I am a servant to my fortunes,
That daring soul, that first taught disobedience,
Should feel the first example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe it, seems vicious;
Who justly knows, tis not to try our honours?
Or say he be an ill prince; are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? no, my dearest friend;
The elephant is never won with anger,
Nor must that man that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by the teeth.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Valentinian*.

No more, my worthy friend; though these be truths,
And though these truths would ask a reformation,
At least a little squaring: yet remember,
We are but subjects, *Maximus*; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incense,
Untill unhallow'd hands defile those off'rings,
Burns ever there; we must not put them out,
Because the priests that touch those sweets are wicked.

Ibid.

——————— Allegiance
Tempted too far, is like the trial of
A good sword on an anvil: as that often
Flies in pieces without service to the owner;
So trust enforc'd too far, proves treachery,
And is too late repented.

Massinger's *Great Duke of Florence*.

———Love with bounty levied,
Is a sure guard; obedience forc'd from fear,
Paper fortification: which in danger

Will yield to the impression of a reed,
Or of it self fall off.

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

——— You are guarded
With such a general loyalty in subjects,
That if you slept among the multitude,
Even when some rage possess'd them, undefended
With any arms, but that, th' imperfect slumber
Need not to be broken with a fear.

Nabbs's Unfortunate Mother.

Allegiance in me, like the string of a watch,
Wound up too high, and forc'd above the nick,
Run back, and in a moment was unravell'd all.

Suckling's Aglaura.

LUXURY.

We will eat such at a meal:
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks and of estriches
Shall be our food; and could we get the phœnix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.

Johnson's Volpone.

I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft;
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as *Tiberius* took
From *Elephantis*, and dull *Aretine*,
But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses,
Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse
And multiply the figures, as I walk
Naked between my *Succubæ*; my mists
I'll have of perfume, vapour'd 'bout the room,
To lose our selves in; and my baths, like pits
To fall into; from whence we will come forth,
And rowl us dry in gossamore and roses:
And my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines,
That I can get for money. My meet fools,
Eloquent burgesses; and then my poet
The same that writ so subtily of the fart:
Whom I will entertain still for that subject.

The

The few that would give out themselves, to be
Court and town stallions, and each where bely
Ladies, who are known most innocent; for them,
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten estrich tails
A piece, made in a plume, to gather wind.
My meat shall all come in in *Indian* shells,
Dishes of agat set in gold, and studded
With em'ralds, saphirs, hyacinths, and rubies:
With tongues of carps, dormice, and camels heels,
Boil'd i' the spirit of sol, and dissolv'd pearl;
Apicius' diet 'gainst the epilepsy:
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond, and carbuncle.
My foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calver'd salmons,
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I my self will have
The beards of barbels serv'd instead of sallads;
Oil'd mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Drest with an exquisite and poignant sauce;
For which, I'll say unto my cook, there's gold;
Go forth, and be a knight. My shirts
I'll have of taffata sarsnet, soft and light
As cob-webs; and for all my other raiment,
It shall be such as might provoke the *Persian*
Were he to teach the world riot anew.
My gloves of fishes, and birds skins, perfum'd
With gums of paradise, and eastern air.

Johnson's *Alchemist*.

We'll therefore go withal, and live
In a free state, where we will eat our mullets,
Sous'd in high country wines; sup pheasants eggs,
And have our cockles, boil'd in silver shells;
Our shrimps to swim again, as when they liv'd,
In a rare butter made of dolphins milk,
Whose cream does look like opals: and with these
Delicate meats set our selves high for pleasure,
And take us down again; and then renew

Our youth and ſtrength with drinking th' Elixir;
And ſo enjoy a perpetuity
Of life and luſt.

Johnſon's Alchemiſt.

Who yieldeth unto pleaſures and to luſt,
Is a poor captive, that in golden fetters,
And pretious as he thinks, but holding gyves,
Frets out his life.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Knight of Malta.*

Men may talk of conntry chriſtmaſſes, and
Court gluttony; their thirty pound butter'd eggs;
Their pies of carps tongues, their pheaſants drench'd with
Ambergreeſe, the carcaſſes of three fat
Weathers bruis'd for gravy to make ſauce for
A ſingle peacock; yet their feaſts were faſts
Compar'd with the city's.
There were three ſucking pigs ſerv'd up in a diſh,
Took from the ſow as ſoon as farrowed,
A fortnight fed with dates, and muſcadine;
That ſtood my maſter in twenty marks a piece,
Beſides the puddings in their bellies made
Of I know not what: But here's the miſchief, though
The diſhes were rais'd one on another,
As woodmongers do billets, for the firſt,
The ſecond, and third courſe; and moſt of the ſhops
Of the beſt confectioners in *London* ranſack'd
To furniſh out a banquet; yet my lady
Call'd me penurious raſcal; and cry'd out
There was nothing worth the eating.

Maſſinger's City Madam.

——— Gather all the flowers
Tempe is painted with, and ſtrew his way:
Tranſlate my bow'rs to *Turia*'s roſy banks,
There, with a chorus of ſweet nightingales
Make it continual ſpring: If the ſun's rays
Offend his tender skin, and make it ſweat,
Fan him with ſilken wings of mildeſt air,

Breath'd

Breath'd by *Etesian* winds : The briskest nectar
Shall be his drink ; and all th' ambrosian cates
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet : As his senses tire,
Vary the object : Let delight be link'd
So in a circled chain, no end may see;
Pleasure is only my eternity.

Nabbs's Microcosmus.

Thy life hath hitherto been, my dear husband
But a disease to thee ; thou hast indeed
Mov'd on the earth, like other creeping worms
Who take delight in worldly surfeits, heat
Their blood with lusts, their limbs with proud attires;
Fed on their change of sins ; that do not use
Their pleasure, but enjoy them ; enjoy them fully,
In streams that are most sensual, and persevere
To live so till they die, and to die never.

Henry Shirley's Martyr'd Soldier.

There, in her den, lay pompous luxury,
Stretch'd out at length ; no vice could boast such high
And gen'ral victories as she had won :
Of which, proud trophies there at large were shewn.
Besides small states and kingdoms ruined,
Those mighty monarchys, that had o'erspread
The spacious earth, and stretch'd their conq'ring arms
From pole to pole, by her ensnaring charms
Were quite consum'd : There lay imperial *Rome*,
That vanquish'd all the world, by her o'ercome :
Fetter'd was th' old *Assyrian* lion there ;
The *Græcian* leopard, and the *Persian* bear ;
With others numberless, lamenting by :
Examples of the power of luxury.

May's Henry II.

It is a shame, that man, that has the seeds
Of virtue in him, springing unto glory,
Should make his soul degenerous with sin,
And slave to luxury ; to drown his spirits
In lees of sloth ; to yield up the weak day

To

To wine, to luſt, and banquets.
I would have you proceed, and ſeek for fame
In brave exploits; like thoſe, that ſnatch their honour
Out of the talons of the *Roman* eagle,
And pull her golden feathers in the field:
Thoſe are brave men; not you, that ſtay at home,
And dreſs yourſelf up, like a pageant,
With thouſand antick and exotick ſhapes;
That make an idol of a looking-glaſs,
Sprucing yourſelves two hours by it, with ſuch
Geſtures, and poſtures, that a waiting wench
Would be aſham'd of you; and then come forth
T' adorn your miſtreſs fan, or tell your dream;
Raviſh a kiſs from her white glove, and then
Compare it with her hand; to praiſe her gown,
Her tire, and diſcourſe of the faſhion;
Make diſcov'ry, which lady paints, which not;
Which lord plays beſt at gleek, which beſt at Racket:
Theſe are fine elements!

Marmyon's Holland's League

Tilting the day, maſquing the night chas'd thence;
Perfumes did raiſe ſweet miſts in ev'ry room,
To keep the air in awe of the nice ſenſe:
Attalick garments cloath'd each ſwagg'ring groom
Rich *Tyrian* arras ev'ry wall hung round,
With medals in old *Gaul* or *Carthage* found.

Scorning there ord'nary *Corinthian* plate,
Men quaſt in ſtone, at dearer prices ſold,
At Iv'ry tables, or wood of high'r rate;
They eat on quilted beds of ſilk and gold:
Their wanton taſtes had only in requeſt,
Neweſt and rareſt things, though not the beſt.

The feather'd river *Phaſis*, could not yield
Them fowl enough; nor Oyſters *Lucrine* lake;
They ſpring each thicket, fowl each buſh and field,
All ſeas they draw, all ponds in nets they take:
Circe's too nature's larder do they ſeek,
To pleaſe the witty glutton of a week.

Le

Lachrymæ christi flow'd down, and the blood
Of *Tuscan* grapes swell'd high each jovial mind:
Had nature lost her species; air her brood;
Water her spawn; here might they seek, and find.
Apicus, a *Carthusian* was to these,
And *Æsop*'s platter a poor scholar's mess.

Baron.

War destroys men, but luxury mankind
At once corrupts; the body and the mind.

Crown's *Caligula.*

L Y I N G.

Two Beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? yes, no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falshood
Is worse in kings, than beggars:

Shakespear's *Cymbeline.*

He will lie like a lapwing; when she flies
Far from her sought nest; still, here 'tis, she cries.

Chapman's *Revenge of Bussey D'ambois.*

Lies hide our sins like nets; like perspectives,
They draw offences nearer, still and greater.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Lover's Progress.*

Take heed of lies: truth, though it trouble some minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both dark and dangerous,
Yet it preserves itself; comes off pure, and innocent:
And like the sun, though never so eclips'd,
Must break in glory.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Sea Voyage.*

That ord'nary commotioner the lie
Is father of most quarrels in this climate.

Middleton and *Rowley*'s *Fair Quarrel.*

Dare to be true; nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Herbert.

When

When *Mendacio* hath invention on the
One hand, and remembrance on the other,
As he'll be sure never to be found with
Truth in his mouth; so he scorns to be
Taken in a lie.

Lingua.

1. In the city I'm honour'd like a god;
None so well acquainted with your tradesmen:
Your lawyers, all the term time hire me of
My lady: your gallants, if they hear my
Name abus'd, they stab for my sake: your trav'llers
So dote upon me as they pass——O! they have good
Reason; for I have carry'd them to many
A good meal under the countenance of
My familiarity: nay, your statesmen have
Oftentimes closely convey'd me under
Their tongues, to make their policies more current:
As for old men, they challenge my company
By authority. When I am dispos'd, I can
Philosophy it in the university,
With the subtilest of them all.
2. I cannot be persuaded that thou art
Acquainted with scholars, ever since thou wert
Press'd to death in a printing-house.
1. No, I was the first founder of the three
Sects of philosophy, except one of the
Peripateticks, who acknowledge *Aristotle*
I confess their great grandfather.
2. Thou boy! how is this possible? thou art
But a child, and there were sects of
Philosophy before thou wert born.
1. *Appetitus*, thou mistak'st me; I tell thee
Three thousand years ago was *Mendacio*
Born in *Greece*, nurst in *Crete*, and ever since
Honour'd ev'ry where: I'll be sworn I held
Old *Homer*'s pen, when he writ his *Iliads*,
And his *Odysses*.
2. Thou hadst need, for I hear say he was blind.

1. I

I help'd *Herodotus* to pen ſome part of
is Muſes; lent *Pliny* ink to write his
iſt'ry; rounded *Rabalais* in the ear
'hen he hiſtoriſy'd *Pantagruel*:
for *Lucian*, I was his genius; O thoſe
hoſe two books *De verâ hiſtoriâ*,
owſoever they go under his name,
I be ſworn I writ them ev'ry tittle!
Sure as I am hungry, thou'lt have it for
ing. But haſt thou ruſted this latter
ime for want of exerciſe?
Nothing leſs; I muſt confeſs, I would fain have
gg'd *Stow* and great *Hollingſhed* on their
bows, when they were about their Chronicles;
nd as I remember, Sir *John Mandevil*'s
ravels, and a great many of the decads
'ere of my doing: But for the mirrour
f knighthood, *Bevis* of *Southampton*,
almerin of *England*, *Amadis* of *Gaul*, *Huen*
t Burdeaux, Sir *Guy* of *Warwick*, *Martin*
'arprellate, *Robinhood*, *Garragantua*,
rillion, and a thouſand ſuch exquiſite
onuments as theſe, no doubt but they breath
n my breath up and down.
Downwards I ſwear, for there's ſtinking lies in them.
But why ſhould I light a candle to the
ight ſunſhine of my glorious renown;
he whole world is full of *Mendacio*'s fame!

Lingua.

an is a fooliſh pamphlet, full of lies;
es are his hopes, and lies are all his joys:
me promiſe him to come, and ſome to ſtay;
hoſe never come, and theſe fly faſt away.
Crown's *Second Part of the Deſtruction of Jeruſalem.*

M A D.

MADNESS.

BUT if a phrenſy do poſſeſs the brain,
It ſo diſturbs and blots the forms of things,
As fantaſy proves altogether vain
And to the wit no true relation brings:

Then doth the wit, admitting all for true,
Build ſond concluſions on thoſe idle grounds;
Then doth it flie the good, and ill purſue;
Believing all, that this falſe ſpy propounds:

But purge the humours, and the rage appeaſe,
Which this diſtemper in the fancy wrought;
Then ſhall the wit, which never had diſeaſe,
Diſcourſe, and judge diſcreetly as it ought:

So, though the clouds eclipſe the ſun's fair light,
Yet from his face they do not take one beam;
So have our eyes their perfect pow'r of ſight,
Ev'n when they look into a troubled ſtream.

Then theſe defects in ſenſes organs be,
Not in the ſoul, or in her working might:
She cannot loſe her perfect pow'r to ſee,
Tho' miſts and clouds do choke her window-light.

Theſe imperfections then we muſt impute
Not to the agent, but the inſtrument;
We muſt not blame *Apollo*, but his lute,
If falſe accords from her falſe ſtrings be ſent.

Sir *John Davies.*

1. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience.
2. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word, which madneſs
Would gambol from.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

See

: that noble and most sovereign reason,
ke sweet bells, jangled out of tune, and harsh;
iat unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
isted with exstasy.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

ie king is mad; how stiff is my vile sense,
iat I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
my huge sorrows! better I were distract,
should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;
d woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
e knowledge of themselves.

Shakespear's King Lear.

ely we are all mad people, and they
iom we think are, are not; we mistake those:
s we are mad in sense, they but in cloaths.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

ıy, sir, madness is not such a discredit,
the age goes; you know there are many
d fashions; and what man but sometimes may
mad? are not your great men mad, that when
ey have enough, will pawn their soul for a
nopoly? besides mad Lords, what do
ı think of ladies at some time of the moon?
ı may spell 'em in their names, madam: you
re mad courtiers, that run madding after
izen's wives: The citizens are mad
), to trust them with their wares, who have been
leep in their wives books before: your justice
peace is sometimes mad too; for when he
y see well enough, he will suffer any
n to put out his eyes with a bribe: Some
vyers are often stark mad, and talk wildly,
man is able to endure their terms.

Shirley's School of Compliments.

dmen sometimes on sudden flashes hit
sense, which seem remote, and sound like wit.

Sir *W. Davenant On one that prophesy'd.*

'Twas

'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew,
Her pedigree from those, who too much knew;
Who in deep mines, for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or recoils:
When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile like *Arachne*'s line.

Denham

M A N.

As budding branch rent from the native tree,
And thrown forth, till it be withered;
Such is the state of man: thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with misery.

Spenser's Fairy Queen

Oh what is man, great maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and ev'n an angel's peer!

Oh what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r,
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine;
Except like thee, it should be infinite.

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God had rais'd man, since god a man became:
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonish'd when they view the same.

Nor hath he giv'n these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for ay;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

Sir *John Davi*

1. We are men, my liege.

2. A

. Ay, in the catalogue, ye go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are cleped
All by the name of dogs; the valu'd file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The housekeeper, the hunter; ev'ry one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes all alike: And so of men.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
Shall not look upon his like again!

Shakespear's Hamlet.

They say best men are moulded out of faults;
And for the most, become much more the better,
For being a little bad.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Oh my soul! here's something tells me that these
Best of creatures, these models of the world,
Weak man and woman, should have their souls, their
Making, life, and being, to some more excellent
Use! if what the sense calls pleasure, were our
Ends, we might justly blame great nature's wisdom,
Who rear'd a building of so much art and
Beauty to entertain a guest so far
Uncertain, so imperfect; if only
Speech distinguish us from beasts, who know no
Inequality of birth or place, but
Still to fly from goodness: Oh, how base were
Life at such a rate! no, no, that power
That gave to man his being, speech, and wisdom,
Gave it for thankfulness: to him alone, that
Made me thus, may I whence truly know,
I'll pay to him, not man, the love I owe.

Shakespear and *Rowley's Birth of Merlin.*

Lo, here, the man
Like a circle bounded in it self,

Con-

Contains as much as man in fullness may:
Lo, here, the man, who not of usual earth,
But of that nobler and more precious mold,
Which *Phœbus* self doth temper, is compos'd;
And, who, though all were wanting to reward,
Yet, to himself he would not wanting be.

Johnson's Cynthia's Re

1. 'There our times
Are not the same, *Arunius*——2. 'Times! the me
'The men are not the same——"'Tis we are base,
Poor, and degen'rate, from th' exalted strain
Of our great fathers. Where is now the soul
Of god-like *Cato*? he, that durst be good,
When *Cæsar* durst be evil; and had pow'r
As not to live his slave, to die his master?
Or where's the constant *Brutus*, that being proof
Against all charm of benefits, did strike
So brave a blow into the monster's heart,
'That sought unkindly to captive his country?
O, they are fled the light! those mighty spirits
Lie rak'd up with their ashes in their urns,
And not a spark of their eternal fire
Glows in a present bosom. All's but blaze,
Flashes, and smoke, wherewith we labour so;
'There's nothing *Roman* in us: nothing good,
Gallant, or great: 'Tis true that *Cordus* says,
Brave *Cassius* was the last of all the Race.

Johnson's Sejan

Man is a tree, that hath no top in cares,
No root in comforts; all his pow'r to live
Is giv'n to no end, but t' have pow'r to grieve.

Chapman's Bussy D'ambois

Men are not good, but for necessity;
Not orderly are ever born, but bred.
Bad want and poverty make men industrious;
But law must make them good, and fear obsequious.

Daniel's Civil War

'Th

mass of thought, this animated slime,
his dying substance, and this living shadow,
sport of fortune, and the prey of time,
on rais'd, soon raz'd, as flow'rs in a Meadow.

E. of *Sterline's Crœsus.*

is a crafty creature, hard to know;
can a face for ev'ry fortune frame:
ust in mortals, no, nor faith below,
ir particulars do sometime move:
what we wish for most, seem to mislike;
oft of others do the course disprove;
st we want only means to do the like.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

our defects in nature who sees not?
e enter first things present, not conceiving,
knowing future; what is past forgot:
l other creatures instant power receiving,
elp themselves; man only bringeth sense
el, and wail his native impotence.

Lord *Brooke of Human Learning.*

retched men, which under shame are lay'd,
aults, which we, and which our parents made!

Lord *Brooke's Mustapha.*

earisome condition of humanity!
rn under one law, to another bound!
ly begot, and yet forbidden vanity!
eated sick, commanded to be sound!
t meaneth nature by these divers laws?
n and reason self-division cause.

Lord *Brooke's Mustapha.*

ther creatures follow after kind,
an alone doth not beget the mind.

Drayton's Queen Margaret to Duke of Suffolk.

seeds of ev'ry creature are in us,
t ere the world hath bad, or precious,
s body can produce: hence hath it been,
stones, worms, frogs and snakes in men are seen:

But

But who e'er saw, though nature can work so,
That pearl or gold, or corn in man did grow?

Dr. *Donne.*

As man is of the world, the heart of man
Is an epitome of God's great book,
Of creatures; and men need no farther look.

Ibid.

'Tis the deepest art to study man:
I know this, which I never learn'd in schools;
The world's divided into knaves and fools.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Man's curse is, things forbid still to pursue;
What's freely offer'd, not to hold worth view.

Dauborne's Christian turned Turk.

Nature, and all those universal pow'rs,
Which shew'd such admirable God-like skill,
In framing this true model of ourselves,
This man, this thing call'd man! why do you thus
Make him a spectacle of such laughter for you,
When in each man we see a monarchy?
For, as in states, all fortunes still attend;
So with a kingdom; with a compleat state
Well govern'd, and well manag'd, in himself
Both each man bears, when that best part of man,
Reason, doth sway, and rule each passion.

Goffe's Courageous Turk.

——————To be man,
Is to be but the exercise of cares
In sev'ral shapes; as miseries do grow,
They alter, as mens forms; but how, none know.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

——————As there is by nature
In ev'ry thing created contrariety;
So likewise is there unity and league
Between them in their kind: But man, the abstract
Of all perfection, which the workmanship
Of heav'n hath modell'd; in himself contains
Passions of several qualities: The musick

Of

ın's fair composition best accords,
'tis in comfort, not in single strains.
art has been untun'd these many months,
ng her presence, in whose equal love
ıarmony consisted. Living here,
: heav'n's bounty all, but fortune's exercise.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

ɔor a thing is man, whom death itself
t protect from injuries? O ye gods!
: enough our wretched lives are toss'd
ıg'rous seas, but we must stand in fear
rates in the haven too? heav'n made us
ıy butts of clay, at which the gods
l sport shoot miseries.

Randolph's Jealous Lovers.

ım outward actions, man should not derive
nowledge of himself; for so, he's made
eature of beginnings; over which
tue may command fortune and chance.
he by speculation hath inform'd
rine part, he is perfect; and till then
ough matter, only capable
ter fortune. It oft begets my wonder,
hou, a rude *Barbarian*, ignorant
art, but of wars, which custom only
being join'd to thy first nature, taught thee,
ft know so much of man! 2 I study man
from practice, than thou can'st by books;
arning's but opinion, mine known truth,
to no gross errors, such as cannot
ɔnciled, but by production
v and greater.

Nabbs's Hannibal and Scipio.

an actor, and the world the stage;
some do laugh, some weep, some sing, some rage:
:heir parts during the scene of breath,
lies, scourg'd by the tragedian death.

Richards's Messalina.

Man is to man, a monster hearted stone;
With heav'n there's mercy, but with man there's no

Richardi's Massa

Horses get their livings by their backs;
Oxen by their necks; swine and women by
Their flesh; only man by his brain

Richard Brome's City

Much of man's sand through time's wide glass does
Many of his fleshly years do periods know:
A long part of his life's short web is spun,
Ere he considers, what he's born to do.

B

Nor is this lower world but a huge inn,
And men the rambling passengers; wherein
Some warm lodgings find, and that as soon
As out of nature's closet they see noon,
And find the table ready laid; but some
Must for their commons trot, and trudge for room
With easy pace some climb promotion's hill;
Some in the dale, do what they can, lick still:
Some through false glasses fortune smiling spy;
Who still keeps off, though she appears hard by.
Some like the ostrich with their wings do flutter,
But cannot fly or soar above the gutter:
Some quickly fetch, and double *Good-Hope's Cape*;
Some ne'er can do't, though the same course they ste
So that poor mortals are so many balls
Tos'd some o'er line, some under fortune's walls:
And it is heav'n's high pleasure man should be
Obnoxious to this partiality;
That by industrious ways he should contend,
Nature's great patience to improve and mend;
How industry ne'er fail'd at last t'advance
Her patient sons above the reach of chance.

H

To study God, God's student, man was made;
To read him as in nature's text convey'd

Not as in heav'n; but as he did descend
To earth, his easier book: Where, to suspend
And save his miracles, each little flow'r,
And lesser fly, shews his familiar pow'r.

Sir *W. Davenant* to *Ogilby*.

Mankind upon each other's ruins rise;
Cowards maintain the brave, and fools the wise:
Honour and all religion bears a price,
But as the rates are set by death and vice.

Sir *R. Howard*'s *Vestal Virgin*.

1. What is a man? A congregation
Of disagreeing things; his place of birth,
A confus'd crowd of fighting elements;
To nothing fix'd, but to eternal change:
They would all lose their natures should they fix.
2. Why, say they did, were they not better lost
Than kept at such expence? What does poor man
Pay for vain life?
1. What's matter what he pays?
Gods did not make this world only for man;
He's but a parcel o'th'universe,
A fellow-servant with the meanest thing,
To carry on the service of the whole,
And pleasure o'the gods, the lords of all.

Crown's *Darius*.

MARRIAGE.

We wordly folk account him very wise
That hath the wit most wealthily to wed:
By all means therefore always we devise,
To see our issue rich in spousals sped.
We buy and sell rich orphans: Babes scant bread
Must marry, ere they know what marriage means:
Boys marry old trots, old fools wed young queans.

We call this wedding; which in any wise
Can be no marriage, but pollution plain:
A new-found trade of human merchandize;
The devil's net, a filthy fleshly gain:
Of kind and nature an unnat'ral stain;

A foul abuse of God's most holy order,
And yet allow'd almost in ev'ry border.

Mirror for Magistrates.

It is a sign that nothing shall assuage
Your love but marriage: For such is
'The tying of two in wedlock, as is
'The tuning of two lutes in one key: For
Striking the strings of the one, straws will stir
Upon the strings of the other; and in
'Two minds linked in love, one cannot be
Delighted, but the other rejoiceth.

Lilly's Sapho and Pho

'Tis strange to see th'impiety of parents,
Both priviledg'd by custom, and profess'd
'The holy institution of heaven;
Ordaining marriage for proportion'd minds,
For our chief humane comforts; and t'encrease
'The loved images of God in men:
'Tis now perverted to th'increase of wealth;
We must bring riches forth, and like the cuckoe
Hatch others eggs; join house to house; in choices
Fit timber logs and stone, not men and women.

Chapman's May-Day

For see how many discontented beds,
Our own aspiring, or our parents pride,
Have cau'd; whilst that ambition vainly weds
Wealth, and not love; honour, and nought beside
Whilst marry'd but to titles, we abide
As wedded widows, wanting what we have;
When shadows cannot give us, what we crave.

Daniel's Rosamund

O fortunate poor maids, that are not force'd,
'To wed for state, nor are for state divorc'd!
Whom policy of kingdoms, doth not marry;
But pure affection makes to love, or vary:
You feel no love, which you dare not to shew;
Nor shew a love, which doth not truly grow:

O, yo

: ſurely bleſſed of the sky ;
that know not death before you die !

Marſton's Sophonisba.

ı unworthy to be poſſeſſor
or new love, himſelf being falſe or weak,
his pain and ſhame would be leſſer,
'omankind he might his anger wreak ;
thence a law did grow,
might but one man know ;
re other creatures ſo ?

noon, or ſtars by law forbidden
le where they liſt, or lend away their light ?
divorc'd, or are they chidden
leave their mates, or lie abroad all night ?
:s do no jointures loſe,
ugh they new lovers chuſe,
we are made worſe than thoſe.

rigg'd fair ſhips to lie in harbours ;
t to ſeek lands, or not to deal with all ?
'air houſes, ſet trees and arbours,
ɔ lock up, or elſe to let them fall ?
l is not good, unleſs
ouſand it poſſeſs ;
loth waſte with greedineſs.

Dr. *Donne.*

and honourable matrimony !
lawful ſweets, unſhamed mornings ;
's pleaſures ; thou that mak'ſt the bed,
ſant and legitimately fruitful : Without thee
ıole world were ſoiled baſtardy.
the only, and the greateſt form,
ſt a diff'rence 'tween our deſires,
liſorder'd appetites of beaſts ;
heir mates thoſe that ſtand next their luſts.
-with what baſe injury is thy goodneſs paid ?
: to have a bride commence a maid,
ɔeguile of joy the purity !

And is made ſtrict by pow'r of drugs and art,
An artificial maid, a doctor'd virgin;
And ſo deceives the glory of his bed:
A foul contempt, againſt the ſpotleſs pow'r
Of ſacred wedlock: but if chaſte and honeſt,
There's another devil haunteth marriage,
None fondly loves but knows it; jealouſy,
That wedlock's yellow ſickneſs, that whiſp'ring
Separation every minute.

Middleton's Phœnix.

Is it enough to uſe adult'rous theſts,
And then take ſanctuary in marriage?
I grant, ſo long as an offender keeps
Cloſe in a privileg'd temple, his life's ſafe;
But if he ever venture to come out,
And ſo be ta'n, then he ſurely dies for't:
So now you are ſafe; but when you leave this body,
Man's only privileg'd temple upon earth;
In which the guilty ſoul takes ſanctuary:
Then you'll perceive, what wrongs chaſte vows endure,
When luſt uſurps the bed, that ſhould be pure.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

——————Holy ceremonies
Were made for ſacred uſes, not for ſinful.
Are theſe the fruits of your repentance, brother?
Better it had been you had never ſorrow'd;
Than t'abuſe the benefit, and return
To worſe than where ſin left you.
Vow'd you then never to keep ſtrumpet more,
And are you now ſo ſwift in your deſires,
To knit your honours, and your life faſt to her?
Is not ſin ſure enough to wretched man,
But he muſt bind himſelf in chains to it? worſe!
Muſt marriage, that immaculate robe of honour,
That renders virtue glorious, fair, and fruitful
To her great maſter, be now made the garment
Of leproſy and foulneſs? Is this penitence
To ſanctify hot luſt? What is it otherways

Than

ſhip done to devils? Is this the bſt
ıat ſin can make after her riots?
unkard, to appeaſe heav'n's wrath,
er up his ſurſeit for a ſacrifice:
comely, then luſt's off'rings are
ck's ſacred altar.

Middleton's Women beware Women.

am I now to a happineſs
h exceeds not? Not another like it.
ıres of the deep are not ſo precious,
: conceal'd comforts of a man
ı in woman's love. I ſcent the air
gs, when I come but near the houſe;
elicious breath marriage ſends forth!
t-bed's not ſweeter. Honeſt wedlock
ıanquetting-houſe built in a garden,
the ſpring's chaſte flow'rs take delight
eir modeſt odors; when baſe luſt
ıer powders, paintings, and beſt pride,
ir houſe built by a ditch ſide.

Ibid.

ıis wife his harlot doth prefer;
on 'tis, that he ſhould marry her.

Middleton's Michaelmas-Term.

arry'd woman, if you mark it,
ıe maid that longs; the appetite
e firſt taſte, which when we have reliſh'd
o cloying: the taſte once pleas'd before,
deſire is whetted on to more.

eaumont and *Fletcher's Wit at ſeveral Weapons.*

ıns reſolutions in ſuch deeds,
light oft on flow'rs, and oft on weeds.

Webſter's Devil's Law Caſe.

———Fie upon theſe
'd matches! they make us loath
ıat'ral deſire our grandam *Eve* e'er left us:
to marry againſt her will? Why 'tis
ıgodly work, than encloſing the commons.

Ibid.

1. What do you think of marriage?
2. I take't, as those that deny purgatory
It locally contains or heaven or hell;
There's no third place in it.

Webster's Duch

Take thus much of my council. Marry
In haste; for she that takes the best of hu
Puts but on a golden fetter: For husband
Are like to painted fruit, which promise
But still deceives us, when we come to tou
If you match with a courtier, he'll have
Dozen mistresses at least, and repent
His marriage within four and twenty hou
At most; swearing a wife, is fit for none
But an old justice, or a country gentleman
If you marry a citizen, though you
Live never so honest, yet you shall be sur
To have a cuckold to your husband: If
A lawyer, the neatness of his clerk will
Draw in question the good carriage of his
Wife: If a merchant, he'll be venturing
Abroad, when he might deal a great dea
Safe at home. And this take of me, tha
The best, there is none good, all ill:
She's marry'd best, that's wedded to her w

Cup

How many shepherds daughters, who in
To griping fathers have enthrall'd their b
To wait upon the gout, to walk when ple
Old *January* halt! O that diseases
Should link with youth! She that hath fu
Is like two twins, form both incorporate:
Th'one living, th'other dead: The livin
Must needs be slain through noisomness of
He carries with him: Such are their est
Who merely marry wealth, and not their

Bro

——————— 'Tis a fault,
hat men not guided by the tract of reason
it heat and wantonness of blood, run giddy
o seal such weighty covenants: Better 'twere
he world should end in our virginities,
han spin itself more length by inconsiderate
id hasty marriages.

Shirley's Constant Maid.

ie joys of marriage are the heav'n on earth,
fe's paradise, great princess, the soul's quiet,
iews of concord, earthly immortality,
ernity of pleasures; no restoratives
ce to a constant woman ———But where is she?
would puzzle all the gods but to create
:h a new monster.

John Ford's Broken Heart.

o weds as I have, to enforced sheets;
i care increaseth, but his comfort fleets.

Wilkin's Miseries of inforced Marriage.

e wiving vine that 'bout the friendly elm
vines her soft limbs, and weaves a leafy mantle
her supporting lover; durst not venture
mix her humble boughs with the embraces
the more lofty cedar.

Glapthorne's Albertus Wallenstein.

! this ingrossment, is but mere conceit:
s the sweet spring less cool, less fair appear,
en many thirsts are quench'd in her, than when
one has drank? Find you not the same sweets,
en more besides yourself, have smelt your rose?

Baron's Mirza.

Wedlock to his age, will bring him home
choicer pleasures, and abandon such.
His age, is fit for nothing, but to rock
ther's child; and to rejoice through spectacles,
he strong guess he has, it is his own.

Richard Brome's Damoiselle.

Faith 'tis no age to be put off
With empty education; few will make jointures
To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
When some old widow which at ev'ry cough
Resigns some of her teeth; and ev'ry night
Puts off her leg as duly as *French* hood;
Scarce wears her own nose; hath no eyes but such
As she first bought in *Broad-street*; and ev'ry morning
Is put together like some instrument;
Having full coffers shall be woo'd, and thought
A youthful bride.

Main's City Match.

Men shall abandon pride and jealousy,
Ere I'll be bound to their captivity;
They shall live continent, and leave to range;
But men, like to the moon, each month must change:
Yet must we seek that naught their sight displeases,
And mix our wedlock sweets with loath'd diseases:
When we consume ourselves and our best beauty,
All our reward is, why, 'twas but our duty.

Machen's Dumb Knight.

True matrimony's nothing else indeed
But fornication licens'd; lawful adultery.
O heav'ns! How all my senses are wide sluices
To let in discontent and miseries.

Randolph's Muse's Looking-Glass.

But you will say, the comfort of a life
Is in the partner of your joys, a wife.
You have made choice of brides; you need not wooe
The rich, the fair; they both are proferr'd you.
But what fond virgin will my love prefer,
That only in *Parnassus* jointures her?
Yet thy base match I scorn; and honest pride
I harbour here, that scorns a market-bride.
Neglected beauty now is priz'd by gold;
And sacred love is basely bought and sold:
Wives are grown traffick, marriage is a trade;
And when a nuptial of two hearts is made,

There

There must of moneys too a wedding be,
That coin, as well as men, may multiply.

Randolph.

——————— Our gallant friend,
Is gone to church, as martyrs to the fire:
Who marry, differ but i'th' end,
Since both do take
The hardest way to what they most desire.

Nor staid he till the formal priest had done,
But ere that part was finish'd, his begun:
Which did reveal
The haste and eagerness men have to seal,
That long to tell the money.

Suckling.

——————— I esteem it
No marriage, but a well-nam'd rape, where friends
Force love upon their children; where the virgin
Is not so truly given, as betray'd.
I would not have betrothed people (for
I can by no means call them lovers) do
Such pennance in their marriage sheets; and make
The rites no wedlock, but a sacrifice:
Where, like an innocent lamb, the passive virgin's
Heart is torn from her entrails, not entic'd:
Being condemn'd, not wedded to her husband.

Mead's Combat of Love and Friendship.

Why is marriage legal?
It gives authority to lust, for chastity
Would soon conclude the world. Oh virtuous
Prejudice, when error prevents folly!

Sir *W. Davenant's cruel Brother.*

For wealth has marry'd wealth; with youth age joins
His feeble heat, and melts his wither'd loins;
Not to engender men, but sev'ral coins.

Sir *W. Davenant To one marry'd to an old Usurer.*

And wiſely ancients by this needful ſnare
  Of gilded joys, did hide ſuch bitterneſs
As moſt in marriage ſwallow with that care,
  Which baſhfully the wife will ne'er confeſs.

'Tis ſtateſmens muſick, who ſtate-fowlers be,
  And ſinging birds, to catch the wilder, ſet;
So bring in more to tame ſociety;
  For wedlock, to the wild, is the ſtate's net.

And this loud joy, before the marriage rites,
  Like battle's muſick which to fights prepare,
Many to ſtriſe and ſad ſucceſs invites;
  For marriage is too oft but civil war.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondi*

Marriage is but a church device, that would
Preſer ſobriety amongſt the virtues.
A ſtale unſav'ry thing, when as variety
Gives life to ev'ry ſenſe; and doth beget
An appetite, when th' other ſmothers it.

John Tatham's *Diſtracted St*

Theſe marriages in earneſt, come time enough,
And ſpoil the others: The oaths and promiſes
Of batchellors, paſs current, and are not
Diſproveable; but a marry'd man that ſwears
Virtuous love to others, is perjur'd
In a court of record.

Fane's *Love in the D*

1. Sir, this is the great market of matrimony:
Here 'tis begun, made up, and broken too.
2. Matrimony! for heav'ns ſake name it not;
I do not love to hear the ſound of fetters.
1. Oh, pray let's humour him a little; I
Think indeed the ſtrictneſs of it was but
A kind of juggle, betwixt the women
And the fryars.
2. True, ſuch a deviliſh thing could never
Have been found out elſe: 'Twas worſe than the
Invention of gun-powder; and it has

Alt

Alter'd the course of love, more than th' other
Has done of war.
1. Imparity of minds, is worse than bodies;
And which two are of the same mind for ever?
2. Ay, or at any time. If people love
Well, there needs no marriage to confine them;
If not, 'tis cruelty to couple two
Churlish disagreeing curs, and sin, not
To unloose them. I would not use my dogs
So: True, men are chain'd in gallies; horses
Bridled, and oxen yok'd to work:
For slavish offices and things ungrateful,
Constraint is necessary; but for the
Sweets of love to have a task impos'd; to
Have men like hir'd town bulls, made amorous
By force; and beaten to it? Do men chain
Up themselves at dinner to their tables?
Or do they hunt, or bowl, or dance in shackles?
If marriage is a sport, confinement makes it less;
If 'tis a work;
Are drudgeries the better for being endless?

Fane's Love in the Dark.

1. Men should look with eyes, and not
With spectacles, in affairs of love.
2. Nor would I wed the empress of the world,
Though she were the greatest beauty of it,
In that dull method of our grave fore-fathers:
'Sfoot——they marry'd as they purchased lands;
Agreed upon the bargain, then enter'd,
And took possession. They wedded wealth
To wealth; when the chief benefit of riches,
Is, to make election of what most we like.
1. And if what most you like have riches too,
I hope that makes it not the worse.
2. To me it does exceedingly; it gives
A wife too great a motive to be proud;
When she can upbraid her husband, that 'twas
She, forsooth, increas'd his fortune: whereas

Mar-

Marrying for beauty, only pleases me,
Obliges her, and keeps her humble too.
'Twould be an injustice to all human kind,
If still the rich should only wed the rich;
The world would then consist only of
Usurers and beggars: But if rich men
Marry the poor and handsome women, and
The rich women the poor and handsome men;
The gifts of nature and of fortune, will
Be equally distributed: Delight
And wealth so shar'd, will restore to both the
Sexes that happiness, which the old formal
Ways of acting have so long depriv'd them of.
1. Young and handsome is portion enough to
Him that needs not any: I hate constraint
In any thing, and in love above all things.

E. of *Orrery's Guzman.*

1. Though your structure be
Noble and high, if you will build it on
A low foundation, it can ne'er appear
So high, as if your basis higher were.
You may appear yourself; but when you do
Join with an equal, you appear him too.
2. Pardon me, sir, I only him appear,
I lose my name, and all I was before.
I am not greater, when his wife, because
I was a princess; for should he but wed
The meanest lass in all *Arcadia*, he
In doing so, would make her full as great
As I should be. Ambitious rivers, whilst
They needs will strive to join with greater floods,
Do add indeed to them; but lose themselves:
Whilst those that court some smaller brook, at once
Encrease their waters, and preserve their names.

Fountain's Rewards of Virtue.

The hour of marriage ends the female reign;
And we give all we have to buy a chain;

Hire

ire men to be our lords, who were our ſlaves;
nd bribe our lovers to be perjur'd knaves.
) how they ſwear to heaven and the bride,
hey will be kind to her, and none beſide;
nd to themſelves, the while in ſecret ſwear,
hey will be kind to ev'ry one, but her!

Crown's English Fryar.

MASTER.

he maſter which in paſſion kills his ſlave
hat may be uſeful to him, does himſelf
he injury.

Maſſinger's Unnatural Combat.

n equal maſter; whoſe ſincere intents
e'er chang'd good ſervants, to bad inſtruments.

Cartwright.

y children, ſervants, neighbours ſo eſteem'd,
e not a maſter, but a monarch ſeem'd:
ll his relations his admirers were;
is ſons paid rev'rence, and his ſervants fear.

Denham.

MEDIOCRITY.

tand who ſo liſt for me,
In higheſt ſlipp'ry place:
hough great their glory be,
Yet greater their diſgrace:
nd who ſo ſubject to miſchance,
s thoſe whom fortune doth advance?

heſe baſe, earth-creeping mates,
Proud envy never ſpies:
hen at the greateſt ſtates
Her poiſon'd quiver flies.
ach tempeſt doth turmoil the ſeas,
hen little lakes have quiet eaſe.

Brandon's Octavia.

nts live ſafely, till they have gotten wings,
nd juniper is not blown up till it

Hath

Hath gotten an high top: The mean estate
Is without care, as long as it continueth
Without pride.

Lilly's Alexander and Campaspe

Thou art a ferryman *Phao*, yet
A freeman; possessing for riches content,
And for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no
Higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires
Greater than thy calling. Who climbeth, stands
On glass, and falls on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is
Satisfy'd with thy hands thrift; and thy gentle
Labours in the day, turn to sweet slumbers
In the night. As much doth it delight thee
To rule thine oar in a calm stream; as it
Doth *Sapho* to sway the sceptre in her
Brave court. Envy never casteth her eye
Low; ambition pointeth always upwards;
And revenge barketh only at stars. Thou
Farest delicately, if thou hast a
Fare to buy any thing. Thine angle is
Ready, when thine oar is idle; and as
Sweet is the fish, which thou gettest in the
River, as the fowl which others buy in
The market. Thou need'st not fear poison in
Thy glass; nor treason in thy guard. The wind
Is thy greatest enemy, whose might is
Withstood with policy. O sweet life seldom
Found under a golden covert, often
Under a thatched cottage!

Lilly's Sapho and Phao.

We must, in passing to our wished ends,
Through things call'd good and bad, be like the air,
That ev'nly interpos'd betwixt the seas,
And the opposed element of fire;
As either toucheth, but partakes with neither;
Is neither hot nor cold, but with a slight
And harmless temper, mixt of both th' extremes.

Chapman's First Part of Byron's Conspiracy.

——— Oh

——Oh mediocrity !
ou prizeless jewel, only mean men have
t cannot value ; like the precious jem,
and in the muck-hill by th' ignorant cock.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Queen of Corinth.*

d I been born a servant, my low life
d steady stood from all these miseries.
e waving reeds stand free from ev'ry gust,
en the tall Oaks are rent up by the roots.

How a Man may choose a good Wife from bad.

n that even course that must be kept
shun two dang'rous gulphs ; the middle tract
vixt Scylla and *Charibdis* ; the small *Isthmus*
at suffers not th' *Ægean* tide to meet
e violent rage of th' *Ionian* wave.
m a bridge oe'r an impetuous sea ;
e, and safe passage to the wary step :
: he, whose wantonness, or folly dares,
cline to either side, falls desperate
o a certain ruin——Dwell with me,
ose mansion is not plac'd so near the sun,
to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
th his directer beams ; nor so remote
m his bright rays, as to be situate
der the icy pole of the cold bear ;
in a temp'rate zone : 'Tis I am she,
n the golden mediocrity.

Randolph's *Muse's Looking-glass.*

M E L A N C H O L Y.

ll me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee
y stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep ?
y dost thou bend thy eyes upon the earth ?
d start so often when thou sitt'st alone ?
y hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
d giv'n my treasures and my rights of thee,
thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy ?

Shakespear's *First Part of K. Henry* IV.

—— Oh

———Oh melancholy!
Who ever yet could found thy bottom? find
The Ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might easiest harbour in?

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

I am as melancholy as a gib cat,
Or a lugg'd bear; or an old lion, or
A lover's lute; yea, or the drone of a
Lincolnshire bagpipe. What say'st thou to a
Hare, or the melancholy of *Moor-ditch?*

Shakespear's First Part of K. Henry IV.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
Which is emulation; nor the musician's,
Which is fantastical; nor the courtier's,
Which is pride; nor the soldier's, which is
Ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politick;
Nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's,
Which is all these: but it is a melancholy
Of mine own; compounded of many simples,
Extracted from many objects, and, indeed,
The sundry contemplation of my travels;
In which my often rumination wraps me
In a most hum'rous sadness.

Shakespear's As you like it.

I'll bear me in some strain of melancholy,
And string myself with heavy-sounding wire,
Like such an instrument, that speaks merry things sadly.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness; for I'll tell you,
If too immod'rate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul;
It then doth follow, want of action
Breeds all black malecontents; and their close rearing,
Like moths in cloaths, do hurt for want of wearing.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

——— That melancholy
Though ending in distraction, should work

So

So far upon a man as to compel him
To court a thing that hath nor ſenſe, nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

Maſſinger's Duke of Milan.

I have ſat with him in his cabbin a day together,
Yet not a ſyllable exchang'd between us;
Sigh he did often; as if inward grief
And melancholy at that inſtant, would
Choke up his vital ſpirits: and now and then
A tear, or two, as in deriſion of
The toughneſs of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks; which but once felt,
A ſudden flaſh of fury did dry up.

Maſſinger's Unnatural Combat.

——— Melancholy, is
The root, as well of every apiſh frenzy,
Laughter and mirth, as dullneſs.

John Ford's Lover's Melancholy.

——— Melancholy
Is not as you conceive, an indiſpoſition
Of body; but the mind's diſeaſe: ſo extaſy,
Fantaſtick dotage, madneſs, frenzy, rupture,
Of meer imagination differ partly
From melancholy; which is briefly this:
A meer commotion of the mind, o'ercharg'd
With fear and ſorrow; firſt begat i' th' brain,
The ſeat of reaſon; and from thence, deriv'd
As ſuddenly into the heart, the ſeat
Of our affection.

Ibid.

See the ſtrange working of dull melancholy,
Whoſe droſſy drying the feeble brain,
Corrupts the ſenſe, deludes the intellect:
And in the ſoul's fair table falſly graves
Whole ſquadrons of fantaſtical chimeras,
And thouſand vain imaginations:
Making ſome think their heads as big as horſes;

Some

Some that are dead; some that are turn'd to w
As now it makes him think himself all glass.

——— Of melancholy,
Which some define is weakness in a lord;
And in a lady pride or sullenness;
But in a wise man, 'tis flat foolery.

Jones's

MEMORY.

This ledger-book, lies in the brain behind,
Like *Janus* eye, which in his poll was set
The layman's tables; store-house of the mind
Which doth remember much, and much fo

Here sense's apprehension, end doth take;
As when a stone is in the water cast,
One circle doth another circle make;
T'ill the last circle touch the bank at last.

Sir *John*

To these high pow'rs a store-house doth pertain
Where they all arts, and gen'ral reasons lay
Which in the soul, ev'n after death remain,
And no *Lethæan* flood can wash away.

Remember thee———
Ay, thou poor ghost; while mem'ry holds a s
In this distracted globe; remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copy'd there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixt with baser matter.

Shakespear's

Oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er th' infected house,
Boading to ill. ———

Shakespear'

——— Could her tomb
nd, whilst I liv'd so long, that it might rot;
at should fall down, but she be ne'er forgot.

Dekker's First Part of the Honest Whore.

I remember you not.
Why we supt with you last night, sir!
Oh cry your mercy; 'tis so long ago,
ad quite forgot you; I must be forgiven:
quaintance, dear society, suits and things
so flow to me; that had I not the better mem'ry,
vould be a wonder I should know myself:
eem is made of such a dizzy metal;
ave receiv'd of many, gifts o'er night,
nom I have forgot ere morning: meeting the men,
ish'd them to remember me again;
ey do so: then if I forget again,
now what help'd before, that will help then:
is is my course; for mem'ry I've been told
enty preserves; the best I find, is gold.

Middleton's Michaelmas Term.

No man cares for *anamestes*, or remembrance.
Yes, a company of studious paper worms,
l lean scholars, and niggardly scraping
rers; and a troop of heart-hating
ious persons, and those canker-stomach'd
eful creatures, that furnish up common
e-books with other mens faults. The time has
n in those golden days when *Saturn* reign'd,
at if a man receiv'd a benefit
another; I was presently sent for,
put him in mind of it: but now, in
se iron afternoons, save your friend's life,
l oblivion will be more familiar
th him, than I.

Lingua.

——— None grow so old,
: to remember, where they hid their gold.

From

From age such art of memory we learn,
To forget nothing, which is our concern:
Their interest, no priest, nor sorcerer
Forgets, nor lawyer, nor philosopher;
No understanding, memory can want,
Where wisdom, studious industry doth plant:
Nor does it only in the active live,
But in the quiet and contemplative.

Denham.

——————Thou hast almost
Taught me to love my mis'ries, and forgive
All my misfortunes: I'll at least forget 'em.
We will revive those times, and in our memories
Preserve, and still keep fresh, like flowers in water,
Those happier days; when at our eyes our souls
Kindled their mutual fires, their equal beams
Shot and return'd, 'till link'd, and twin'd in one,
They chain'd our hearts together.

Denham's Sophy.

Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence, nor th' offence:
'Twas his chief punishment, to keep in store,
The sad remembrance what he was before.

Denham.

MERCY.

Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Shakespear's Measure for Measure.

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that!
And mercy then will breath within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ibid.

'Tis necessary he should die:
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

Shakespear's Timon.

——— Attend our will:
Mercy but murthers, pard'ning those that kill.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thro'ned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shews the force of temp'ral pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

Shakespear's Merchant of Venice.

If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of graces, or your mercy, here in me,
Spare your own goodness yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat:
God, and the good, know to forgive, and save;
The ignorant, and fools, no pity have.
I will stand arraign'd, and cast, to be
The subject of your grace in pard'ning me;
And, stil'd your mercy's creature, will live more
Your honour now, than your disgrace before:
Think it was frailty, mistress, think me man;
Think that yourself like heav'n forgive me can:
Where weakness doth offend, and virtue grieve;
There greatness takes a glory to relieve.

Johnson's Underwoods.

Dispense sometime with stern severity;
Make not the laws still traps to apprehend;
Win grace upon the bad with clemency;
Mercy may mend, whom malice made offend.

Death

Death gives no thanks, but checks authority;
And life doth only majesty commend.
Revenge dies not; rigour begets new wrath:
And blood hath never glory; mercy hath.

Daniel's Civil War.

———Mercy is the highest reach of wit,
A safety unto them that save with it:
Born out of God, and unto human eyes,
Like God, not seen, till fleshly passion dies.

Lord *Brooke's Mustapha.*

The greatest attribute of heav'n is mercy;
And 'tis the crown of justice, and the glory,
Where it may kill with right; to save with pity.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Lovers Progress.*

Great minds erect their never failing trophies,
On the firm base of mercy; but to triumph
O'er a suppliant, by base fortune captiv'd,
Argues a bastard conquest.

Massinger's Emperor of the East.

Nor takes it from the justice of a prince,
Where provocation, and not malice makes
Guilty; to save, whom the sharp letter dooms
Sometimes to execution.

Shirley's Gamester.

If they are gods; pity's a banquet to them:
Whene'er the innocent and virtuous
Doth escape death, then is their festival.
Nectar ne'er flows more largely, than when blood's
Not spilt that should be sav'd. Do ye think the smoke
Of human entrails is a steam that can
Delight the deities? Whoe'er did burn
The building to the honour of th'architect?
Or break the tablet in the painter's praise?
'Tis mercy, is the sacrifice, they like.

Cartwright's Royal Slave.

O think! think upward on the thrones above:
Disdain not mercy, since they mercy love;

If

If mercy were not mingled with their pow'r,
This wretched world could not subsist an hour.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Siege of Rhodes.*

To kill, shews fear dares not more fears endure;
When wrong'd, destroy not with thy foes, thy fame;
The valiant by forgiving, mischief cure;
And it is heav'n's great conquest to reclaim.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert.*

You bring such clemency, as shews you have
More pardons, than your god-like father gave.
Which shews a greatness, that does most encline
To what is greatest in the pow'r divine:
'Tis that to which all human kind does bow,
And tend'rest sense of obligation owe.
For wretched man, by ev'ry passion led,
Born sinful, and to many errors bred,
Has use of mercy still; and does esteem
Creation a less work, than to redeem.

Sir *W. Davenant* on the *Restauration.*

What others use to do with blows,
You, by forgiving, kill your foes:
Your mercy doth your sword reprieve,
And for their faults, you most do grieve.

Thomas Ford.

Mercy itself but rarely does bestow,
At the same time, rewards and pardons too.

E. of *Orrery*'s *Tryphon.*

MERIT.

1. My lord, I will use them according to
Their desert.
2. Gods-boddikins, man, much better; use
Ev'ry man after his desert, and who
Shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own
Honour and dignity. The less they deserve,
The more merit is in your bounty.

Shakespear's *Hamlet.*

Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong t,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom;

When it deſerves with characters of braſs
A ſorted reſidence, 'gainſt the tooth of time,
And razure of oblivion!

Shakeſpear's Meaſure for Meaſure.

Potential merit ſtands for actual,
Where only opportunity doth want
Not will, nor power.

Johnſon's Cynthia's Revels.

Ourſelf have ever vowed to eſteem
As virtue for itſelf, ſo fortune baſe;
Who's firſt in worth, the ſame be firſt in place.

Ibid.

So rare are true deſervers lov'd or known;
That men lov'd vulgarly, are ever none.

Chapman's Firſt Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

1. True gold, will any trial ſtand, untouch'd.
2. For colours that will ſtain, when they are try'd;
The cloth itſelf, is ever caſt aſide.
1. Sometimes, the very gloſs in any thing,
Will ſeem a ſtain; the fault not in the light,
Not in the guilty object, but our ſight:
My gloſs, rais'd from the richneſs of my ſtuff,
Had too much ſplendor for the owly eye
Of politick and thankleſs royalty:
I did deſerve too much: A pleuriſy
Of that blood in me, is the cauſe I die.

Chapman's Second Part of Byron's Conſpiracy.

To thoſe, all great men, friends moſt frankly prove,
Whom, for their pleaſure, freely they affect;
And loathing bands, cannot be forc'd to love,
As brav'd by worth, when merits urge reſpect.
Few mark from whence they roſe, when once aloft;
None can indure that they ſhould owe their ſtate
Deſerts grow odious, when upbraided oft;
And are deprav'd, not guerdon'd when too great.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

V

Why ſhould your fair eyes with ſuch ſov'reign grace,
Diſperſe their rays on ev'ry vulgar ſpirit,
Whilſt I in darkneſs, in the ſelf-ſame place,
Get not one glance to recompence my merit?
So doth the ploughman gaze the wand'ring ſtar,
And only reſts contented with the light;
That never learn'd what conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his unknowing ſight.
O, why ſhould beauty, cuſtom, to obey,
To their groſs ſenſe, apply herſelf ſo ill?
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made unhappy by my ſkill;
Only compell'd on this poor good to boaſt,
Heav'ns are not kind to them, that know them moſt.

Drayton's Ideas.

——————— O 'tis baſe,
Bought gentry, e'er ſhould true born worth diſgrace!

Day's Law Tricks.

His life's example was ſo true
A practick of religion's theory;
That her divinity ſeem'd rather the
Deſcription than th'inſtruction of his life:
And of his goodneſs, was his virtuous ſon
A worthy imitator: So that on
Theſe two *Herculean* pillars, where their arms
Are plac'd, there may be writ, *Non ultra:* For
Beyond their lives, as well for youth as age,
Nor young nor old, in merit or in name,
Shall e'er exceed their virtues, or their fame.

Tourneur's Atheiſt's Tragedy.

When no fair aſpect ſhineth on deſerts,
There is a dearth preſag'd on arms and arts.

Aleyn's Poictiers.

Seem not too conſcious of thy worth; nor be
The firſt that knows thy own ſufficiency:
If to thy king and country, thy true care
More ſerviceable is, than others are

That blaze in court; and ev'ry action sway
As if the kingdom on their shoulders lay:
Or if thou serv'st a master, and dost see
Others preferr'd of less desert than thee;
Do not complain, though such a plaint be true;
Lords will not give their favours as a due;
But rather stay and hope. It cannot be
But men at last must needs thy virtues see:
So shall thy trust endure, and greater grow;
Whilst they that are above thee, fall below.

Randolph.

Our honours, and our commendations be
Due to the merits; not authority.

Herrick.

Who does to merit trust,
But writes an obligation in the dust.

Suckling's Sad One.

For human excellence hath this ill fate,
That where it virtue most does elevate,
It bears the blot of being singular:
And envy blasts that fame, it cannot share.

Sir *W. Davenant* to Mr. *Benlowes.*

His fate is nobler, who deserves, but fails;
Than his who merits not, and yet prevails.

E. of *Orrery's Black Prince.*

In a base commonwealth,
Merit is treason; a great master oppresses
His little masters, by out-shining them.
I'm your oppressor now, your tyrant now;
Fear of me, tortures you.

Crown's Regulus.

On my own treasure of desert I live;
And all my glory from myself receive.

Crown's Calisto.

M I N D.

The settled mind is free from fortune's pow'r,
They need not fear, who look not up aloft:

But

But they that climb, are careful ev'ry hour;
For when they fall, they light not very soft.

Churchyard in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

The mind and not the man doth make or mar;
For as the stream doth guide the argosy,
So by their minds all men they guided are.
From out the mind proceedeth fantasy;
All outward acts, virtue or vanity,
Not from the man, but from the mind proceed:
The mind doth make each man to do each deed.

Thomas Blener Hasset in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

All things receiv'd, do such proportion take,
As those things have, wherein they are receiv'd:
So little glasses little faces make,
And narrow webs on narrow frames are weav'd.

Then what vast body must we make the mind,
Wherein are men, beasts, trees, towns, seas and lands;
And yet each thing a proper place doth find,
And each thing in the true proportion stands?

Doubtless this could not be, but that she turns
Bodies to sp'rits, by sublimation strange;
As fire converts to fire the things it burns;
As we our meats into our nature change.

From their gross matter she abstracts the forms,
And draws a kind of quintessence from things;
Which to her proper nature she tranforms,
To bear them light on her celestial wings.

Sir *John Davies.*

Besides, as *Homer*'s Gods, 'gainst armies stand;
Her subtle form can through all dangers slide:
Bodies are captives, minds endure no band;
And will is free, and can no force abide.

Ibid.

Perhaps something repugnant to her kind,
By strong antipathy the soul may kill.
But what can be contrary to the mind,
Which holds all contraries in concord still?

She lodgeth heat, and cold, and moist, and dry,
And life, and death, and peace, and war together;
Ten thousand fighting things in her do lie;
Yet neither troubleth, or disturbeth either.

Sir *John Davies.*

Sick minds, are like sick men that burn with fevers;
Who when they drink, please but a pleasant taste,
And after bear a more impatient fit.

Johnson's Poetaster.

——— Know, sir, that the wings
On which my soul is mounted, have long since
Borne her too high, to stoop to any prey
That soars not upwards. Sordid and dunghil
Minds, compos'd of earth, in that gross element
Fix all their happiness; but purer spirits,
Purged and refin'd, shake off that clog of
Human frailty.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Elder Brother.*

M I R T H.

——— A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object, that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Shakespear's Love's Labour's Lost.

From the crown of his head to the sole of
His foot, he is all mirth; he hath twice or
Thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little
Hangman dare not shoot at him: He hath a
Heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is
The clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Shakespear's Much ado about Nothing.

'Tis

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food;
Let each man keep his heart at ease,
No man dies of that disease:
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep:
But whoever laughs and sings,
Never his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or lingringly his lungs consumes:
Or meets with aches in the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:
But contented lives for aye,
The more he laughs, the more he may.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

——'Tis nought but mirth,
That keeps the body from the earth.

Ibid.

Sometimes, when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast;
Oft gay and honour'd robes those tortures try;
We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry.

Webster's *White Devil.*

See the event; this will prove good mirth,
When things unshap'd, shall have a perfect birth.

Barrey's *Ram-Alley.*

A merry harmless mischief, whose relation
Shall make the ice of melancholick spleen
Dissolve with laughter.

Nabbs's *Bride.*

Our mirth shall be the quintessence of pleasure;
And our delight flow with that harmony,
Th'ambitious spheres shall to the center shrink,
To hear our musick: Such ravishing accents,
As are from poets in their fury hurl'd,
When their outrageous raptures fill the world.

Marmyon's *Antiquary*

——————Others mirth,
And not mine own, it is that feeds me; that
Battens me, as poor mens costs do usurers,

Richard Brome's Antipodes.

Geltho, by nature was of musick made,
Chearful as victors warm in their success;
He seem'd like birds created to be glad;
And nought but love, could make him taste distress.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

They are mandrakes groans, and still
Bode death: nor is his mirth less dang'rous;
Which, like the wanton play of porpoises,
Denotes a storm.

Sir *W. Davenant's Play-House to be Let.*

MISCHIEF.

God can rip up secret mischiefs wrought,
To the confusion of the workers thought.

Mirror for Magistrates.

——————Now you begin,
When crimes are done and past, and to be punish'd,
To think what your crimes are: Mischiefs feed
Like beasts, till they be fat, andthen they bleed.

Johnson's Volpone.

For he that for himself would ruin all,
Shall perish in his craft unnatural.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

Mischief o'erflows my thoughts; and like a sea,
Devours the dews, the rain, the snow, the springs;
And all their sweetness to his saltness brings.
How should I ground a faith, that faithless know
Myself to be? Or why should he mistrust,
On whom the worst that can befal, is just?

Ibid.

Mischief that may be help'd, is hard to know;
And danger going on still multiplies.
Where harm hath many wings, care arms too late:
Yet hasty attempts make chance precipitate.

Ibid.

Mischief,

——Mischief, while her head shews in a cloud,
In *Pluto*'s kingdom doth her body shroud.
Lord *Brooke*'s *Mustapha*.

Mischief is like the cockatrice's eyes;
Sees first, and kills, or is seen first, and dies.
Ibid.

We search for serpents, but b'ing found, destroy them;
Men drink not poisons, though they oft employ them.
Dekker's *Match me in London*.

Mischief 'gainst goodness aim'd, is like a stone,
Unnat'rally forc'd up an eminent hill;
Whose weight falls on our heads and buries us:
We springe ourselves, we sink in our own bogs.
Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Queen of Corinth*.

——————————Mischiefs
Are like the visits of *Franciscan* friars,
They never come to prey upon us single.
Webster's *Devil's Law Case*.

——————————Whom you do employ
In mischief, when 'tis done, you must destroy.
Alcyn's *Henry* VII.

The hidden pow'rs of heav'n, they make, and bend
Those counsels, that a mischief should divert,
Fit to advance it: When the fates intend
To ruin us, our judgments they pervert;
And add this greater plague, to make us thought
The cause, which on ourselves the mischief brought.
Ibid.

In mischief there's content,
When we on others lay the punishment.
Nabbs's *Bride*.

That dart sure hits, which clouds did hide,
And safely kills, 'cause undescry'd.
Killigrew's *Conspiracy*.

He that may hinder mischief,
And yet permits it; is an accessary.
Freeman's *Imperiale*.

I have seen sudden starts to mischief grow;
But turns to good, are usually more slow.

Sir *R. Howard's Vestal Virgin.*

MISFORTUNE.

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow thrown his utmost dart.
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight
Than that I feel, and harbour in mine heart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound
That launced hath my breast with bleeding smart.
Begin and end the bitter baleful stound;
If less than that I fear, more favour have I found.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

If fortune were so firm as she is frail,
Or glozing glory were still permanent:
If no mishap mens doings did assail,
Or that their acts and facts were innocent:
If they in hope no hurt nor hatred meant,
Or dealings ay were done with duty due;
They never need their great misfortunes rue.

Mirror for Magistrates.

'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
As 'tis to laugh at them.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Where is your ancient courage? You were us'd
To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
A noble cunning.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

——————— 'Tis easy to accuse
Whom fortune hath made faulty by their fall;
They who are vanquished, may not refuse
The titles of reproach they're charg'd withal:

e conq'ring cause hath right, wherein thou art;
e vanquish'd still is judg'd the worser part.

Daniel's Cleopatra.

at pow'r can make me wretched? What evil
here in life to him, that knows life's loss
be no evil? Shew, shew thy ugliest brow,
most black chance! Make me a wretched story;
:hout misfortune, virtue hath no glory:
posed trees make tempests shew their pow'r;
l waves forc'd back by rocks, make *Neptune* tow'r.

Marston's Sophonisba.

——Nothing is a misery,
ess our weakness apprehend it so:
cannot be more faithful to ourselves
ny thing that's manly, than to make
ortune as contemptible to us,
t makes us to others.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Honest Man's Fortune.*

ay, sir, deal with men in misery,
e one that may himself be miserable:
lt not too much upon men distrest;
not too much upon my wretchedness;
: noble minds still will not, when they can.

Heywood's Royal King.

hat a man be thrust into a well,
matter who sets hand to't; his own weight
l bring him the sooner to the bottom.
une makes this conclusion general;
:hings do help th'unhappy man to fall.

Webster's Dutchess of Malfy.

worldly men, when we see friends, and kinsmen
hope sunk in their fortunes; lend no hand
lift them up: But rather set our feet
n their heads, to press them to the bottom.

Massinger's New Way to pay old Debts.

lay aside distinctions; if our fates
se us alike in our misfortunes.

Shirley's Wedding.

——————Misfortune brings
Sorrow enough: 'Tis envy to ourselves,
To augment it by prediction.

Hallington's Queen of Arragon.

Ill luck, for speed, of all things else is chief:
For as the blind man sung, time so provides,
That joy goes still on foot, and sorrow rides.

Brown's Pastorals.

The thrifty heav'ns mingle our sweets with gall,
Lest being glutted with excess of good,
We should forget the giver.

Thomas Rawlins's Rebellion.

——————— 1. Healthy men
Know how t'afford good counsel unto others;
Whose forces being too weak, to bear the blows
Of their diseases, yield and languish under
The weight that's insupportable.
2. The weaker
Their minds are, the more they yield beyond
Necessity: And thereby become chief
Actors in their own tragedy.

Henry Burnell's Landgartha.

Though good things answer many good intents;
Crosses do still bring forth the best events.

Herrick.

——The disgrace that waits upon misfortune;
The mere reproach, the shame of being miserable,
Exposes men to scorn and base contempt,
Even from their nearest friends.

Denham's Sophy.

Death waits at home, disgrace and ruin here;
Like a poor ship that lab'ring in a storm,
I view the angry ocean o'er and o'er,
And see a thousand waves, but not one shore.

Crown's Juliana.

From this unhappy palace let us fly!
But whither shall we leave our misery?

Who

Who to th'unfortunate will kind appear?
The wretched are unwelcome ev'ry where.

Crown's Andromache.

MISTRESS.

Yourself and all the world
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her;
If she be curst, it is for policy;
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove:
She is not hot, but temp'rate as the morn:
For patience, she will prove a second *Grissel*;
And *Roman Lucreece* for her chastity.

Shakespear's Taming of the Shrew.

'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech; yet sweet as spring-time flow'rs.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look ascance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk:
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why doth the world report that *Kate* doth limp?
Oh slanderous world! *Kate*, like the hazle-twig
Is strait and slender; and as brown in hue,
As hazle nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

Ibid.

——— For he that does
Most honour to his mistress; well may boast,
Without least question, that he loves her most.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.

As in some countries far remote from hence,
The wretched creature, destined to die,
Having the judgment due to his offence;
By surgeons begg'd, their art on him to try,
Which on the living work without remorse;
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierce the coarse;
And with their balms recure the wounds again;

Then

Then poison, and with physick him restore:
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill;
But their experience to encrease the more:
Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill,
By curing me, and killing me each hour;
Only to shew her beauty's sovereign pow'r.

Drayton's Idea

Among the gods she hath her place,
They all stand gazing on her face.
The clouds do from her presence fly,
'Tis sun-shine where she casts her eye.
Where-e'er she treads on earth below,
A rose or lily up doth grow.
Her breath a gale of spices brings;
Mute are the muses when she sings.

William Hawkins's Apollo Shroving

You do not know what it is to be a
Duke's mistress; to enjoy the pleasures of
The court; to have all heads bare, the knees bow.
To you, ev'ry door fly open as you tread;
With your breath to raise this gentleman; pull
Down that lord; and new mould th' other lady;
Wear upon a tire the wealth of a province;
Have all the fashions brought first to you; all
Courtiers sue to you; tilts and tournaments
For you; to have the air you live in, nay
Your very breath perfum'd; the pavement you
Tread upon kiss'd; nay your dog, or monkey,
Not saluted without an officious leg,
And some title of rev'rence.

Shirley's Love's Cruelty.

1. Here's a health to her that best deserves
The attribute of fair; whose white and red
Prove what's life's mixture: From whose form, exactness,
Rules of proportion, might be better drawn
Than from art's principles: to her, whose youth
Warms winter's icy bosom with her spring:

;oes round, each give his mistress some
ıending character.
ıy then a health to her, whose beauties are
gross earth with painted superficies;
more sprightly element of purer fire:
n whose sphere, a glorious mind doth move
orbs of virtue, with celestial flame:
active climbings carry her desires
utmost heighth of noblenes and honour.
d here's a health to her, will freely put
veets to use; kiss, and be kiss'd again
ut a lie: whose boldness will not blush
assault, or any wanton touch:
a man persist to farther doing,
ats it loss of time; a tedious wooing.

Nabbs's Covent-Garden.

she was born, nature in sport began
rn the cunning of an artisan;
id vermilion with a white compose,
ck herself, and paint a damask rose:
rning nature unto art should seek,
lt her colours on this maiden's cheek.
outh, the gate, from whence all goodness came;
w'r to give the dead a living name.
ɔrds embalmed in so sweet a breath,
nade them triumph both on time and death;
fragrant sweets, since the camelion knew,
sted of, he to this humour grew;
her elements; held this so rare,
ince he never feeds on aught but air.

Brown's Pastorals.

a mistress, for perfection, rare
r eye; but in my thoughts most fair:
pers on the altar, shine her eyes;
eath is the perfume of sacrifice:
hensoe'er my fancy would begin;
r perfection lets religion in:

I touch

[illegible] Lise my beauty, with devout care;
And come and [illegible] my counsellor, as my pray'r.
[illegible] and [illegible] and lock away the hours,
[illegible] the morning dews kiss flow'rs.

Rand

[illegible] when the sun at noon displays
His brighter rays,
Then not appear,
He then, all pale with flame and fear,
[illegible] his light;
[illegible] away, [illegible] from my sight;
And grows more dim,
Compared to thee, than lies to him.

[illegible] shew thy face again,
When darkness doth at midnight reign;
Then darkness flies, and light is hurl'd,
Round about the silent world:
So as alike thou driv'st away,
Both light and darkness, night and day.

Ca

Long absence in far distant place
Create the winter; and the space
She tarry'd with me, well I might
Call it my summer of delight.
Diversity of weather came
From what she did, and thence had name;
Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair;
And when she laugh'd, the sun shin'd clear:
Sometimes she'd frown, and sometimes weep;
So clouds and rain their turns do keep:
Sometimes again she'd be all ice,
Extreamly cold, extreamly nice.

Such

The soldier that joins conquest to his name
By victories, when o'ercome with years,
As you must one day be, preserves his fame,
Not by those wounds he gave, but those he bear

ten your charms, in age's furrows lie
l, and forgotten they had once so mov'd;
wound amidst your heaps of victory,
ould better tell that you had been belov'd.
like a Tyrant ravish'd from his throne,
I wish, that you had gentlier us'd your own.

Sir *Robert Howard*.

fragrant flow'rs the smell; some trees the sight
uch content; some pearls are wond'rous bright;
:'s not so sweet a flow'r, so fair a tree,
re a gem in all the world, as she:
ladies humble are, and some are wise;
chast, some kind, some fair to please the eyes;
rtues do in her like stars appear,
nake a glorious constellation there.

Watkins.

eyes are dim, but womens blind to excellence.
beauteous woman look'd upon my head
aw no crown on it, and look'd no deeper:
are our sex by women oft deceiv'd;
gallant thinks his mistress sees his qualities,
ly sees his equipage and garniture:
d wooden lord sees a young beauty glance,
inks on him; alas! 'tis on a toy,
wooden than himself, his coronet:
atesman thinks his great parts charm his mistress;
ly looks on's great house, his great train:
rave young hero thinks his mistress values him,
e his courage can support her honour;
r his pages to hold up her tail.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

MODESTY.

all flowers methinks a rose is best.
ay, gentle madam?
s the very emblem of a maid:
hen the west wind courts her gently,
nodestly she blows, and paints the sun

With

With her chaste blushes? when the north comes near h
Rude and impatient, then like chastity
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briars.

Shakespear and *Rowley*'s *Two Noble Kinsm*

I ask, that I might waken reverence;
And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus*.

Shakespear's *Troilus and Cress*

Strange cross in nature! purest virgin shame
Lies in the blood, as lust lies; and together
Many times mix too: and in none more shameful
Than in the shamefac'd. Who can then distinguish
'Twixt their affections; or tell when he meets
With one not common? yet, as worthiest poets
Shun common and plebeian forms of speech,
Ev'ry illib'ral and affected phrase
To cloath their matter; and together tie
Matter, and form, with art and decency:
So worthiest women should shun vulgar guises;
And though they cannot but fly out for change,
Yet modesty, the matter of their lives,
Be it adult'rate, should be painted true
With modest out-parts; what they should do still
Grac'd with good shew, though deeds be ne'er so ill

Chapman's *Revenge of Bussy D'amb*

A modest silence, though 't be thought
A virgin's beauty, and her highest honour;
Though bashful feignings nicely wrought,
Grace her, that virtue takes not in, but on her;
What I dare think, I boldly speak;
After my word, my well-old action rusheth;
In open flame then passion break;
Where virtue prompts, thought, word, act, never blush

Marston's *Sophoni*

1. You are so bashful ———
2. 'Tis not at first word, up and ride; thou art

Coze

Cozen'd, that would ſhew mad in faith; beſides,
We loſe the main part of our politick
Government, if we become provokers:
Then we are fair, and fit for mens embraces,
When, like towns they lie before us ages,
Yet not carry'd, hold out their ſtrongeſt batteries;
Then compound too without the loſs of honour;
And march off with our fair wedding colours flying.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Wit without Money.*

What is't you doubt, her coyneſs? that's but the
Superficies of luſt, moſt women have;
Yet why ſhould ladies bluſh to hear that nam'd,
Which they don't fear to handle? oh, they're politick!
They know our deſire is encreas'd by the
Difficulty of enjoying; where ſatiety
Is a blunt, weary, and drowzy paſſion:
If the buttery-hatch at court ſtood always
Open, there would be nothing ſo paſſionate
Crowding, nor hot ſuit after beverage.

Webſter's *White Devil.*

——————— If I do ſhun you, 'tis
As baſhful debtors ſhun their creditors;
I cannot pay you in the ſelf ſame coin,
And am aſham'd to offer any other.

Suckling's *Aglaura.*

O uſeleſs ſhame! officious baſhfulneſs!
Virtue's vain ſign, which only there appears
Where virtue grows erroneous by exceſs;
And ſhapes more ſins, than frighted conſcience fears.

Your bluſhes, which to mere complexion grow,
You muſt as nature, not as virtue own;
And for your open'd love, you but bluſh ſo,
As guiltleſs roſes bluſh that they are blown.

As well the morn, whoſe eſſence poets made,
And gave her baſhful eyes, we may believe
Does bluſh for what ſhe ſees through night's thin ſhade,
As that you can for love diſcover'd grieve.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s Gondibert.

Still you recoil, like the chaſt *Indian* plant;
Which ſhrinks and curls his baſhful leaves, at the
Approach of man.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Love and Honour.*

MONEY.

I could wiſh, that ev'ry thing I touch'd might
Turn to gold: this is the ſinews of war,
And the ſweetneſs of peace. Is it not gold
That makes the chaſteſt to yield to luſt? The
Honeſteſt to lewdneſs? the wiſeſt to
Folly? the faithfulleſt to deceit? and
The moſt holy in heart, to be moſt hollow of heart?
In this word gold, are all the powers of
The gods; the deſires of men; the wonders
Of the world; the miracles of nature;
The looſneſs of fortune; and triumphs of
Time. By gold may you ſhake the courts of
Other princes, and have your own ſettled:
One ſpade of gold, undermines faſter than
An hundred mattocks of ſteel. Would one
Be thought religious and devout?
Quantum quiſque ſuâ nummorum ſervat in arcâ,
Tantum habet & fidei!
Religion's balance are golden bags. Deſire you virtue?
Quærenda pecunia prima eſt, virtus poſt
Nummos. The firſt ſtair of virtue is money.
Doth any thirſt after gentry, and wiſh
To be eſteemed beautiful?
Et genus & formam regina pecunia donat.
King-coin hath a mint to ſtamp gentlemen,
And art to make amiableneſs. I deny
Not but love is ſweet, and the marrow of
A man's mind; that to conquer kings is the
Quinteſſence of the thoughts of kings: why then
Follow both,
Aurea ſunt verò nunc ſæcula, plurimus auro
Venit honos; auro conciliatur amor.
It is a world for gold; honour and love

Are

re both taken up on interest. Doth
Mydas determine to tempt the minds of
'rue subjects? to draw them from obedience
'o treachery, from their allegiance
nd oaths, to treason and perjury;
'uid non mortalia pectora cogit
ıri sacra fames?
/hat holes doth not gold bore in mens hearts?
ıch virtue there is in gold, that being
red in the barrenest ground, and trodden
Inder foot, it mounteth to sit on princes heads.
Vish gold, *Mydas*; or wish not to be *Mydas*.
ı the council of the gods, was not *Anubis*
Vith his long nose of gold, preferr'd before
Neptune's, whose statue was but brass?
ınd *Esculapius* more honour'd for
Iis golden beard, than *Apollo* for his
weet harmony?

Lilly's *Mydas*.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
'or loan oft loseth both itself and friend:
ınd borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

Shakespear's *Hamlet*.

) thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
I'twixt nat'ral son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of *Hymen*'s purest bed! thou valiant *Mars!*
'hou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow,
'hat lies on *Dian*'s lap! thou visible god
'hat sould'rest close impossibilities,
ıd mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with ev'ry tongue,
'o ev'ry purpose! oh, thou touch of hearts!
'hink, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
ıt them into confounding odds, that beasts
lay have the world in empire.

Shakespear's *Timon*.

——What's

——————— What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold?
No, gods, I am no idle votarist.
Roots, you clear heav'ns! thus much of this will mal
Black, white; foul, fair; wrong, right;
Base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.
You gods! why this! what this? you gods! why, th
Will lug your priests and servants from your sides:
Pluck stout mens pillows from below their heads.
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench: this is it,
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
She, whom the spittle house and ulc'rous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the *April* day again.

Shakespear's Tim

That I might live alone once with my gold!
O 'tis a sweet companion! kind and true!
A man may trust it, when his father cheats him,
Brother, or friend, or wife. O wondrous pelf,
That which makes all men false, is true itself!

Johnson his Case is alter'

1. Come forth state and wonder
Of these our times, dazzle the vulgar eyes,
And strike the people blind with admiration!
2. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outwar
And remain beggars within: contemplate nothing,
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money;
And let the noble and the precious go.
Virtue and honesty, hang 'em; poor thin membrane
Of honour; who respects them? O, the fates!
How hath all just true reputation, fall'n;
Since money, this base money, 'gan to have any!

Johnson's Staple of News

The

These are the stars, the ministers of fate;
And man's high wisdom the superior pow'r
To which their forces are subordinate.

Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy.

1. Pray, sir, what turn'd you *Turk?*
2. That, for which many their religion,
Most men their faith, all change their honesty,
Profit; that gilded god, commodity.

Dauborne's Christian turn'd Turk.

Oh pow'rful gold; whose influence doth win
Men, with desire for to engender sin!

Goffe's Raging Turk.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Surely thou did'st so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got;
That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot:

Then forcing thee by fire, he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich;
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

Herbert.

Puissant gold! red earth at first made man;
Now it makes villain: this refined clod
Can what nor love, nor time, nor valour can;
Jove could do more in gold, than in a god.
Destruction surer comes, and rattles louder,
Out of a mine of gold, than one of powder.

Aleyn's Henry VII.

Divine money! the soul of all things sublunary;
What lawyer's tongue will not be tipt with silver;
And will not money with a judge make it

A plain

A plain case? does not gouty greatness find
Ease with *aurum palpabile*? and he's
A slight physician cannot give a golden
Clyster at a dead lift:——Money, I adore
Thee——it comes near the nature of a spirit,
And is so subtile, it can creep in at
A cranny; be present at the most inward
Council, and betray them——Money, it opens
Locks, draws curtains, buys wit, sells honesty,
Keeps courts, fights quarrels, pulls down churches,
And builds alms-houses.

Shirley's Bird in a Cag

See what money can do: that can change
Mens manners; alter their conditions!
How tempestuous the slaves are without it.
O thou pow'rful metal! what authority
Is in thee! thou art the key to all mens
Mouths: with thee, a man may lock up the jaws
Of an informer; and without thee, he
Cannot the lips of a lawyer.

Richard Brome's Weeding of Covent-Garde

Gold is of use to ev'ry sort of knave;
It helps th' ambitious knave to offices;
Th' unjust contentious knave to others right;
The lustful knave to others wives and daughters;
Then strew'd on all the blots of a man's life,
It does not only cover them, but gild them.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman

MONOPOLY.

And many ready hands she straight doth find
To aid her deed; of such, as could not brook
The length of one man's office in that kind;
Who all th' especial charges undertook,
Rul'd all himself; and never had the mind
T' impart a part with other; who would look
To have likewise some honour in their hands,
And griev'd at such ingrossing of commands.

For

For had he not had ſuch a greedy love
To entertain his offices too long;
Envy had been unable to reprove
His acted life, unleſs ſhe did him wrong:
But having liv'd ſo many years above,
He grieves now to deſcend, to be leſs ſtrong;
And kills that fame that virtue did beget;
Choſe to be held leſs good, than ſeen leſs great.

Daniel's Civil War.

From whence it proceeds
That the treaſure of the city is ingroſs'd
By a few private men; the publick coffers
Hollow with want; and they that will not ſpare
One talent for the common good, to feed
The pride and bravery of their wives, conſume
In plate, in jewels, and ſuperfluous ſlaves,
What would maintain an army.

Maſſinger's Bondman.

Woe to the wordly men, whoſe covetous
Ambition labours to join houſe to houſe;
Lay field to field, till their incloſures edge
The plain, girdling a country with one hedge:
They leave no place unbought; no piece of earth
Which they will not ingroſs; making a dearth
Of all inhabitants; until they ſtand
Unneighbour'd, as unbleſs'd within the land!

Biſhop *King.*

MORNING.

By this, the northern waggoner had ſet
His ſeven-fold team behind the ſtedfaſt ſtar,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fix'd, and ſendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wand'ring are:
And chearfull chaunticleer, with his note ſhrill,
Had warned once, that *Phœbus'* fiery carr
In haſte was climbing up the eaſtern hill;
Full envious that night ſo long his room did fill.

Spenſer's Fairy Queen.

At last, the golden oriental gate
Of greatest heaven 'gan to open fair;
And *Phœbus*, fresh as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his dewy hair:
And hurles his glistring beams through gloomy air.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Look! the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

Shakespear's Hamlet.

The glow-worm shews the mattin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Ibid.

The grey'd morn smiles on the frowning night;
Check'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light:
And darkness flecker'd, like a drunkard reels,
From forth day's path, and *Titan's* burning wheels.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

——————— Yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Shakespear's Julius Cæsar.

1 How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon bulky hill! the day looks pale
At his distemperature.
2 The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,
Foreteth a tempest, and a blust'ring day.

Shakespear's First Part of King Henry IV.

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewel of the glorious sun!
How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trimm'd like a younker prancing to his love?

Shakespear's Third Part of King Henry VI.

It is, methinks, a morning full of fate!
It riseth slowly, as her sullen car
Had all the weights of sleep and death hung at it!
She is not rosy finger'd, but swoln black!
Her face is like a water turn'd to blood;

And

her ſick head is bound about with clouds,
: ſhe threaten'd night ere noon of day!
es not look as it would have a hail,
ealth wiſh'd in it, as on other morns.

Johnſon's Catiline.

hath the morning ſprinkled through the clouds
half her tincture; and the ſoil of night
s ſtill upon the boſom of the air.

Chapman's Humorous Day's Mirth.

t yon gleam, the ſhudd'ring morn, that flakes
h ſilver tincture, the eaſt verge of heaven?

Marſton's Firſt Part of Antonio and Melida.

! the dapple-grey courſers of the morn,
: up the light with their bright ſilver hoofs,
chaſe it through the sky.

Marſton's Second Part of Antonio and Melida.

, O ſweet, and do not riſe;
light, that ſhines, comes from thine eyes;
day breaks not, it is my heart,
uſe that you and I muſt part:
, or elſe my joys will die,
periſh in their infancy.

true, 'tis day; what though it be?
ilt thou therefore riſe from me?
ſhould we riſe, becauſe 'tis light?
we lie down, becauſe 'twas night?
, which in ſpite of darkneſs brought us hither,
ld in deſpite of light keep us together.

Dr. *Donne.*

'gins the fair dew-dabling bluſhing morn
pen to the earth heav'n's eaſtern gates,
laying by degrees the new-born light:
ſtars have trac'd their dance; and unto night
bid good night:
young day's centinel, the morning ſtar,
drives before him all his glitt'ring flock,
bids them reſt within the fold unſeen;

Till with his whiſtle *Heſperus* call them forth.
Now *Titan* up, and ready, calls aloud,
And bids the rowling hours beſtir them quick
And harneſs up his prancing foaming ſteeds,
To hurry out the ſun's bright chariot:
O now I hear their trampling feet approach!
Now, now I ſee that glorious lamp to dart
His nearer beams, and all bepaint with gold
The over-peeping tops of higheſt hills.

Hawkins's Apollo Shroving

The muſes friend, grey ey'd *Aurora*, yet
Held all the meadows in a cooling ſweat;
The milk white goſemores not upwards ſnow'd;
Nor was the ſharp and uſeful ſteering goad
Laid on the ſtrong-neck'd ox; no gentle bud
The ſun had dry'd; the cattle chew'd the cud,
Low levell'd on the graſs; no flies quick ſting
Inforc'd the ſtone-horſe in a furious ring
To tear the paſſive earth, nor laſh his tail
About his buttocks broad; the ſlimy ſnail
Might, on the wainſcot, by his many mazes,
Winding meanders, and ſelf-knitting traces,
Be follow'd, where he ſtuck; his glitt'ring ſlime
Not yet wip'd off: It was ſo early time,
The careful ſmith had in his ſooty forge
Kindled no coal; nor did his hammers urge
His neighbours patience: Owls abroad did fly,
And day, as then, might plead his infancy;

Brown's Paſtorals

See *Aurora* puts on her crimſon bluſh,
And with reſplendent rays gilds o'er the top
Of yon aſpiring hill! the pearly dew
Hangs on the roſe-bud's top; and knowing it
Muſt be anon exhal'd, for ſorrow ſhrinks
Itſelf into a tear. The early lark,
With other wing'd choireſters of the morn,
Chanting their anthems in harmonious airs.

Lewis Sharp's Noble Stranger

this the choiresters o'th'wood did shake
ıeir wings, and sing to the bright sun's up-rise,
hose new embroidery did gild and make
:h, houses tops, and leaves of whistling trees.
rora blush'd, 'cause *Sol* saw her rise from bed,
Liber had her cheeks with claret spread.

Baron.

ıe rosy finger'd morn did there disclose
Her beauty ruddy as a blushing bride,
.lding the marigold, painting the rose;
With *Indian* chrysolites her cheeks were dy'd.

Ibid.

he morn begins her glory in the east;
ıd now the world prepares
o entertain new cares;
hough th'old sufficed to hinder all our rest.
:nighted seamen now their course reform,
'ho coasting, were benighted by a storm.
ow merchants to imported stowage haste,
'hilst ploughmen drive from cottages their teams:
he poor in cities rise to toil and taste;
nd lovers grieve to leave their pleasant dreams.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Play-House to be lett.*

ow night, by grief neglected, hastes away,
And they the morn's officious usher spy,
he close attendant on the Lord of day;
Who shews the warmer of the world is nigh.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert.*

M O T I O N.

sides, another motive doth arise
Out of the heart, from whose pure blood do spring
he vital spirits; which borne in arteries,
Continual motion to all parts do bring.

ıis makes the pulses beat, and lungs respire:
This holds the sinews like a bridle's reins;
ıd makes the body to advance, retire,
To turn, or stop, as she them slacks, or strains.

Thus the soul tunes the bodies instruments,
  These harmonies she makes with life and sense;
The organs fit are by the body lent,
  But th'actions flow from the soul's influence.

Sir *John Davies.*

MOURNING.

If I don't do the mourner, as lively
As your heir, and weep as lustily as
Your widow, say there's no virtue in onions,——
That being done, I'll come to visit the
Distress'd widow; apply old ends of comfort
To her grief: But the burden of my song
Shall be to tell her, words are but dead comforts;
And therefore counsel her to take a living
Comfort, that might ferret out the thought of
Her dead husband: And will come prepar'd with
Choice of suiters; either my *Spartan* lord
For grace at the viceroy's court; or some great
Lawyer that may solder up her crack'd estate.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

1. This strain of mourning with sepulcher, like
An over-doing actor, affects grosly;
And is, indeed, so far forc'd from the life,
That it bewrays itself to be altogether
Artificial To set open a shop
Of mourning! 'tis palpable. Truth, the substance,
Hunts not after the shadow of popular
Fame. Her officious ostentation
Of sorrow condemns her sincerity.
When did ever woman mourn so unmeasurably,
But she did dissemble?
2. O gods! a passion
Thus borne, thus apparell'd with tears, and sighs,
Swoonings and all the badges of true sorrow;
To be dissembl'd! By *Venus*, I am
Sorry I ever set foot in't. Could she,
If she dissembl'd, thus dally with hunger,
Be deaf to the barking of her appetite,

Not

Not having these four days reliev'd nature
With one dram of sustenance?
For this does she look to be deify'd;
To have hymns made of her, nay to her: the
Tomb where she is, to be no more reputed
The ancient monument of our family,
The *Lysandri*; but the new erected altar
Of *Cynthia*: to which all the *Paphian*
Widows shall after their husbands fun'rals,
Offer their wet muckinders, for monuments
Of the danger they have past; as seamen
Do their wet garments at *Neptune*'s temple,
After a shipwrack.

Chapman's *Widow's Tears.*

——— We must all die;
All leave our selves, it matters not where, when,
Nor how, so we die well: and can that man that does so
Need lamentation for him? children weep
Because they have offended, or for fear;
Women for want of will and anger: is there
A noble man, that truly feels both poises
Of life and death, so much of this wet weakness,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am asham'd to see ye; yet ye move me——
And were't not my manhood would accuse me
For covetous to live; I should weep with ye.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Valentinian.*

——— At your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been sad and dangerous;
Say how I fell——and 'tis sufficient:
No more——I say, he that laments my end,
By all the gods dishonours me.

Ibid.

For blacks are often such dissembling mourners,
There is no credit giv'n to them, they've
All reputation by false sons and widows;
Now I would have men know what I resemble,

A truth indeed; 'tis joy clad like a joy:
Which is more honeſt than a cunning grief
That's only ſac'd with ſables for a ſhew,
But gawdy hearted.

Maſſinger, Middleton, and *Rowley's Old Law.*

They truly mourn, that mourn without a witneſs.

Baron's Mirza.

Mourn as thou pleaſeſt for me; plainneſs ſhews
True grief: I give thee leave to do it for
Two or three years, if that thou ſhalt think fit:
I will ſave expence in cloaths.

Cartwright's Ordinary.

To mourn for we know not whom, and when
Peradventure death was the beginning
Of her happineſs; were to abuſe our
Selves, and be ſorry ſhe could be no
Longer miſerable.

Jones's Adraſta.

He who wears blacks, and mourns not for the dead;
Does but deride the party buried.

Herrick.

Why ſhould your cloſer mournings more be worn?
Poor prieſts invented blacks for leſſer coſt:
Kings for their ſires in regal purple mourn;
Which ſhews what they have got, not what they loſt.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

MULTITUDE.

But people's voice is neither ſhame nor praiſe:
For whom they would alive devour to-day;
To-morrow dead, they'll worſhip.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

I ruſh'd amongſt the thickeſt of their crowds,
And with a countenance majeſtical,
Like the imperious ſun diſperſ'd their clouds;
I have perfum'd the rankneſs of their breath,
And by the magick of true eloquence,
Transform'd this many-headed *Cerberus,*
This py'd *Camelion,* this beaſt multitude,

Whoſe

pow'r consists in number, pride in threats;
lts like snow, when majesty shines forth:
eap of fools, who crowding in huge swarms,
t our court gates like a heap of dung,
g and shouting out contagious breath
r'r, to poison all the elements.

Marlo's Lust's Dominion.

ave been many great men that have flatter'd
ople who ne'er lov'd them; and there be
hat they have lov'd, they know not wherefore;
if they love, they know not why, they hate
better ground.

Shakespear's Coriolanus.

ould ye have, ye curs,
te nor peace, nor war? the one affrights you,
er makes you proud: he that trusts to you,
e should find you lions, finds you hares:
oxes, geese: you are no surer, no,
the coal of fire upon the ice,
one in the sun. Your virtue is,
e him worthy, whose offence subdues him;
se that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
your hate; and your affections are
an's appetite, who desires most that
ould increase his evil. He that depends
ur favours, swims with fins of lead,
s down oaks with rushes.

Ibid.

mon-wealth is sick of their own choice;
er-greedy love hath surfeited.
ation giddy and unsure
that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
nd many! with what loud applause
ou beat heav'n with blessing *Bolingbroke*,
was, what thou would'st have him be?
, being trimm'd up in thine own desires,
astly feeder, art so full of him,
u provok'st thy self to cast him up:

So, so, thou common dog, did'st thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal *Richard*,
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it What trust is in these times?
They, that when *Richard* liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud *London* he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of *Bolingbroke*;
Cry'st now, O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this! O thought of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present worst.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry IV.

——— This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back; lacquying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Shakespear's Antony and Cleopatra.

Who trusts their idle murmur,
Must never let the blood go from his cheek;
They are like flags growing on muddy banks,
Whose weak thin heads blown with one blast of wind,
They all will shake, and bend themselves one way:
Great minds must not esteem what small tongues say.
All things in state must ever have this end,
The vulgar should both suffer, and commend;
If not for love, for fear: great majesty
Should do those things, which vulgars dare not see.

Goffe's Orestes.

——— For the rumour
Ev'r grows bigger, will incense the multitude;
From whom, your fortunes and deserts have won
Both love and admiration: fury then
Runs them into a lump, or monstrous form
With many heads, that carries their mad body
Recklessly forward; where they find resistance,
Growing more violent.

Nabbs's Unfortunate Mother.

The

he multitude, which cannot one thing long
ke, or diſlike, being cloy'd with vanity,
'ill hate their own delights; though wiſdom do not,
/'n wearineſs at length, will give 'em eyes.

Nero.

aſt thou not ſeen the ragged multitude,
'hoſe ſtupid brains are ſtuff'd with nothing elſe
ıt their mechanick skill; whoſe higheſt ſtrain
f cunning, is to get ſome muſty meat
o feed the hungry maw, or ragged cloaths
o cover nakedneſs, proclaim us bloody tyrants?
heſe are they
'hoſe ſtrange diſtractions guided by the voice
f two or three, proclaim a traitor's death:
ow ſave him ſtrait; and now nor ſave, nor kill,
or yet releaſe him: ſuch their frantick will.

W. Hemmings's Jews Tragedy.

ıt this rough tide, the meeting multitude,
If we oppoſe, we make our voyage long;
et when we with it row, it is ſubdu'd;
And we are wiſe, when men in vain are ſtrong.

hen to the people ſue; but hide your force;
For they believe the ſtrong are ſtill unjuſt:
ever to armed ſuitors yield remorſe;
And where they ſee the pow'r, the right diſtruſt.

ſſault their pity, as their weakeſt part;
Which the firſt plaintiff never fails to move;
'hey ſearch but in the face to find the heart;
And grief in princes, more than triumph love.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

'he giddy multitude, who never fear
threatning danger, till they ſee it near,
o fondly from their own protection fly,
nd juſt aſſiſtance to their king deny.
ppos'd by ſome, forſaken by the reſt;
ll will be conquer'd, rather than oppreſt:

But when destruction on themselves they bring,
They then revenge their follies on their king.

Crown's Charles VIII. *of France.*

MURDER.

Horror pursues the homicide's sad soul,
Fear hunts his conscience with an hue and cry,
That drinks the blood of men in murder's bowl;
Suspicious thoughts do rest in life deny;
Hate seldom suffers him in peace to die:
By heav'n's inviolate doom it is decreed,
Whose hands shed blood, his heart in death should bleed.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires;
The eye wink at the hand! yet, let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

She must die; else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then, put out the light;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light relumine.———
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree;
Oh balmy breath, that doth almost persuade
Justice to break her sword!——one more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.——One more, that's the last;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heav'nly;
It strikes, where it doth love.———

Shakespear's Othello.

1. O horror! horror! horror!
Nor tongue, nor heart, cannot conceive, nor name thee.

2. What's

2. What's the matter?
1. Confusion now hath made his master-piece;
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o'th' building.

Shakespear's Macbeth.

See, how the blood is settled in his face!
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returns
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls further out, than when he liv'd;
Staring full-ghastly, like a strangled man;
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling:
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
Look on the sheets; his hair, you see, is sticking;
His well-proportion'd beard, made rough and rugged,
Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd:
It cannot be, but he was murder'd here:
The least of all these signs are probable.

Shakespear's Second Part of King Henry VI.

Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter?
Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak?
Ev'n so suspicious is this tragedy.

Ibid.

Blood though it sleep a time, yet never dies:
The gods on murd'rers fix revengeful eyes.

Chapman's Widow's tears.

When

When murd'rers shut deeds close, this curse does seal them;
If none disclose them, they themselves reveal them.

Tourneur's Revenger's Tragedy.

Murder is open-mouth'd; and as the sea
Whose cov'tous waves imprison'd by the land,
Bellow for grief, and roar upon the sand:
So from the earth it cries, and like a child.
Wrong'd by his careless nurse, will not be still'd.

Mason's Mulleasses.

There's great suspicion of the murder;
But no sound proof who did it: for my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody; if she have,
As in cold countries husbandmen plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them; even so,
One summer she will bear unsav'ry fruit;
And ere next spring, wither both branch and root.

Webster's White Devil.

Murder itself is past all expiation,
The greatest crime that nature doth abhor:
Not being, is abominable to her;
And when we be, make others not to be,
'Tis worse than bestial: and we did not so,
When only we by nature's aid did live
A hetrogeneous kind, as semi beasts;
When reason challeng'd scarce a part in us;
But now doth manhood and civility
Stand at the bar of justice, and there plead
How much they're wronged; and how much deface'd
When man doth dye his hands in blood of man.
Judgment itself would scarce a law enact
Against the murd'rer, thinking it a fact
That man 'gainst man would never dare commit;
Since the worst things of nature do not it.

Goffe's Orestes.

Blood hath strange organs to discourse withal;
It is a clam'rous orator, and then

Ev'n

Ev'n nature will exceed herself, to tell
A crime, so thwarting nature

Gomersall's Lodovick Sforza.

——— Who by blood offends,
By his own, sacrific'd must make amends.

Randolph's Amyntas.

And those who to themselves lov'd life deny;
Want seldom pow'r to aid their will,
When they would other kill.

Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

SELF-MURDER.

To be, or not to be? that is the question.——
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outragious fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them?——to die,—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.———There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himself might his *quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardells bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Thus

Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment;
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

1. Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befal.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together.
What are you then determined to do?
2. Ev'n by the rule of that philoſophy,
By which I did blame *Cato* for the death
Which he did give himſelf: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life; arming myſelf with patience,
To ſtay the providence of ſome high pow'rs
That govern us below.

Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

1. The gods avert from ev'ry *Roman* mind
The name of ſlave to any tyrant's pow'r.
Why was man ever juſt, but to be free,
'Gainſt all injuſtice? and to bear about him
As well all means to freedom ev'ry hour,
As ev'ry hour he ſhould be arm'd for death,
Which only is his freedom?
2. But, *Statilius*,
Death is not free for any man's election,
'Till nature, or the law impoſe it on him.
3. Muſt a man go to law then, when he may
Enjoy his own in peace? if I can uſe
Mine own myſelf, muſt I of force, reſerve it,
To ſerve a tyrant with it? all juſt men
Not only may enlarge their lives, but muſt,
From all rule tyrannous, or live unjuſt.
1. By death muſt they enlarge their lives?
2. By death. 1. A man's not bound to that.

2. I'll

2. I'll prove he is.
Are not the lives of all men bound to justice?
1. They are.
2. And therefore not to serve injustice:
Justice itself ought ever to be free;
And therefore ev'ry just man being a part
Of that free justice, should be free as it.
1. Then wherefore is there law for death?
2. That all
That know not what law is, nor freely can
Perform the fitting justice of a man,
In kingdom's common good, may be enforc'd:
But is not ev'ry just man to himself
The perfect'st law? 1. Suppose. 2. Then to himself
Is ev'ry just man's life subordinate.
Again, sir; is not our free soul infus'd
To ev'ry body in her absolute end
To rule that body? in which absolute rule,
Is she not absolutely empress of it?
And being empress, may she not dispose
It, and the life in it, at her just pleasure?
1. Not to destroy it.
2. No: she not destroys it
When she dis-lives it; that their freedom may
Go firm together, like their pow'rs and organs;
Rather than let it live a rebel to her,
Prophaning that divine conjunction
'Twixt her and it; nay, a disjunction making
Betwixt them worse than death; in killing quick
That which in just death lives: being dead to her,
If to her rule dead; and to her alive,
If dying in her just rule.
1. The body lives not when death hath rest it.
2. Yet 'tis free, and kept
Fit for rejunction in man's second life;
Which dying rebel to the soul, is far
Unfit to join with her in perfect life.

Chapman's Cæsar and Pompey.

What

What more ſpeaks
Greatneſs of man, than valiant patience
That ſhrinks not under his fate's ſtrongeſt ſtrokes?
Theſe *Roman* deaths, as falling on a ſword,
Op'ning of veins, with poiſon quenching thirſt,
(Which we erroneouſly do ſtile the deeds
Of the heroick and magnanimous man)
Was dead-ey'd cowardice, and white-cheek'd fear:
Who doubting tyranny, and fainting under
Fortune's falſe lottery, deſp'rately run
To death, for dread of death. That ſoul's moſt ſtout,
That bearing all miſchance, dares laſt it out.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Honeſt Man's Fortune*.

This *Roman* reſolution of ſelf-murder,
Will not hold water at the high tribunal,
When it comes to be argu'd. My good genius
Prompts me to this conſideration. He
That kills himſelf, t' avoid mis'ry, fears it;
And at the beſt ſhews but a baſtard valour:
This life's a fort committed to my truſt,
Which I muſt not yield up, till it be forc'd;
Nor will I; he's not valiant that dares die;
But he that boldly bears calamity

Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour*.

1. I'll make myſelf in a capacity
By death, to be an object of their juſtice;
I'll die immediately, I can do't myſelf.
2. Your piety avert ſo black a deed!
This is a way to make the world ſuſpect
The worth of all your former actions;
And that they were not births legitimate,
Born from true honour; but the ſpurious iſſue
Of an unguided heat, or chance How ſhall
We think, that man is truly valiant,
And fit to be engag'd in things of fright
And danger; that wants courage to ſuſtain
An injury? It ſhews a fear of others,
To be reveng'd upon ourſelves; and he

Is not ſo much a coward that flies death,
As he that ſuffers, and doth fear to live:
Beſides, this will enlarge your enemy's triumph;
And in the world's opinion, be granted
A tame conceſſion to his worth; nay men,
And with much face of reaſon, may affirm,
Ulyſſes did not only win the arms,
But conquer'd *Ajax*.

Shirley's Contention of Ajax and Ulyſſes.

This ſtrong deſire of death, that hath poſſeſs'd
Your will thus far; does not expreſs the ſigns
Of that true valour, your ſpirit ſeems to bear:
For 'tis not courage, when the darts of chance
Are thrown againſt our ſtate, to turn our backs,
And baſely run to death; as if the hand
Of heav'n and nature had lent nothing elſe
T' oppoſe againſt miſhap, but loſs of life:
Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.
For know, it were true valour's part, my lord,
That when the hand of chance had cruſh'd our ſtates,
Ruin'd all that our faireſt hopes had built,
And thrown it in heaps of deſolation;
Then by thoſe ruins for our thoughts to climb
Up, 'till they dar'd blind fortune to the face,
And urg'd her anger to encreaſe thoſe heaps,
That we might riſe with them; and make her know,
We were above, and all her pow'r below:
Why this, my lord, would prove us men indeed.
But when affliction thunders o'er our roofs;
To hide our heads, and run into our graves,
Shews us no men, but makes us fortune's ſlaves.

Jones's Adraſta.

What, may not man unlock this cabinet,
And free the heav'nly jewel of his ſoul?
A wiſe man ſtays not nature's period, but
If things occur, which troubles his tranquillity,
Emits himſelf; departing out of life,
As from a ſtage or theatre; nor paſſes

Whether

Whether he take, or make his dissolution;
Whether he do't in sickness or in health.
'Tis base to live, but brave to die by stealth;
This is the daring stoick's glorious language:
I was myself too of the opinion once;
But now, I find it impious and unmanly:
For as some pictures drawn with slender lines,
Deceiving almost our intentive eyes,
Affect us much; and with their subtilties
Wooe us to gaze upon them; but are found
By killful and judicious eyes to err
In symmetry of parts, and due proportion:
Ev'n so the stoicks arguments are carv'd
With seeming curiousness, almost forcing judgment;
And carry with them an applausive shew
Of undeniable verity: yet well scann'd,
They are more like the dreams of idle brains,
Than the grave dictates of philosophers.
The wise *Pythagoras* was opinion'd better;
For most divinely he forbids us leave
The *corps du guard* without our captain's licence:
And to speak true, we are but *usufructuaries*;
The God that governs in us is proprietary.
A prisoner breaking from his gaol or hold,
If he be guilty, aggravates his guilt;
If innocent, stains ev'n that innocence
Which might perhaps have brought him clearly off.
'Tis so with us; our magistrate, I mean
The pow'r that's sov'reign of this nat'ral frame,
Has sent us, *Plato* says from heav'nly mansions,
Into this fleshly prison; here we live,
And must not free ourselves, but patiently
Expect our summons from that sacred pow'r,
By his lieutenant death: for otherwise
We become guilty of a greater sin
Than parricide itself; no bond of nature
Being so near, as of one to himself.

The

The *Græcians* knew this, when they judg'd the body
Of *Ajax*, who had slain himself, unworthy
The common rites of burial. Carefull nature
Has fenc'd our hearts about with certain bones,
Fashion'd like swords; and shall we break the guard?
No, rather let us wait the will of th'heav'ns,
And when we hence are warn'd by their ord'nance,
Let us depart with glad and joyful hearts;
And think ourselves deliver'd from a gaol,
Eased of gyves and fetters; that we may
Remove unto our own eternal dwelling:
For, without doubt, that pow'r that gave us being,
Did not beget and foster us for this;
That having suffer'd on this stage of life,
Thousand afflictions, infinite calamities,
Quotidian toils, and all in virtue's cause;
We should for guerdon, fall into the gulph
Of an eternal death, and non-subsistence:
Yea, rather let us cherish this belief,
That there's another heaven provided for us;
A blessed refuge for our longing souls.
Arm'd with a settled confidence of this;
Like *Socrates*, I will out-face my death,
And with the same fix'd spirit resign my breath.

Marcus Tullius Cicero.

——I cannot leave thee to
The danger of such cruel thoughts: Take heed
How you do threaten heav'n, by menacing
Yourself; as we have no authority
To take away the being of another, whom
Our pride contemns; so we have less, t'annihilate
Our own, when it is fall'n in our dislike.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Distresses.*

Self-murder, that infernal crime,
Which all the gods level their thunder at!
Why, 'tis an act the gods admire, and envy,
Because they cannot do't: And where's the wrong?
May I not mow my grass, reap my own corn,

Cut

Cut my own woods, lay down this load of life,
Without injustice or to gods, or men?
Self-preservation, nature's highest law,
Is best obey'd, when our sublimer part,
Tir'd out with troubles, and chain'd up with griefs,
Strives to shake off her fleshly manacles,
And fly to nobler dwellings.
Fine quirk to salve the conscience, to let others kill me!
Well, 'tis all one, as if I kill'd myself:
And that's no harm, since I'm no more myself:
The magistrate in me destroys the malefactor;
And this form pleases best, a comelier shape
Of death.

Fane's Sacrifice.

NATURE.

EACH thing by nature tendeth to the same
Whereof it came; and is dispos'd alike:
Down sinks the mold; up mounts the fiery flame;
With horn the hart, with hoof the horse doth strike;
The wolf doth spoil, the subtle fox doth pike;
And to conclude, no fish, flesh, fowl, or plant,
Of their true dame, the property doth want.

Phaer in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

——————Oh noble strain!
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire the base:
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.

Shakespear's Cymbeline.

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

Shakespear's Hamlet

Nature.

Nature is motion's mother,
The ſpring whence order flows; that all directs,
And knits the cauſes with th'effects.

Johnſon's Maſques.

——————What nature lent
Is ſtill in hers, and not our government.

Lord *Brooke's Alaham.*

————For it follows well,
That nature, ſince herſelf decay doth hate;
Should favour thoſe that ſtrengthen their eſtate.

Tourneur's Atheiſt's Tragedy.

Nature hath made nothing ſo baſe, but can
Read ſome inſtruction to the wiſeſt man.

Aleyn's Creſcey.

————Nature is impartial,
And in her work of man, preſers not names
Of anceſtors; ſhe ſometimes forms a piece
For admiration from the baſeſt earth,
That holds a ſoul; and to a beggar's iſſue
Gives thoſe perfections make a beauty up;
When purer moulds, poliſh'd and gloſs'd with titles,
Honours and wealth, beſtow upon their bloods
Deform'd impreſſions; objects only fit
For ſport or pity.

Nabbs's Tottenham-Court.

Nor let us ſay ſome things 'gainſt nature be,
Becauſe ſuch things as thoſe we ſeldom ſee:
We know not what is natural; but call
Thoſe acts, which God does often, natural;
Where, if we weigh'd with a religious eye
The pow'r of doing, not the frequency;
All things alike in ſtrangeneſs to our thought
Would be, which he in the creation wrought:
But in thoſe rare and wond'rous things, may we
The freedom of that great creator ſee;
When he at firſt the courſe of things ordain'd,
And nature within certain bounds reſtrain'd,
That laws of ſeeds and ſeaſons may be known,
He did not then at all confine his own

Almighty pow'r; but whenſoe'er he will,
Works 'gainſt the common courſe of nature ſtill;
Thoſe works may we view with a wond'ring eye,
And take delight in that variety.

May's Henry II.

There nature wanton was, and the high way
Did ſeem incloſed, though it open lay

Baron.

Heav'n ſtudy more in nature, than in ſchools;
Let nature's image never by thee paſs
Like unmark'd time; but thoſe unthinking fools
Deſpiſe, who ſpy not Godhead through her glaſs.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

'Tis the firſt ſanction nature gave to man,
Each other to aſſiſt in what they can;
Juſt or unjuſt, this law for ever ſtands;
All things are good by law, which ſhe commands.

Denham.

——————Nature is ſo kind
As to exceed man's uſe, though not his mind.

Prologue to Sir *R. Howard's Indian Queen.*

Nature's an ocean endleſly profound,
Where line could never yet diſcover ground:
We only ſee what on the ſurface ſwim,
And what we often ſee, we ne'er eſteem:
If one by chance a monſter brings to ſhore;
The monſter we admire, the ſiſher more.

Crown's Second Part of the Deſtruction of Jeruſalem.

NAVIGATION.

Wiſe nature from this face of ground,
Into the deep taught man to find the way;
That in the floods her treaſure might be found,
To make him ſearch for what ſhe there did lay:
And that her ſecrets he might throughly ſound,
She gave him courage, as her only key;
That of all creatures, as the worthieſt he,
Her glory there, and wond'rous works ſhould ſee.

Drayton's *Barons Wars.*

By

By armies, ſtow'd in fleets, exhauſted *Spain*
Leaves half her land unplough'd, to plough the main;
And ſtill would more of the old world ſubdue,
As if unſatisfy'd with all the new.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Siege of Rhodes.*

For this effectual day, his art reveal'd
What has ſo oft made nature's ſpies to pine,
The loadſtone's myſtick uſe, ſo long conceal'd
In cloſe alliance with the coarſer mine.

And this, in ſleepy viſion, he was bid
To regiſter in characters unknown;
Which heav'n will have from navigators hid,
Till *Saturn*'s walk be twenty circuits grown.

For as religion, in the warm eaſt bred,
And arts, which next to it moſt needful were,
From vices ſprung from their corruption fled;
And thence vouchſaf'd a cold plantation here:

So when they here again corrupted be,
For man can ev'n his antidotes infect,
Heav'n's reſerv'd world they in the weſt ſhall ſee;
To which this ſtone's hid virtue will direct.

Religion then, whoſe age this world upbraids,
As ſcorn'd deformity, will thither ſteer;
Serv'd at fit diſtance by the arts, her maids;
Which grow too bold, when they attend too near.

And ſome, whom traffick thither tempts, ſhall thence
In her exchange, though they did grudge her ſhrines,
And poorly baniſh'd her to ſave expence,
Bring home the idol, gold, from new-found mines.

Till then, ſad pilots muſt be often loſt,
Whilſt from the ocean's dreaded face they ſhrink;
And ſeeking ſafety near the coz'ning coaſt,
With winds ſurpriz'd, by rocky ambuſh ſink.

Or if ſucceſs rewards what they indure;
  The world's chief jewel, time they then ingage
And forfeit; truſting long the cynoſure,
  To bring home nought, but wretched gold, and age.

Yet when the plague of ignorance ſhall end,
  Dire ignorance, with which God plagues us moſt;
Whilſt we not feeling it, him moſt offend,
  Then lower'd ſails no more ſhall tide the coaſt.

They with new tops to foremaſts and the main,
  And miſens new, ſhall th'ocean's breaſt invade;
Stretch new ſails out, as arms to entertain
  Thoſe winds, of which their fathers were afraid.

Then ſure of either pole, they will with pride,
  In ev'ry ſtorm, ſalute this conſtant ſtone;
And ſcorn that ſtar which ev'ry cloud could hide,
  The ſeaman's ſpark, which, ſoon as ſeen, is gone.

'Tis ſung, the ocean ſhall his bonds untie,
  And earth in half a globe be pent no more;
Typhis ſhall ſail till *Thule* he deſcry,
  But a domeſtick ſtep to diſtant ſhore.

This *Aſtragon* had read; and what the *Greek*,
  Old *Cretias*, in *Egyptian* books had found;
By which, his travell'd ſoul, new worlds did ſeek,
  And div'd to find the old *Atlantis* drown'd.

Sir *W. Davenant*'s *Gondibert.*

N E C E S S I T Y.

The art of our neceſſities is ſtrange,
That can make vile things precious,

Shakeſpear's *King Lear.*

Fatal neceſſity is never known,
Until it ſtrike; and till that blow be come,
Who falls, is by falſe viſions overthrown.

Lord *Brooke*'s *Muſtapha.*

————'Tis neceſſity,
To which the gods muſt yield; and I obey,
Till I redeem it, by ſome glorious way.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Falſe One.*

Thoſe

——Those men are fools,
That make their eyes their choosers, not their needs.
Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Captain.*

'Tis some man's luck to keep the joys he likes
Conceal'd for his own bosom; but my fortune
To set them out now, for another's liking;
Like the mad mis'ry of a necess'tous man,
That parts from his good horse with many praises,
And goes on foot himself: need must be obey'd
In ev'ry action; it mars man and maid.
Middleton's *Women beware Women.*

When a needs-must, commands us to begin,
We lose with honour, or with wonder win.

When soldiers hemm'd in desperation stand,
They have in courage, what they want in hope;
Necessity in wars strengthens the hand,
In arts the head: And there it found a trope.
A dying serpent doth most venom cast;
Valour fights deadly, when she fights her last.
Aleyn's *Poictiers.*

When fear admits no hope of safety; then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.
Herrick.

N E W S.

For though that tales be told that hope might feed,
Such foolish hope hath still unhappy speed.

It is a custom never will be broken;
In broils the bag of lies is ever open:
Such lying news men daily will invent,
As can the hearers fancy best content:
And as the news do run, and never cease,
So more and more they daily do increase.
Cavil in the *Mirror for Magistrates.*

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell;
Remember'd, tolling a departing friend.
Shakespear's *Second Part of King Henry* IV.

Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If't be ſummer news,
Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that count'nance ſtill:
Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Shakeſpear's Cymbeline.

Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever ſlow.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

And as dire thunder rowling o'er heav'n's vault,
By murmur threatens, ere it kills aloud;
So was this fatal news in whiſper brought,
Which menac'd, ere it ſtruck the liſt'ning crowd.

Sir *W. Davenant's Gondibert.*

Ill news, like a contagion, ſpreads too faſt;
And in its ſloweſt pace, makes too much haſte.

Dover's Roman Generals.

N I G H T.

Midnight was come, when ev'ry vital thing
With ſweet ſound ſleep their weary limbs did reſt;
The beaſts were ſtill; the little birds that ſing,
Now ſweetly ſlept beſides their mothers breaſt:
The old and all were ſhrowded in their neſt;
The waters calm, the cruel ſeas did ceaſe;
The woods, the fields, and all things held their peace.
The golden ſtars were whirl'd amid their race,
And on the earth did laugh with twinkling light;
When each thing neſtled in his reſting place,
Forgat day's pain with pleaſure of the night:
The hare had not the greedy hounds in ſight,
The fearful deer, of death ſtood not in doubt;
The partridge dream'd not of the falcon's foot.
The ugly bear now minded not the ſtake,
Nor how the cruel maſtives do him tear;
The ſtag lay ſtill unrouſed from the brake;
The foamy boar fear'd not the hunter's ſpear:
All things were ſtill in deſart, buſh and brear:

With quiet heart now from their travels ceas'd,
Soundly they slept in midst of all their rest.

E. of *Dorset in the Mirror for Magistrates.*

When griesly night, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phœbus* chearful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchy mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew:
Before the door her iron chariot stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And cole black steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

Spenser's Fairy Queen.

Fair eldest child of love, thou spotless night!
Empress of silence, and the queen of sleep;
Who with thy black cheeks pure complection,
Mak'st lover's eyes enamour'd of thy beauty.

Marloe's Lust's Dominion.

Who can express the horror of that night,
When darkness lent his robes to monster fear?
And heav'n's black mantle banishing the light,
Made ev'ry thing in ugly form appear.

Brandon's Octavia.

Gallop apace, you fiery footed-steeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* mansion; such a waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That th' run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: Or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,

Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come night, come *Romeo!* Come thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back:
Come gently night; come, loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fair,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it! and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them.

Shakespear's Romeo and Juliet.

Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes:
Wherein it doth impair the feeling sense,
It pays the hearing double recompence.

Shakespear's Midsummer-Night's Dream.

For night hath many eyes;
Whereof, though most do sleep, yet some are spies.

Johnson's Sejanus.

Now silent night in pitchy vapours clad,
Had muster'd mists, and march'd out of the west,
Day's beauties darkning, shadowy horrors spread,
The centinels were set, and all at rest.

E. of *Sterline's Darius.*

The sullen night had her black curtain spread,
Low'ring that day had tarry'd up so long;
And that the morrow might lie long a bed,
She all the heav'n with dusky clouds had hung:
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly horned head
Away to west, and under earth she flung;
As she had long'd to certify the sun,
What, in his absence, in our world was done.

The

The lesser lights, like centinels in war,
Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,
As though unseen they subt'ly strove from far,
Of his escape the manner to descry;
Hid was each wand'ring, as each fixed star,
As they had held a council in the sky,
And had concluded with that present night,
That not a star should once give any light.
In a slow silence all the shores are hush'd;
Only the screech-owl sounded to th'assault;
And *Isis* with a troubled murmur rush'd,
As if consenting, and would hide the fault;
And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,
There was a little whisp'ring in the vault,
Mov'd by his treading softly as he went,
Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

Drayton's Barons Wars.

The night doth summon all to sleep:
Methinks this time becometh lovers best;
Night was ordain'd, together friends to keep:
How happy are all other living things,
Which though the day disjoin by sev'ral flight,
The quiet evening yet together brings,
And each returns unto his love at night?
O, thou that art so courteous else to all,
Why shouldst thou night, abuse me only thus:
That ev'ry creature to his kind dost call,
And yet 'tis thou dost only sever us?
Well could I wish it would be ever day,
If when night comes, you bid me go away.

Drayton's Ideas.

Now barks the wolf against the full cheek'd moon;
Now lions half-cramm'd entrails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls.
Now gapes the graves, and thro' their yawns let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth.

Marston's Second Part of Antonio and Mellida.

Soul lurk in ſhades, and ſhun the lightſome skies;
In night, the blind man miſſeth not his eyes.

Marſton's Malecontent.

See! the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright *Heſperus* down calling
The dead night from under ground;
At whoſe riſing, mifts unſound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of theſe paſtures; where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore from ſuch danger lock
Every one his loved flock,
And let your dogs lie looſe without,
Leſt the wolf come as a ſcout
From the mountain, and ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thieviſh fox,
Break upon your ſimple flocks:
To ſecure your ſelf from theſe,
Be not too ſecure in eaſe;
Lot one eye his watches keep,
Whilſt the other eye doth ſleep;
So you ſhall good ſhepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great God. Sweeteſt ſlumbers
And ſoft ſilence fall in numbers
On your eye-lids: ſo farewel,
Thus I end my evening's knell.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Faithful Shepherdeſs.*

If ev'ry trick were told, that's dealt by night;
There are few here, that would not bluſh outright.

Tourneur's *Revenger's Tragedy.*

Stand, night, upon thy noonſtead: and attend
My fate's ſecurity; If ever blackneſs pleas'd,
Or deeds, to which men may reſemble thee,
Turn then thy ſooty horſe, and with their ſeet

Beat

Beat back the rising morn: and force the sun
Forbear his lustre; till this black deed's done.

Mason's Mulcasses.

The sable mantle of the silent night,
Shut from the world the very joysome light:
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages:
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young;
When thieves from thickets to the cross ways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger:
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some wild cur, or whooping of the owl.

Brown's Pastorals.

Night, that doth basely keep the door of sin,
And hide gross murders and adulteries;
With all the mortal sins the world commits
From the clear eye sight of the morning!
Thou that ne'er changest colour for a sin,
Worse than apostacy; stand centinel this hour,
And with thy negro's face, veil my intent:
Put out the golden candles with thy fogs,
And let original darkness, that is fled
With chaos to the center, guard my steps.
How hush'd is all things! and the world appears
Like to a churchyard full of dead.
Death's picture, sleep, looks as if passing bells
Went for each vital spirit; and appears
As if our souls had took their gen'ral flight,
And cheated nature of her motion.
Then on unto thy practice——none can descry
The black intent, but night and her black eye.

Valiant Welshman.

For there's no diff'rence 'twixt the king and clown,
The poor and rich, the beauteous and deform'd,
Wrapt in the veil of night, and bonds of sleep;

Without whose pow'r and sweet dominion,
Our life were hell, and pleasure painfulness;
The sting of envy, and the dart of love,
Avarice talons, and the fire of hate,
Would poison, would distract, and soon consume
The heart, the liver, life, and mind of man.
The sturdy mower that with brawny arms
Wieldeth the crooked scythe in many a swath,
Cutting the flow'ry pride o'the velvet plain,
Lies down at night, and in the weary folds
Of his wive's arms, forgets his labour past:
The painful mariner, and careful smith,
The toiling ploughman, all artificers,
Most humbly yield to my dominion:
Without due rest nothing is durable.
Lo thus does *Somnus* conquer all the world
With his most awful wand; and, half the year,
Reigns o'er the best and proudest emperors!

Lingua.

Night's silent reign had robb'd the world of light;
To lend, in lieu, a greater benefit
Repose and sleep; when ev'ry mortal breast
Whom care or grief permitted, took their rest.

May's Continuation of Lucan.

———Yonder's the night too, stealing away
With her black gown about her;
Like a kind wench, that had staid out the
Last minute with a man.

Suckling's Goblins.

Those who the greatest wand'rers are,
Wild birds, that in the day
Frequent no certain way,
And know no limits in the air;
Will still at night discreetly come
And take their civil rest at home.

Sir *W. Davenant's Siege of Rhodes.*

NO

NOBILITY.

It most behoves the honourable race,
Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain;
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned forheads, without gift or gain:
Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be;
That is the girlond of nobility.

But ah! all otherwise they do esteem
Of th' heav'nly gift of wisdom's influence,
And to be learned, it a base thing deem;
Base minded they that want intelligence:
For god himself for wisdom most is prais'd,
And men to God thereby are nighest rais'd.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity;
In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry:
But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
To their grandsires, they care not to atchieve.

Spenser's Tears of the Muses.

Ne do they care to have the ancestry
Of the old heroes memoriz'd anew;
Ne do they care that late posterity
Should know their names, or speak their praises due:
But die forgot, from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselves shall be forgot ere long.

Spenser, Ibid.

What doth avail to have a princely place,
A name of honour, and a high degree,
To come by kindred of a noble race,
Except we princely, worthy, noble be?
The fruit declares the goodness of the tree.
Do brag no more of birth, or lineage then;
For virtue, grace, and manners make the man.

Mirror for Magistrates.

Why are we rich, or great, except to ſhew
All licence in our lives? What need we know,
More than to praiſe a dog, or horſe? or ſpeak
The hawking language? or our day to break
With citizens? let clowns, and tradeſmen breed
Their ſons to ſtudy arts, the laws, the creed;
We will believe like men of our own rank,
In ſo much land a year, or ſuch a bank,
That turns us ſo much moneys; at which rate
Our anceſtours impos'd on prince and ſtate.
Let poor nobility be virtuous: we,
Deſcended in a rope of titles, be
From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom,
The herald will; our blood is now become
Paſt any need of virtue. Let them care,
That in the cradle of their gentry are,
To ſerve the ſtate by councils, and by arms.

Johnſon's Underwoods.

1. They are the breathing ſepulchers of nobleneſs:
No trulier noble men, than lions pictures
Hung up for ſigns, are lions. Who knows not,
That lions the more ſoft kept, are more ſervile?
And look how lions cloſe kept, fed by hand,
Loſe quite th' innative fire of ſp'rit and greatneſs
That lions free breathe, forraging for prey;
And grow ſo groſs, that maſtiffs, curs, and mungrels
Have ſpirit to cow them: ſo our ſoft *French* nobles,
Chain'd up in eaſe and numb'd ſecurity,
Their ſpirits ſhrunk up like their cov'tous fiſts,
And never open'd but *Domitian* like,
And all his baſe obſequious minions,
When they were catching, though it were but flies:
Beſotted with their peaſants love of gain,
Ruſting at home, and on each other preying;
Are for their greatneſs but the greater ſlaves:
And none is noble, but who ſcrapes and ſaves.
2. 'Tis baſe, 'tis baſe; and yet they think them high.
1. So children mounted on their hobby-horſe,

Think

Think they are riding; when with wanton toil
They bear what ſhould bear them. A man may well
Compare them to thoſe fooliſh great-ſpleen'd camels,
That to their high heads, begg'd of *Jove* horns higher;
Whoſe moſt uncomely, and ridic'lous pride
When he had ſatisfy'd, they could not uſe;
But where they went upright before, they ſtoop'd,
And bore their heads much lower for their horns;
As theſe high men do, low in all true grace,
Their height being privileg'd to all things baſe.
And as the fooliſh poet, that ſtill writ
All his moſt ſelf-lov'd verſe in paper-royal,
Or parchment rul'd with lead, ſmooth'd with the pumice,
Bound richly up, and ſtrung with crimſon ſtrings;
Never ſo bleſt, as when he writ and read,
The ape-lov'd iſſue of his brain; and never
But joying in himſelf; admiring ever:
Yet in his works behold him, and he ſhew'd
Like to a ditcher: ſo theſe painted men,
All ſet on out-ſide, look upon within,
And not a peaſant's entrails you ſhall find,
More foul and meazled, nor more ſtarv'd of mind.

Chapman's Revenge of Buſſy D'ambois.

Though we come not to plead our birth-right here,
Let him, for warriors ſo ſhould take their place,
In whom beſt ſigns of nobleneſs appear,
Be grac'd, as firſt who doth adorn a race:
Moſt noble he who ſtill by virtue ſtrives,
To leave his name in minds of men engrav'd;
And to his off-ſpring greater glory gives,
Than from his anceſtors he hath receiv'd.

E. of *Sterline's Alexandrean Tragedy.*

Idle regards of greatneſs he did ſcorn;
Careleſs of pomp, magnificent to be;
That man reputing to be nobleſt born,
Which was the moſt magnanimous and free:
In honour ſo impartial was he,

Eſteeming

Esteeming titles, meritless and nought;
Unless with danger absolutely bought.

Drayton's Robert Duke of Normandy.

——— Thou an earl?
Why thou enjoy'st as much of happiness,
As all the wing of sleight ambition flew at.
A dunghil was thy cradle: so a puddle
By virtue of sun-beams, breaths a vapour
T'infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhal'd it.

John Ford's Perkin Warbeck.

Before that *Aulicus* was made a lord,
He was my friend; we might exchange a word,
As well as hearts: he could be never weary
Of my society, was jocund, merry,
Ingenuous, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, he could enjoy his friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as fortunes; now his eyes are strange,
His thoughts are councils, curious webs of state,
And all his actions must be wonder'd at:
His speeches must be laws, and ev'ry word
An oracle, to be admir'd, ador'd;
Friendship must now be service: a new mould
Must have new matter, melted from the old.
Oh, *Aulicus*, 'twere well, if thou couldst do
The very same in spiritual honour too!

Quarles.

O A T H S.

It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Shakespear's Second Part of K. Henry VI.

1. Begone, I ſay: the gods have heard me ſwear.
2. The gods are deaf to hot and peeviſh vows;
They are polluted off'rings, more abhorr'd
Than ſpotted livers in the ſacrifice.
1. O! be perſuaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being juſt; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.
2. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vow;
But vows to ev'ry purpoſe muſt not hold.

Shakeſpear's Troilus and Creſſida.

Sir, I beſeech you, ſay not your oaths were ſuch,
So like falſe coin, being put unto the touch;
Who bear a flouriſh in the outward ſhew
Of a true ſtamp, but indeed are not ſo.

Wilkins's Miſeries of enforced Marriage.

Though we need nothing to ſtrengthen
Our reſolutions, yet we'll take an oath;
'Tis good to have the gods along with us:
A ſacrament is the tye, no leſs of
Loyalty, than treaſon.

Killegrew's Conſpiracy.

It was an ill oath, better broke than kept;
And ſo are all oaths in the ſtricter ſenſe:
The laws of nature and of nations do
Diſpenſe with matters of divinity
In ſuch a caſe; for no man willingly
Would be an enemy to himſelf: the
Very beaſts do by inſtinct of nature
Seek for ſelf-preſervation; why not
Man, who is lord of reaſon? oaths, what
Are they but bubbles, that break with their own
Emptineſs?

Tateham's Rump.

1. We will have his oath. 2. You have my ſolemn oath.
3. 'Tis more than needs.
Great men, were there no gods, would keep their words
In rev'rence to themſelves; but gods there are,

Whom

Whom none needs rouse by oath to witness truth.

Crown's Regulus.

OBEDIENCE.

The king must rule, and we must learn t' obey;
True virtue still directs the noble way.

Shakespear and *Rowley's Birth of Merlin.*

For, as we see, when sickness deeply root,
Meat, drink, and drugs alike do little boot;
Because all what should either nurse, or cure,
As master'd by disease, grow impure:
So when excess, the malady of might,
Hath dropsy like, drown'd all the stiles of right,
Then doth obedience, else the food of pow'r,
Help on that dropsy-canker to devour.

Lord *Brooke's Mustapha.*

And while none dare shew kings they go amiss;
Ev'n base obedience their corruption is.

Ibid.

——Before we knew not
To whom the gods and fortune had assign'd
Our service soldiers; now they have declar'd:
And let us follow, where they please to lead.
For faith is impious, striving to sustain
That side, whose fall the gods themselves ordain.

May's Cleopatra.

OLD-AGE.

Next in order sad old-age we found,
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind,
With drooping cheer still pacing on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thread; and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life.

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear ey'd;
Went on three feet, and sometimes crept on four;
With old lame bones that rattled by his side;
His scalp all pilled, and with eld forlore:
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door;

Fumbling

Fumbling and driveling as he draws his breath;
In brief, the ſhape and meſſenger of death.

E. of *Dorſet* in the *Mirror for Magiſtrates.*

For age with ſhame of youths ſond deeds ſtruck blind,
Doth oft abhor to bear the ſame in mind.

Mirror for Magiſtrates.

It is as proper to our age,
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions;
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.

Shakeſpear's Hamlet.

Theſe old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it ſeldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again tow'rd earth,
Is faſhion'd for the journey, dull and heavy.

Shakeſpear's Timon.

Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelf.
Ev'n like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long impriſonment:
And theſe grey locks, the purſuivants of death,
Neſtor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer.*
Theſe eyes, like lamps, whoſe waſting oil is ſpent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.
Weak ſhoulders over-born with burth'ning grief,
And pithleſs arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his ſapleſs branches to the ground:
Yet are theſe feet, whoſe ſtrengthleſs ſtay is numb,
Unable to ſupport this lump of clay,
Swift-winged with deſire to get a grave;
As witting, I no other comfort have.

Shakeſpear's Firſt Part of K. Henry VI.

On a grey head, age was authority
Againſt a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain rev'rence paid unto his years,

That

That had none due unto his life: so much
The sanctity of some prevail'd, for others.
But now we all are fall'n; youth from their fear,
And age, from that which bred it, good example.

Johnson's Every Man in his Humour.

1. The other are considerations,
When we come to have grey heads, and weak hams,
Moist eyes, and shrunk members: We'll think on 'em
Then; then we'll pray and fast.
2. Ay, and decline only that time of age
To goodness, which our want of ability
Will not let us employ in evil?
1. Why then 'tis time enough.
2. Yes, as if a man should sleep all the term,
And think t' effect his business, the last day.

Johnson's Silent Woman.

What, dost thou stand on this, that he is old?
Thy beauty hath the more to work upon;
Thy pleasures want shall be supply'd with gold;
Cold age doth most, when heat of youth is gone:
Enticing words prevail with such a one.
Alluring shews most deep impression strikes,
For age is prone to credit what it likes.

Daniel's Rosamund.

Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,
But age must needs have something that is warm:
Small drops, God knows, do quench that heatless fire,
When all the strength is only in desire.

Drayton's Mary the French Queen to D. of Suffolk.

——————— Have we no brain?
Youth thinks that age, age knows that youth is vain.

Marston's Fawn.

I'm reading, sir, of a short treatise here,
That's call'd the vanity of lust: has your grace seen it?
He says here, that an old man's loose desire
Is like the glow worm's light, the apes so wonder'd at,
Which when they gather'd sticks, and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out presently:
And

And in another place, he calls their loves
Faint ſmells of dying flow'rs, carry no comforts;
They're doting, ſtinking foggs, ſo thick and muddy,
Reaſon, with all his beams, cannot beat through 'em.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s *Humorous Lieutenant.*

His ſnowy age, O old *Andronicus*,
His ſilver hairs, and golden head are fit
For the management of ſtate affairs!
He has been long betroth'd to the beſt miſtreſs
In the world, experience; he's politick
And wiſe; and his age gives him a ſufficient
Title to rule and govern:
And therefore 'twas enacted by ſage *Lycurgus*,
That men ſhould receive honour, and reſpect,
Not for their riches, power, but their age;
Knowing the ſhadow of an aged perſon,
Creates more terror, and ſtrikes a greater
Fear on men, than a youth's ſharpeſt ſteel: hence
At *Rome* the ſenate did conſiſt of ancient men;
Among the famous *Lacedemonians*,
The magiſtrates, were ſtil'd old and ancient men:
And therefore 'twas, great *Alexander*
Gave none but aged men commiſſions
To be grandees and officers in his
Army; which to all it's beholders ſeem'd
A grave and rev'rend ſenate of ſome well
Regulated commonwealth: and though that
Hoary age be not ſo vig'rous, in ſtrength
Of body and agility; yet 't has
A ſtronger and a nimbler brain: and as
In tedious voyages, ſhips looſe that outward
Spendor which they had when they firſt launch'd off
From ſhore, yet then they chiefly gain,
By being laded with richer wares; ſo
Ancient men repair all youth's decays, by
The poſſeſſions of a richer brain and
Golden head, with which they're laded, after
They're paſt the tropicks of youth's hot brav'ry.

What

What fools are therefore those who think that aged
Men are too unactive for sov'reignty?
Such do resemble those, who say the pilot's
Idle, because, when others climb the masts,
Pump out the water, which the too covetous
Ship would otherwise retain, he sits at
Ease and quietly at the stern, although
His task's the hardest

Unfortunate Usurper.

I know not what this old man is like, unless
Our hill of *Sicily* the flaming *Ætna*;
Whose parch'd bowels still in flames consuming,
Fills all the valley with flame and pitchy fuming;
Yet on his top congealed snow doth lie,
As if there were not fire nor *Phœbus* nigh.
Why should we count this strange? When even so
This old man's heart's all fire, his head all snow?

Sicelides

Chearful his age, not tedious or severe;
Like those who being dull, would grave appear;
Whose quiet made them the soul of mirth despise,
And being sullen, hope men think them wise.

Sir *W. Davenant* to the *Countess of Carlisle.*

Cæcilius vainly said, each day we spend
Discovers something, which must needs offend;
But sometimes age may pleasant things behold
And nothing that offends: He should have told
This not to age, but youth; who oftner see
What not alone offends, but hurts, than we:
That, I in him, which he in age condemn'd,
That us it renders odious, and contemn'd.
He knew not virtue if he thought this truth;
For youth delights in age, and age in youth.
What to the old can greater pleasure be,
Than hopeful and ingenious youth to see?
When they with rev'rence follow where we lead,
And in strait paths by our directions tread;

And

ev'n my converſation here I ſee,
ell receiv'd by you, as yours by me.

Denham.

n I reflect on age I find there are
cauſes, which its miſery declare.
'cauſe our bodies ſtrength it much impairs;
it takes off our minds from great affairs:
, that our ſenſe of pleaſure it deprives:
that approaching death attends our lives.

Ibid.

e to wiſh for youth, is full as vain,
r a youth to turn a child again.

Ibid.

ıappier are than they, who but deſir'd,
oſſeſs that, which we long ſince acquir'd:
e a mature mellowneſs doth ſet
ıe green promiſes of youthful heat.
like ripe apples, on earth's boſom drops,
e force our youth, like fruits untimely crops:
ſparkling flame of our warm blood expires,
hen huge ſtreams are pour'd on raging fires;
ge unforc'd falls by her own conſent,
als to aſhes when the ſpirit's ſpent.

Ibid.

rt yet in thy green *May*, twenty-ſeven ſummers
our calends; but when forty winters more
round thy forehead with a field of ſnow,
when thy comely veins ſhall ceaſe to flow,
ı thoſe majeſtick eyes ſhall float in rheums,
ı giant nature her ownſelf conſumes,
ı thy ſwift pulſes ſhall but ſlowly pant,
ı thou art all a volume of my want,
like a tale-ſpent fire thou ſhalt ſink,
, *John*, upon this leſſon thou wilt think;
ies a happy old man, whoſe ſweet youth
ı continu'd ſacrifice to truth

Davenport's King John and Matilda.

My

My father's old, what then? Age, like a caterpillar,
Will crawl upon the leaves of a young tree
Till it has eaten away all its beauty;
And I'll not waste my golden youth in bondage
To a proud slave.

Crown's Ambitious Statesman.

Oh, sir! my reason is not dim with age,
Whate'er my eyes are; time which steals our sight,
Is for the thievery by nature fin'd,
To make us recompence in inward light.

Crown's Thyestes.

OPINION.

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

Shakespear's Pericles.

Opinion, the blind goddess of fools, foe
To the virtuous, and only friend to
Undeserving persons.

Chapman's Widow's Tears.

O malcontent, seducing guest,
Contriver of our greatest woes:
Which born of wind and fed with shews,
Dost nurse thyself in thine unrest,
Judging forgotten things the best!
Or what thou in conceit design'st,
And all things in the world dost deem,
Not as they are, but as they seem:
Which shews their state thou ill defin'st;
And liv'st to come, in present pin'st.
For what thou hast, thou still doth lack.
O mind's tormentor, bodies rack,
Vain promiser of that sweet rest
Which never any yet possess'd!

Daniel's Cleopatra.

Whilst great men do, as toss'd on th'ocean, groan,
Taught by their toils, esteem much of our rest:
For this doth thousands with affliction store,
Which of the world as most unhappy moan,

they but chance to view ſome few more bleſt;
here, if they would but mark how many a one
ore wretch'd than they in miſery do live;
ſtrait would calm the moſt unquiet breaſt;
ie cottage oft is happier than the throne.
think our own ſtate good, and others ill,
could not but a great contentment give:
iere much conſiſts in the conceit and will;
us all things are, as we think them ſtill.

E. of *Sterline*'s *Alexandrean Tragedy.*

iere's nothing ſimply good or ill alone;
ev'ry quality, compariſon
ie only meaſure is, and judge opinion.

Dr. *Donne.*

ho gets th'opinion of a virtuous name,
ıy ſin at pleaſure, and ne'er think of ſhame.

Middleton's *Mad World my Maſters.*

t not opinion make thy judgment err;
ie ev'ning conqueſt crowns the conqueror.

Lady Alimony.

inion is that high and mighty dame
hich rules the world; and in the mind doth frame
ſtaſte or liking: For in human race,
: makes the fancy various as the face.
netimes the father differs from the ſon,
doth the goſpel from the alcoran;
Loyala from *Calvin*; which two brands
ſtrange combuſtions hurl fair *Europe*'s lands;
that amongſt ſuch atoms of mankind,
u ſcarce can two encounter of one mind.

Howel.

w can you reſt where pow'r is ſtill alarm'd:
:h crowd a faction, and each faction arm'd?
ho faſhions of opinion love to change,
d think their own the beſt for being ſtrange;
ieir own if it were laſting, they would hate;
: call it conſcience when 'tis obſtinate.

Sir *W. Davenant* to the *King.*

OPPOR-

OPPORTUNITY.

Secureful thoughts do foster fond delay,
Bewitching hopes breed carelessness of mind;
Occasion, set on wing, flies fast away,
Whose back once turn'd, no hold-fast can we find;
Her feet are swift, bald is her head behind:
Who so hath hold, and after lets her go,
Doth lose the lot which fortune did bestow,

Mirror for Magistrates.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-float;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Shakespeare's Julius Caesar.

We must abide our opportunity:
And practise what is fit, as what is needful.
It is not safe t'influence a sov'reign's ear:
Princes hear well, if they at all will hear.

Johnson's Sejanus.

There is a certain season, if we hit,
When women may be rid without a bit.

Beaumont and *Fletcher's Valentinian.*

Opportunity to statesmen, is as the just degree
Of heat to chymists; it perfects all the work.

Suckling's Brennoralt.

The End of the Second Volume.